GOETHE'S FAUST — PART I.

Calvin Thomas

Edward Freeman

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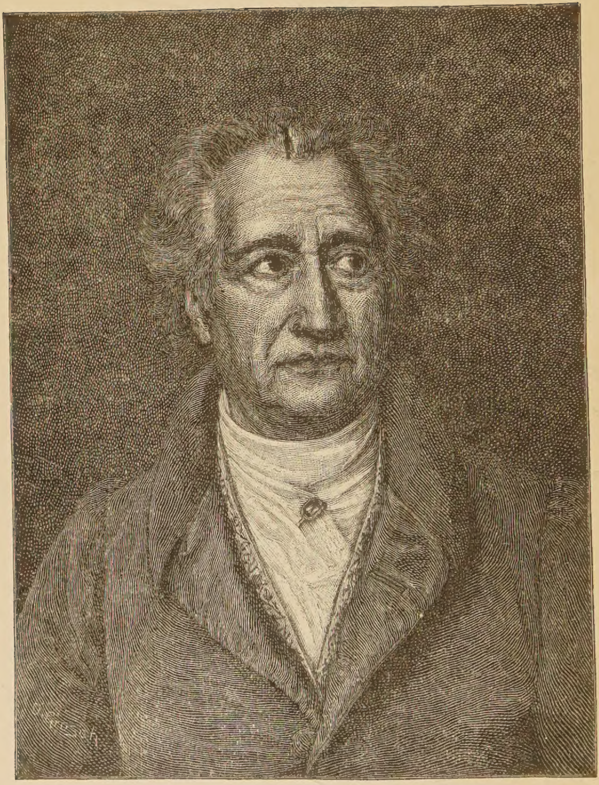

Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

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Goethes Fauſt

EDITED BY

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VOLUME I: THE FIRST PART

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PREFACE.

IN undertaking this edition of *Faust* I was actuated chiefly by a desire to promote the study of the poem as a whole. It is not the place here to discuss the misconception which has prevailed so long, and to some extent still prevails, concerning the Second Part of Goethe's masterpiece. Enough that it *is* a misconception to regard it as a mass of riddles, allegories and deep abstractions requiring some sort of occult wisdom for their 'interpretation.' It is a mistake, too, to regard it as in any sense a senile afterthought, or as the product of decadent poetic powers, or as uninteresting. Let it not be supposed, either, that these sweeping statements of mine are only the confident proclamations of a new mystagogue who thinks that *he* has found the key. For the simple truth is that no key and no special order of intelligence are needed. The Second Part of *Faust*, to be sure, is not literature for children, or for the weak-minded, or for the very indolent, but — neither is the First Part. I only wish to urge here that any one who reads and enjoys the First Part (by which I mean the whole First Part and not simply the love story), should be able to read and enjoy the Second Part also. If he fails at first, his failure will be due probably to one of three causes: either he lacks interest in some of the large ideas that interested the maturer Goethe; or he has not made himself sufficiently at home in that dream-world of tradition which underlies the Faust-drama, or, possibly his vision has been obfuscated by one or more of those well-meaning but misguided persons whom the late Friedrich Vischer called *allegorische Erklärungsphilister.* In any of these cases let him first correct the personal difficulty — a thing not hard to do — and then let him read the Second Part of *Faust* as he reads other good poetry: with a free play of intelligence to respond to its infinite suggestiveness, but without ever imagining that the text is a Chinese puzzle. Doing so he will find that he has gained a permanent source of high enjoyment — enjoyment of a kind (if his experience is at all like my own) that he will soon come to prefer greatly to that derivable from the painful tragedy of sin and suffering with which the First Part closes.

As to the animating spirit of my work it is needless to speak at length; that will appear best from the work itself. I have wrought as a philologist and a lover of definiteness. Taking for granted the fascinating power of *Faust* I have made it my aim to contribute to the understanding of it rather than to inculcate any particular views with regard to it. I have not been troubled by the solicitude one sometimes hears of in these days, that preoccupation with philological details, i. e., the attempt to get accurate knowledge of the particular matter in hand, could by any possibility in the long run injure the philosophical and æsthetic appreciation of the whole. On the other hand a multitude of warning examples made it both easy and necessary to keep in mind the dangers that arise from importing one's own 'philosophy' into the poem in advance of a careful historical study of its genesis and a thorough philological mastery of the text.

My text aims to be an exact reprint of the Weimar edition. I hesitated somewhat about the use of the official spelling, but decided not to introduce it. I do not see how it is possible to devise sounder principles for the recension of Goethe's text than are those adopted by the Weimar editors. To depart from these principles in the matters of spelling and punctuation would have been opening the door to subjective caprice without accomplishing any discernible good whatever.

I have of course endeavored to profit by the labors of preceding editors, critics and expounders, of whom a list of the more important will be found in an appendix. In dealing with a subject like *Faust*, about which such mountains of literature exist, it is, in general, possible to attain originality only at the expense of either truth, usefulness or importance; and my aim has been to be useful rather than to seem acute or learned. I have, however, from first to last tried to work independently, i. e., to go to first-hand sources of information and derive from them my knowledge and my impressions. In the notes I have as a rule avoided controversy and the rehearsal and discussion of conflicting views. My method has been to form my opinion from the data, then to read what the various commentators have to say, changing my own opinion where necessary, and then to present my final conclusion without argument. In dealing with matters of fact which I could verify I have not always been particular to name the writer who first called my attention to the primary source of information, but have proceeded, like most of my predecessors, on the Roman maxim *quod bene dictum est meum est*. On the other hand, in dealing with matters of opinion, or of fact that I could not verify, I have endeavored always to acknowledge all real obligation. Everywhere I have essayed the utmost brevity consistent with a satisfactory treatment of real difficulties. I have tried to waste no words in trivial, obvious or useless comment. Citations possessing only a curious or erudite interest, but not needed for scientific illustration, have not been admitted. I have also avoided any attempt to do the work of an etymological dictionary or a historical grammar.

According to my conceptions the one great purpose of the editor's notes to a classic should be to help the reader enter more perfectly than he otherwise might into the thought and feeling of the author. Philological lore which would have been news to the author and does not contribute to a proper understanding of the author's meaning, is, in general, out of place and entitled to no better name than pedantry. The rule is, however, subject to this limitation: peculiarities of diction, which pertain to the author's individual style (the style is the man), may properly be made the subject of brief philological comment for the purpose of giving the reader, so far as may be, the author's exact point of view.

CALVIN THOMAS.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., August, 1892.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

In this second edition I have tried to correct the mistakes of the first and in other ways to bring the book up to date. The Introduction has seemed to require but little change. I have been criticised for dealing too briefly with certain topics, such as the historical Faust, the growth of the legend, and Lessing's *Faust*, but this criticism is not well grounded. My work being intended primarily for college students, brevity with regard to unessentials was an important part of my plan. Now the topics just mentioned are interesting enough in their way, but Goethe knew nothing about them. If an authentic biography of the old magician should be discovered, there is no reason to suppose that it would throw any light on Goethe's poem. So also Lessing's *Faust* is a subject by itself. There is no evidence that it ever influenced Goethe.

In the Notes the changes are much more numerous and important. Corrections that have been suggested to me by letter or in published reviews have been introduced wherever I have been convinced. Among those who have put me under special obligation are Prof. Witkowski of Leipzig, Dr. Blau of Bryn Mawr, and Prof. Senger of California. I do not flatter myself, however, that these friends or any one else in the wide world will be entirely satisfied with my Notes even in their revised form. *Faust* is a very difficult subject for the commentator. It teems with words and phrases the meaning of which is uncertain and which are differently understood by the most competent experts. Every German reads the poem, and every German, as Scherer once remarked in an essay, has his own Goethe. He is also apt to be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust that *his* Goethe is the only true one. Now an American whose feeling for the German language is an acquisition of adult life would naturally like to defer to those who should know better than he; but what shall he do when his natural counsellors fall out and take to berating one another? What I have done is to weigh and decide according to my best judgment. I am well aware that in some cases the decision is only too vulnerable.

The most important contributions to Faust-scholarship since the appearance of my first edition are the works of Collin, Baumgart, Valentin and Witkowski, and the third edition of the Göchhausen *Faust* with its valuable Introduction. It is pleasant to notice a tendency to emphasize once more the artistic unity of *Faust*. In this general attitude of mind I am quite at one with the writers named, though sometimes at variance with them in regard to particular lines of argument. The familiar comparison of

Faust to a mosaic has a certain value. When one looks at it very closely with a philological magnifier, one sees various imperfections; the pieces are not always perfectly fitted, the colors are sometimes out of harmony. But when we step back far enough to see the work as a whole, its general design becomes perfectly obvious and the little imperfections fade out of sight or no longer offend the eye. But shall we then deny that they exist, and be over anxious to explain them away? There are those who seem to feel that what we call artistic unity must involve perfect congruity in every detail. For them even the 'Intermezzo' is sacrosanct; it must be shown to be just the right thing in the right place or else the whole *Faust* is a failure. But this is going too far. The student of *Faust* must learn to pick his way discreetly between the *Widerspruchsphilister* and the *Einheitsphilister* without being taken in by either of them. I may be pardoned for thinking that my edition will help him.

C. T.

NEW YORK, June, 1898.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS UPON *FAUST* AND THE STUDY OF *FAUST*.

It was as early as 1769 that the mind of Goethe, then a youth of twenty, began to be teased by the alluring problem of a Faust-drama. After musing on the subject some three or four years, he put pen to his work, little thinking, as he did so, that this particular poetic project would be the great task of a long lifetime, and would leave his hands some sixty years hence as the masterpiece of his country's poetry.

The general conception of the proposed drama, he tells us, lay clear in his mind at an early date; but from the first his procedure was unmethodical. The legend yielded, or could be made to yield, a hint for every mood: poetry, pathos, humor, satire, hocus-pocus — all were there. And so he worked in a desultory way, writing a passage here and a passage there, now a soliloquy, now a song, and again a bit of dialogue or a succession of dialogues, according as he had caught the vision of this or that interesting situation. Thus, without concern for acts or for a logical development of his plan, he allowed his work to take shape in a series of pictures, leaving the intervals to be filled in by the imagination. In this way a number of pictures (we may call them 'scenes') had been written down previous to his settlement at Weimar in November, 1775.

Then came a period in which the temper and circumstances of the poet were unfavorable to the continuation of the work. In 1788–9 a little more was written, and a part of the scenes on hand were revised for publication. These appeared in 1790 under the title of *Faust. Ein Fragment.* In 1797 the task was again resumed and during the next four years it made considerable progress. The work done at this time consisted partly in the writing of new scenes, partly in the revision and expansion of scenes already written but not published, and the welding of this new matter to the scenes of the published Fragment. During this process Goethe discovered that he could not complete his design within the limits of a single drama and so decided to publish, provisionally, a First Part. This First Part, still far from containing all that he had then written on the Faust-theme, appeared in 1808 under the title *Der Tragödie Erster Theil.*

Then ensued a long period of stagnation. At last, in 1825, *Faust* was again taken up to become, now, its author's chief occupation during his remaining years. The work done at this time was similar to that of 1797–1801, save that the proportion of entirely new matter added was much greater. Goethe died in March, 1832. The Second Part of *Faust* appeared in 1833.

The production that came into existence in this way holds a unique position in literature, there being nothing of its own kind with which to compare it. As a serious dramatic poem based on a tragical story and leading up to the death of its hero, it was called by Goethe a 'tragedy,' though the ordinary canons of tragedy do not, in the main, apply to it. On account of the magnitude of its scope it is often compared with the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. In some respects it resembles a medieval 'mystery.' But whatever it be called and however opinions may differ with respect to this or that detail, it is beyond question the most important monument of German poetry. No other is so much quoted by German writers, so much discussed by German scholars, so vitally related to the intellectual life of the new Germany.* Nor is it simply a national poem. In proportion as the genius of Goethe has of late won universal recognition, so *Faust*, as the most complete revelation of his mind and art, has become a world-classic whose power is felt everywhere by 'those that know.'

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* Egelhaaf, *Grundzüge der deutschen Litteraturgeschichte*, p. 112. speaks of *Faust* as "das Werk, ohne das unser Volk seine Kultur, der Einzelne sein eigenes Geistesleben sich kaum denken kann."

On account of this exceptional character the study of *Faust* is a difficult and peculiar study. The poem contains but little of abstruse thought — for Goethe was no 'metaphysician,' — but it does take us sooner or later into almost every conceivable sphere of human interest. Thus the philological reading of the text with its peculiarities of form and expression, its folk-lore and antiquities, its reminiscences of reading and observation, its frequent excursions into unfamiliar regions of thought, feeling and poetic vision, constitutes a task to which modern literature since Dante offers no parallel. And when the difficulties of the text are overcome, then there is the poem as an entirety. In a very real and important sense it has unity, and so must be studied as an artistic whole. At the same time it is by no means free from incongruities. Moreover, owing partly to its slow and desultory genesis, partly also to the very nature of the subject and of the poet's plan, different portions differ greatly in matter and style and in the kind of appeal they make to the reader's interest. The comprehension of these various parts, both in themselves and in their relation to the whole, is an important part of the study.

But the essential character of *Faust* is its symbolism, which presents living issues of modern culture in a setting of old popular legend. To acquire a right feeling for this symbolism, so as to make of it neither too much nor too little, so as to get out of the poem in the reading just what its author put into it, no less and no more, this is what is hardest and at the same time most vitally important. To aid here is the chief purpose of this Introduction. This object will be attained best, however, not by discussing symbolism in the abstract, but by describing minutely the genesis of the poem. To know what Goethe put into *Faust* we must study the origin of its different portions in connection with his contemporary moods and experiences. To understand the poetic artist we must first know the man thoroughly and then — watch him at his work. This is simply to follow his own well-known rule:

Wer den Dichter will verſtehen
Muß in Dichters Lande gehen.

A famous passage from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* will serve as a convenient starting-point. In speaking of his first intimacy with Herder at Strassburg, which began in September, 1770, Goethe writes:

> 'Most carefully I hid from him my interest in certain subjects that had taken root with me and were now little by little trying to develop themselves into poetic forms. These were *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust* . . . The significant puppet-play legend of the latter echoed and buzzed in many tones within me. I too had drifted about in all knowledge and early enough had been brought to feel the vanity of it. I too had made all sorts of experiments in life and had always come back more unsatisfied and more tormented. I was now carrying these things, like many others, about with me and delighting myself with them in lonely hours, but without writing anything down. Especially, however, I hid from Herder my mystic-cabbalistic chemistry and what pertained to it, though I was still fond of busying myself with it in secret in order to develop it into a more consistent form than that in which it had come to me.' *

This passage calls for a retrospect in two directions. First we must see what that 'puppet-play legend' was that had so impressed Goethe in his youth. Then we must inquire into those personal experiences which led him to see in Faust a symbol of himself.

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* *Werke*, XXVII., 320. (References to Goethe's works are, wherever possible, to the Weimar edition now appearing. *Werke* means the 'works' proper, or first 'Abtheilung' of the edition; *Naturwissenschaftliche Schriften* the second, *Tagebücher* the third, *Briefe* the fourth. Whenever the needed volume of the Weimar edition is not yet out, the Hempel edition will be referred to.)

II.

THE DATA OF THE LEGEND.

The puppet-play referred to by Goethe was an outgrowth of an earlier popular drama performed by actors of flesh and blood. This popular Faust-drama made its appearance about the beginning of the seventeenth century, but in order to understand its character we must go still further back to the origin of the Faust-legend itself.

Of the actual personage whose life gave rise to the legend very little is known; it has even been argued that the whole tradition is mythical. Modern scholars are well agreed, however, on the strength of three or four notices found in the writings of men who claim to have known Dr. Faust, that there was a man of that name who went about Germany in the first half of the sixteenth century and passed himself off on credulous people as a great magician. Philip Begardi, a physician who published an *Index Sanitatis* at Worms in 1539, speaks of Faust in this work as a notorious charlatan who had travelled about the country 'a few years ago,' calling himself *philosophus philosophorum*, etc., and cheating people out of their money by fortune-telling, necromancy, magical healing and the like. Begardi was acquainted with many people who had been deluded by Faust's large promises and small performance.*

In an age when every one believed in magic it was natural that people should soon begin to credit Faust with actually doing the kind of things he said he could do.† Thus, even in his lifetime, his name came to be associated with marvellous feats of magic; and when, about the year 1540, he met with a violent death under obscure or mysterious circumstances, the mythopoeic imagination of the people was ready with its explanation : he had been carried off by the devil whose aid had enabled him to do his wonders. The myth once started, Faust speedily became a new representative of a type long familiar to European superstition, the type, namely, of the wicked magician who, for some transitory favor of pleasure, power, knowledge or the like, sells his soul to the devil. What was in circulation about former copartners of the devil began to be repeated, with local additions and variations, concerning Faust.* Thus grew up a mass of fables which, toward the end of the century, were collected, put together into something like a narrative and published as a *Historia von D. Johann Fausten dem weitbeschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler*.† This book appeared in 1587, at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Its publisher was Johann Spies, who says in a preface that he had the manuscript from ‘a good friend in Speyer.’ The unknown author, apparently a Lutheran pastor, writes with a very definite and intensely serious purpose, which is to warn his readers against magic and the black art. The book is full of Bible quotations and bears on its title-page the motto : ‘Resist the devil and he will flee from you.’ The story told is in brief this :

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* The historical Faust does not greatly concern us. The notices relating to him can be found in many places; e. g., in the essay of Düntzer upon the Faust-legend, published in Vol.V., of Scheible's *Kloster*, in the same writer's Introduction to his commentary upon Goethe's *Faust*, and in Kühne's 'Programm' *Über die Faustsage*. — For exact bibliographical data concerning books referred to in this Introduction and in the Notes see Appendix I. at the end of the volume.

† Cf. Scherer, *Das älteste Faust-Buch*, p. vi–vii.

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* The following quotation will serve to show at once how early the legend had taken shape and in what kind of soil it grew. It is from the *Sermones Convivales* of the Basel preacher Johann Gast. The book was printed in 1543. Gast writes of Faust : ‘I dined with him in the great college at Basel. He had given the cook birds of different kinds to roast. I do not know how he got them, since there were none on sale at the time. He had a dog and a horse which, in my belief, were devils, as they could do everything. Some said the dog occasionally took the form of a servant and brought him food. The wretch met a terrible end, for he was strangled by the devil.’ Later notices also give to Faust a ‘black dog which was the devil.’

† Of the original Faust-book, first edition, there are now known to exist, according to Engel, *Zusammenstellung der Faust-Schriften*, p. 59, only five copies. It is, however, obtainable in various reprints: (1) in facsimile, *Das älteste Faust-Buch, mit einer Einleitung* von Wilhelm Scherer, Berlin, 1884 ; (2) *Das älteste Faustbuch, mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen* von August Kühne, Zerbst, 1868 ; (3) *Das Volksbuch vom Doctor Faust*, in Braune's *Neudrucke deutscher Literaturwerke*, Halle, 1878.

Faust, the son of a peasant living near Weimar, is brought up by a rich uncle at Wittenberg, where, in due time, he studies theology at the university and takes his degree with distinction. Being, however, of a 'foolish and arrogant' (*we* should say, a bold and original) mind, he gets the name of 'speculator,' and begins to study books of magic. Soon he repudiates the name of a '*theologus*' and becomes a '*Weltmensch*,' calls himself a 'doctor of medicine,' 'astrologer,' etc., and goes about healing people with herbs, roots and clysters. Having thus 'taken eagles' wings to himself, and resolved to search into all things in heaven and earth,' he carries his madness to the extent of trying to evoke the devil. Going into the woods near Wittenberg, at night, he succeeds, after much ado, in raising a subordinate devil who appears in the guise of a monk. Faust demands that this spirit shall come to his house the next day at midnight, which the spirit does. Then, after various preliminary 'disputations,' in one of which the spirit gives his name as Mephostophiles,* the pair enter, at Faust's solicitation, into an agreement. Mephostophiles agrees to bestow upon Faust the form and nature of a spirit, to be his faithful and obedient servant, to come to his house whenever wanted, and there either to remain invisible or to take any desired shape. In return, Faust agrees that after a certain period, fixed later at twenty-four years, he is to belong to the devil, and that meanwhile he will renounce the Christian faith, hate all Christians, resist all attempts to convert him, and sign this covenant with his own blood.

For a while Faust remains at home seeing no one but Mephostophiles and his famulus, an 'insolent lubber' called Christoph Wagner, who had formerly been a worthless vagabond. At first Mephostophiles amuses Faust and Wagner (who is in his master's secret) with various manifestations, and feeds them on princely food and drink purloined from the neighboring castles. So Faust leads 'an epicurean life' day and night, ceases to 'believe in God, hell, or devil,'† and 'thinks that soul and body die together.' He desires a wife, but marriage being a Christian ordinance, the devil objects and finds other ways to gratify his lust. He also provides a great book dealing with all sorts of magic and 'nigromancy.' Faust's curiosity being excited, he asks his familiar all sorts of questions concerning the spirit-world. Long 'disputations' ensue respecting hell, the hierarchy of devils, the fall of the recreant angels, etc. Mephostophiles' account of Lucifer's former estate brings Faust to tears of remorse over his own folly; still he will not repent and return to God and the church, but persists „in allen ſeinen opinionibus und Meynungen." Presently the devil refuses to answer further questions, whereupon Faust becomes a calendar-maker, and turns his attention to physics and astronomy. In such pursuits seven years pass.

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* On the forms of the name see note to line 242+, of the text.

† Chap. X. This curious feature of the legend which makes Faust skeptical with regard to hell and the devil even while he is on intimate terms with an envoy of hell and is daily doing wonders in the devil's name, is worthy of special notice.

In the next eight years we hear of only two adventures. Faust desires to visit hell, and Mephostophiles brings it about that Beelzebub calls for him at midnight, takes him up into the air in an ivory chair, puts him asleep and lets him dream of hell in the belief that he is really there. Afterward he ascends into the sky in a car drawn by dragons and spends a week among the stars. In the sixteenth year he conceives a desire to travel on earth; so Mephostophiles converts himself into a 'horse with wings like a dromedary,' and bears him to all parts of the world. In this way he visits many lands, seeing their sights, enjoying their pleasures, and performing all sorts of conjuror's tricks. At Rome he plays pranks upon the pope. At Constantinople he visits the Sultan's harem in the role of Mahomet. At the court of Charles V. he counterfeits the forms of Alexander the Great and his wife. Again he conjures a stag's horns upon the head of a knight, swallows a peasant's cartload of hay, and saws off his own leg and leaves it in pawn with a Jew. Toward the end he spends much time in revelry with certain jolly students. On one occasion some of these wish to see Helena of Greece, whereupon Faust produces her for their diversion. Later he takes Helena as a concubine and has by her a son Justus Faust, who foretells future events for his father.

As the end of his career approaches Faust regrets his bargain and bewails his fate in bitter tears and lamentations. The devil tries to console him, but insists inexorably on the contract. On the last day of the twenty-four years, having previously willed his property to Wagner, Faust goes with his boon companions to an inn near Wittenberg, treats the company to good food and wine, informs them ruefully of his situation, and tells them that the devil is to come for him at midnight. They then separate. At the hour named the students hear a terrible sound of hissing and whistling, and in the morning on going to look for him they find 'no Faust,' but only his mangled body lying on a heap of refuse.

The gist of this story, as seen by those who created it, is the awful fate of a bad man who is led by the study of magic into dealings with the devil. The league with the devil is not the root, but the fruit of Faust's badness, which consists, primarily, in an unholy intellectual curiosity. A promising theologian, he is not content with traditional theology, but wishes to know 'all things in heaven and earth.' This desire itself is sinful. Men should be content with what is revealed in the Word. Faust essays to get the desired knowledge by the study of magic, but this study is sinful. Knowledge and power may, to be sure, be got in that way, but they are got by the devil's help and men are commanded to resist the devil instead of making friends with him. Hence the logic of the catastrophe. Faust's wicked desire is gratified. For a while he lives as a superior being and lords it over time and space. But he does this by the devil's aid and the devil must have his pay, and his pay is the soul of his dupe.

Speaking broadly and from a modern point of view,* what we see in the Faust-legend is the popular Protestant theology of the Reformation period expressing itself upon the great intellectual movement of the Renaissance; upon the new spirit of free inquiry, of revolt against narrow traditions, of delight in ancient ideals of beauty. Faust is a representative of this spirit. It might seem at first as if there were but little likeness between him and the great humanists, but there are two traits which connect him with them, namely, his interest in secular science and his love of antique beauty. The lovely pagan Helena, as well as physics and astronomy, is one of the devil's tools for entrapping the soul of Faust. In this connection it is noteworthy that a very early tradition connects Faust with the University of Erfurt, then the great seat of German humanism.† There he is represented as lecturing upon

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* On the historical import of the Faust-legend, cf. Erich Schmidt, *Charakteristiken*, pp. 1–37, Kuno Fischer, Goethe's *Faust*, p. 21, ff., and Scherer's Introduction to his facsimile edition of the original Faust-book.

† Cf. Scherer, *Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur*, p. 273.

Homer and calling up the shades of Homeric heroes to illustrate his lecture. Again he participates in a discussion on the utility of Latin comedy as reading-matter for the schools. In this Faust we see a genuine colleague of the humanists.

Thus it would seem as if the legend, in working out the character and career of Faust, had intentionally made him a wicked secular counterpart to Luther. At least the parallel, as drawn by Scherer,* is very striking. Both Luther and Faust are occupied with the old humanities at Erfurt, but Luther turns his back on the sensuous lures of paganism and meets his need of woman's love by marrying him a wife in accordance with divine ordinance, while Faust yields to lawless passion, rejects marriage at the devil's advice, and takes Helena as a paramour. Both live at Wittenberg, the cradle of the Reformation, Luther as the reverent student and expounder of the Bible, Faust as a despiser of scripture and a searcher after forbidden knowledge. Both visit Rome, where Luther is shocked by the prevailing license, Faust cynically amused to find that others are no better than himself. Luther shies his inkstand at the devil, Faust makes friends with him; Luther is a devout believer, Faust a reckless skeptic.

For a time the Faust-narrative proved very popular and new editions and translations came out in rapid succession.† In 1599 G. R. Widman published the story with an elaborate commentary, and his account, it would seem, became the chief source of the subsequent versions.‡ Widman differs in many particulars from the original Faust-book, but the details do not concern us here. In general he gives to the legend a more decidedly anti-Catholic tinge and deprives it of its poetry. In his hands Faust loses the character of a titanic philosopher who 'takes eagles' wings to himself'; he is, rather, a promising youth led into bad ways through contact with the magic of the Catholic church. The episode of Helena Widman only refers to in a foot-note; he will not offend chaste ears and hearts by relating it. In 1674 a new edition* of Widman's work was published by C. N. Pfitzer, a Nürnberg physician, and Pfitzer's book was re-issued in abbreviated form early in the following century by an anonymous editor styling himself 'a man of Christian sentiments' (von einem Christlich Meynenden).† This little book was widely sold and must have been familiar to the boy Goethe at Frankfurt.‡ Indeed it was here, or in Pfitzer, that the author of *Faust* found the hint for his Gretchen. On the strength, probably, of some tradition that had escaped or scandalized Widman, Pfitzer and his anonymous successor tell of Faust's falling in love with a poor but beautiful servant-girl. At first Faust tries to seduce her; then when her virtue turns out to be proof against his wiles, he proposes to marry her. From this purpose he is frightened by the devil, who gives him the fair Helena in the girl's stead.§

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* *Faust-Buch*, p. xxi.

† For exact bibliographical data, see Engel, *Zusammenstellung*, p. 57 ff.

‡ Widman's work is reprinted in Scheible's *Kloster*, II., 273 ff.

But it was the popular Faust-drama, more than the narrative, which kept the subject alive for the German people during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as it was also the drama, in the form of a puppet-show, which impressed the young Goethe with the significance of the legend. Of this drama as performed by living actors no text is extant. Indeed it was not a drama in a critical or literary sense, but a popular show presented from age to age by strolling companies, with variations and improvisations to suit the time or the views of the manager. But in spite of their variety these shows were of the same general type and conformed broadly to a traditional text which now appears to have been derived from Marlowe's *Faustus* as brought to Germany by English players and performed there early in the seventeenth century.* Marlowe's *Faustus* was written in 1589, the poet getting his knowledge of the story from the translated English Faust-book which appeared before Feb. 28, 1589.† The play follows the legend closely in spirit and in details. It begins, after an expository chorus, with a soliloquy in which Faustus expresses his dissatisfaction with philosophy, law, medicine and theology, and resolves to study magic. He is warned by a good angel that he will do this at the peril of his soul, but he is captivated by the vision of the wonderful things he will be able to do and enjoy as magician, and so decides to 'conjure though he die therefore.' Going into the woods at night he brings up a spirit, Mephistophilis, with whom he arranges terms of service for twenty-four years, promising to give, at the end of that time, his body and soul to Lucifer. Then follow the disputations, travels and tricks, as in the legend. Again and again Faustus would fain repent and save himself, but is always persuaded that he cannot, that it is too late. At the last, in an agony of remorse and fear, he is carried off by devils.

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* Reprinted by A. von Keller, Tübingen, 1880.

† Reprinted, with a good Introduction by Szamatólski, as No. 39 of Goeschen's *Deutsche Litteraturdenkmale*. This reprint is from a copy of the year 1725, the earliest known.

‡ It is, however, certain that Goethe was not confined to this book and the puppet-play for his knowledge of the legend. See also below, under the heading 'Gretchen.'

§ Szamatólski, p. 23.

Thus we see that Marlowe takes the theology of the legend as he finds it and gives us a simple tragedy of sin and damnation. His Faustus is a depraved soul that wilfully follows the lower instead of the higher voice, and suffers the consequences he had himself foreseen. The poet, to be sure, makes his hero doubt the reality of hell,‡ but this skepticism sits lightly upon him, and we feel that under the circumstances he has no right to be skeptical. The compact is a plain matter of purchase and sale. Faustus has had before him an emissary of hell in bodily form, and this emissary has assured him that heaven and hell are supreme realities. Nevertheless he says to himself

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* Cf. Creizenach, *Geschichte des Volksschauspiels vom Dr. Faust*, chapters 1 and 2.

† Cf. Zarncke, in *Anglia*, IX., 610.

‡ "Come, I think hell's a fable"; act II., sc. 1.

> "The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,"

and forthwith proceeds to sell his soul for a mess of pottage. The pottage is purveyed in accordance with the agreement, and the devil gets his own.

There is reason to think that Marlowe himself treated his subject rather seriously, making but little use of clown scenes and hocus-pocus to amuse the crowd. These things, however, were called for by the popular taste, and after Marlowe's death, in 1593, his text underwent extensive interpolations of that kind. It was this *Faustus*, thus amplified, which was taken to Germany and played there, with other English plays, by English actors.* The earliest performance of which we chance to have a record was at Graz in 1608.† Very soon the subject was taken up by companies of German actors who, whether they really owed anything to Marlowe or not, at least followed the same general line of treatment. Of this German Faust-play as performed in the seventeenth century our knowledge is scanty, more ample, however, for the eighteenth century. By that time it had become a spectacular extravaganza in which the clown, under the various names of Pickelhäring, Hans Wurst, Harlekin, Crispin, Casper, (his part was usually taken by the manager of the company ‡) was the main center of interest. The story of Faust, while its serious import was not altogether lost sight of, was treated as a convenient thread on which to string all sorts of grotesque and grewsome *diablerie*. Thus a performance given at Frankfurt in 1767 (Goethe was then in Leipzig), was advertised as a 'grand machine comedy,' with specific attractions like these: (1) 'Faust's dissertation in his museum (study) as to whether he shall pursue theology or 'micromancy' (necromancy).' (2) 'Faust's remarkable conjuration at night in a dark wood, whereat various infernal monsters, furies, spirits (among these Mephistopheles) appear amid thunder and lightning.' (3) 'Crispin makes fun with the spirits in the magic circle.' (4) 'Faust's contract with hell; the document carried off by a raven through the air.' (5) 'Crispin opens a book in Faust's library and little devils come out.' (6) 'Faust's journey through the air with Mephistopheles,' and so on. At the last Faust is carried off to hell by furies and the play concluded with a ballet of furies and a 'grand display of fire-works' representing hell.*

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* At these performances it was customary for the clown to speak German, while the other actors used English — an arrangement which tended from the outset to give the clown at once a factitious importance and an episodical character. Cf. Creizenach, p. 69.

† Creizenach, p. 45.

‡ Creizenach, p. 148.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that such performances as this were still common as late as 1767. Long before that, the old popular plays with their prominent clown, their coarse humor, their fondness for fantastic supernaturalism, their indifference to literary standards, had fallen into disrepute in high-toned circles. An artificial taste had grown up which looked to the classical drama of France as the model of all excellence. Dr. Faust and his theatrical associations had become ridiculous and vulgar; so that it required the boldness as well as the insight of a Lessing to take a stand against the swelling tide of correct but vapid imitations of the French and to come to the rescue of the old German plays. In his memorable seventeenth *Literaturbrief*, published in 1759, Lessing argued that the spirit of the English drama, rather than the French, was best adapted to the German people. 'In our tragedies,' he insists, 'we want to see and think more than the timid French tragedy gives us to see and to think. The grand, the terrible, the melancholy, works better upon us than the nice, the delicate, the love-lorn.' Later in the same letter he writes: 'Our old plays really contain much that is English. To take only the best known of them: *Dr. Faust* has a number of scenes such as only a Shakespearian genius would have been able to conceive. And Germany was, in part still is, so enamored of its *Dr. Faust*.' After this

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* Creizenach, p. 11, 12.

Lessing gives a specimen of a Faust-scene such as he would like to see.

The effect of Lessing's letter was to rescue the Faust-theme from the disrepute into which it had fallen and to make it seem available for the higher purposes of poetry. A new Faust-tragedy thus became, as Schröer expresses it, a problem of the age.* Lessing himself, as is well known, attacked the problem, and it is matter for lasting regret that his *Faust* never saw the light, though Providence had better things in store than any solution which he could have offered. There is no evidence, however, that Goethe was directly influenced by Lessing's letter, though he must have read it. He came by his interest in the subject in his own way, the way of the puppet-play. To this we must now turn.

When the old popular Faust-play was retired in disgrace from the theaters, that was by no means the end of it; it found refuge with a class of men who cared very little for critical theories of the drama, namely, the showmen who amused the young with their wooden puppets. The play soon fell altogether into the hands of these men and by them the earlier dramatic tradition has been continued more or less intact down to our own time. In the early years of this century these plays became objects of scientific interest, so that reports of performances, and in due time complete texts, began to find their way into print. To-day we have a considerable collection of them,† differing a good deal of course in minor *dramatis personae* and in details of plot, but still conforming to the same general type. Unfortunately none of these plays, as we know them, can be identified with the one which Goethe saw. Indeed he may have seen more than one. Still, by a comparison of those we have, we can form at least a rough mental picture of the ‘legend’ that was ‘buzzing’ in his thoughts at Strassburg in 1770.

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* In the Introduction to his edition of *Faust*, p. xxiii.

† Six were printed forty years ago by Scheible, V., 732 ff. These and several others, eight in all, were studied by Creizenach in 1878. Since that time has appeared *Das Schwiegerlingsche Puppenspiel vom Doktor Faust*, herausgegeben von A. Bielschowsky, Brieg, 1882. The latter is based on a stenographic report of a performance given at Brieg in 1877. It is supplied with a good Introduction, and contains, in six parallel columns, a conspectus of the plots of five puppet-plays and Marlowe's *Faustus*.

Some of the plays begin with a prologue in hell. Charon complains to Pluto that he does not get souls enough for his ferry. Pluto promises to increase his custom by sending devils to mislead men. In one case he promises specifically to have Mephistopheles beguile Dr. Faust of Wittenberg into the study of magic. Most of the plays, however, begin with a brooding soliloquy of Faust, in which he explains why he has taken to magic. Usually it is because he has found no satisfaction in theology. A supernatural voice at his right warns him, while one at his left encourages. In the next scene, as a rule, Wagner comes in and announces that two students have just brought a mysterious book, a *clavis de magica* or the like. Faust is delighted and Wagner now secures permission to employ a fellow-servant for the coarse house-work. The clown comes and is engaged by Wagner for this position. Faust now proceeds to conjure with the book, but in his study instead of in the woods. Various devils appear and Faust selects the swiftest, Mephistopheles, with whom he contracts for twenty-four years' service, signing the paper in his own blood. He then demands diversion and Mephistopheles spirits him away to some princely court, usually that of the Duke of Parma. After he is gone the clown comes, gets into Faust's magic circle, cites the devils to appear, and amuses himself with them. Faust now conjures for the amusement of the court, calling up apparitions of Alexander, David and Goliath, etc. Meanwhile the clown has followed him and contrives to betray the secret of his new master's power. Faust becomes an object of suspicion and is compelled to go away. Then he appears as a penitent. He would return to God, but Mephistopheles beguiles him with the gift of Helena. After this we have a scene in which the clown, as watchman, calls out the hours of the night. At the stroke of twelve Faust is carried off by devils or furies.

We come now to our second retrospect. Goethe tells us, it will be remembered, that he had 'drifted about in all knowledge and early enough come to feel the vanity of it'; also that he had 'made all sorts of experiments in life and always come back more unsatisfied, more tormented.' And then there was his 'mystic-cabbalistic chemistry.' Let us see precisely what these experiences had been, which formed the soil that nourished the roots of *Faust*.

III.

PREPARATORY EXPERIENCES OF GOETHE.

In the fall of 1765 the boy Goethe was deemed ready to leave his father's house in Frankfurt for the university. His own desire was to study the old humanities at Göttingen, but his father insisted upon Leipzig and the law. To Leipzig he accordingly went; cherishing the secret purpose to trouble himself but little with jurisprudence, but to devote himself to those studies which best promised to develop the poet in him.* Half diverted from this purpose by Professor Böhme, to whom he brought letters from home, he took up certain law-lectures only to find them a bore and presently to drop them: he knew, or thought he knew, all that the lecturer saw fit to impart. He began a course in logic, but the study appeared to him frivolous; instead of teaching him to think, it taught him to pick his old simple thoughts to pieces. With philosophy it went no better; that too seemed a matter of words. 'Of the subject in hand,' he writes, 'of the world, of God, I thought I knew about as much as the teacher himself.'† His highest hopes he set on the famous Professor Gellert, but Gellert proved to care more for good handwriting than for poetry. A course in Cicero's *De Oratore*, under the distinguished Ernesti, turned out a little, but not much, more helpful. 'What I wanted,' Goethe writes, 'was a standard of judgment, and this no one seemed to possess.'‡

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* *Werke*, XXVII., 50 ff.

† *Werke*, XXVII., 53.

‡ *Werke*, XXVII., 67.

What wonder if, under such circumstances, having failed to find a single line of appetizing study, the young student should fall into a pessimistic frame of mind respecting the whole round of academic pursuits? What wonder if it may have seemed to him, in an occasional savage mood, that the learning of the learned was little else than a hypocritical farce of words paraded as a cover for ignorance; a floating bog of conventional verbiage, in which a firm standing-ground of positive knowledge was nowhere to be found? We must of course guard against reading too much of the later Goethe into the life of the youngster at Leipzig. It was no doubt later that moods like these threw their deepest shadow; but even now he began to feed on the very food in all the world most fitted to beget them. In a letter of Oct. 12, 1767, he calls the sentiment *plus* (*que*) *les mœurs se raffinent*, *plus les hommes se dépravent*, a 'truth most worthy of reverence.' This wonderful 'truth' came to him, no doubt, from the great apostle of nature, Jean Jacques Rousseau.* The sentiment is the burden of Rousseau's famous prize Discourse of 1750, and if the main thesis so pleased our young philosopher of seventeen, it is fair to presume that he was no less captivated by the diatribes against the learned which abound in the same essay. Rousseau's doctrine was that civilization is corruption. Its arts and sciences and other boasted refinements have substituted for the good simplicity of nature a bad web of conventionalities, prominent among which are the idle researches and the hair-splitting quibbles of the learned.

Thus Goethe found in Rousseau the antithesis: nature *versus* traditional book-learning.† He heard a voice telling him with passionate eloquence, that the life of the scholar, 'poring over miserable books,' is contrary to nature. And this voice found in his own being a responsive chord which a little later was to be heard vibrating in the great symphony of *Faust*.*

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* Careful search has failed to discover these exact words in Rousseau's writings, but the Rousseau tinge is unmistakable. The young Goethe, who often wrote French at this time, seems to be stating in language of his own an idea that he had got from reading a French book.

† Or, as Fischer puts it in German, *Urnatur gegen Unnatur.*

Outside the university, too, the Saxons quarreled with the young Frankfurter's opinions, his poetic taste, even his clothes, his manners and his language, and insisted on making him over without convincing him that they were right and he wrong. At the end of a year's residence we find him writing that he begins to be 'rather dissatisfied with Leipzig.' He has quite fallen out with 'society,' and delights to shut himself up in Auerbach's Hof with his new friend Behrisch and laugh at the Leipzig people.† This Behrisch was a droll genius with a cynical bent and a talent for persiflage. He was eleven years older than Goethe. Memories of these conferences in Auerbach's Hof and of jolly times in the 'cellar' below, lingered in the mind of the younger man and were turned to account in *Faust*. They furnished hints not only for the scene 'Auerbach's Cellar,' but also for the student scene, § in which, in its earlier form, Mephistopheles talks very much as we can imagine Behrisch to have talked, with his youthful auditor's approval, on these occasions. There is evidence, also, that Behrisch contributed in less innocent ways to the initial conception of Mephistopheles. In an extant letter to him Goethe imagines himself playing the very part toward a virtuous girl which Faust plays toward Gretchen.‖ Besides these things there is nothing in

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* E. g., lines 386–446, 1064–1125.

† *Briefe* I., 82. On the locality cf. the general note to the scene 'Auerbach's Cellar.'

§ Lines 1868, ff.

‖ Letter of Nov. 7, 1767, *Briefe*, I., 133. The writer, be it remembered, sins only in thought, but his language is noteworthy. The seduction of a virtuous girl is an 'affair of the devil' which he, the writer, were he not afraid, would undertake to carry through after 'fourteen days' preparation' (cf. *Faust*, line 2640). And Behrisch is his 'teacher.' The passage ends thus: "Und der Ton und ich zusammen! Es ist komisch. Aber ohne zu schwören ich unterstehe mich schon ein Mädgen zu verf — wie Teufel soll ich's nennen. Genug Monsieur, alles was sie (Sie) von dem gelehrigsten und fleissigsten ihrer Schüler erwarten können." Note the "schon" and cf. *Faust*, line 2645.

Goethe's Leipzig life that has an obvious bearing upon his great poem. His law studies continued to bore him as often as he gave them a chance. In a letter of October 12, 1767, he writes his sister in a cynical vein of the courses he is pursuing. After dilating on the shortcomings of his teachers and the stupidity of their subject-matter he exclaims: 'So you see how much complete knowledge a *studiosus juris* can have. I'll be hanged if I know anything!' By this time, however, his poetic ardor, which for a time had left him completely in the lurch, had returned in full force. His passion for Annette Schönkopf caused him to seek relief from the torments of a jealous lover by depicting the type in *Die Laune des Verliebten*, his earliest play; while reminiscences of Frankfurt life in its lower strata led to the conception of a second drama, *Die Mitschuldigen*. He also found at last helpful guidance and congenial occupation at the home of the artist Oeser. He was learning many other things, if not much law, when, in the summer of 1768, a severe internal hemorrhage sent him home.

Returning to Frankfurt he found himself doomed for a long time to the role of an invalid. A dangerous illness held him in its grip, bringing him more than once to the brink of death, deepening his character and giving to his thoughts a serious cast. 'In my illness,' he writes to Annette Schönkopf, 'I have learned much that I could have learned nowhere else in the world.'* This alludes, no doubt, to his religious experiences under the tutelage of the pious Fräulein von Klettenberg, the 'beautiful soul' whom he afterwards immortalized in Wilhelm Meister. This good lady interested herself deeply in his spiritual condition, and tried to have him make his peace with God in her way. He tells us that he proved but a stubborn pupil, since he could not persuade himself that he had been a very great sinner.† Still, subsequent letters of his show that he was for a time much affected by these pious ministrations.[*] He became for a season very devout, and this period of quickened religious feeling has left its mark here and there upon the language of *Faust*.[†]

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* *Briefe*, I., 183.

† *Werke*, XXVII., 201.

Of importance also were the studies in magic and alchemy which he now took up. His physician was a member of Fräulein von Klettenberg's pietistic coterie, and a believer in alchemy. He claimed to have a panacea which he had made but dared not use for fear of the law. He also gave out that his wonderful remedy could be made, indeed, since there were personal moral factors involved, could best be made, by each one for himself; and he was in the habit of recommending certain books that would be helpful in this direction. In December, 1768, Goethe was taken suddenly and violently ill so that he despaired of life. The anxious mother persuaded the doctor that now, if ever, was the time for the cure-all. Reluctantly the doctor administered his salt and the patient forthwith began to improve.[‡] This was enough for Fräulein von Klettenberg. She became at once deeply interested in the wonderful medicine, and through her Goethe says he was himself 'inoculated with the disease.' He set about reading the doctor's books and as soon as possible equipped a laboratory and began a line of fantastic experiments with retort and crucible.

The first of the books read was Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum et Theosophicum*. This is a German treatise dealing with alchemy, magic, astrology, etc. The first part treats of salt, the second of sulphur, the third of mercury. It is illustrated with cabbalistic drawings and has various appendixes relating to the philosopher's stone. The whole is intensely Christian, the argument being based throughout on quotations from the Bible. Its intellectual character will appear from this specimen: 'So then it must surely and incontestably follow for the adept (Naturgeübten) that fire, salt and gold are at the root absolutely one and the same in kind, and that the red solar and the white lunar sulphur are in their basis and origin identical, namely, spiritual gold and silver; and that he who knows these two sulphurs, and knows how to find, compound in the right proportion, unite and fix them, must necessarily come to see the splendid, radiant, indestructible and immortal body of the man Adam.'* Reminiscences of Welling's jargon freely adapted † meet us in *Faust*, lines 1034 ff.

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[*] 'I am as I was, save that I am on a somewhat better footing with our Lord God and his dear son Jesus Christ'; letter of April 13, 1770, *Briefe*, I., 232.

[†] E. g., lines 771–85, 1178–85, 1210–19.

[‡] This story of the wonderful medicine, supposed by Loeper (Goethe's *Werke*, Hempel edition, XXI., 352) to have been sodium sulphate or Glauber's salt, is found in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, bk. 8.

Once embarked on this line of study, the young convalescent with time on his hands began following up Welling's references to older authorities and so was led to concern himself with Paracelsus, Van Helmont and others. A work that gave him particular pleasure, he tells us, was the so-called *Aurea Catena Homeri*, ‡ in which he found 'nature represented, though fantastically, in a beautiful concatenation.' This conception of nature as a grand harmony of interconnected parts, each with its own relation to the activity of the whole, underlies Faust's vision of the macrocosm.

But the most important result of these lucubrations was doubtless, as Loeper suggests, § the idea of a spiritualized nature, the conception of the world as a living manifestation of divinity. This conception fell in well with his own early prepossessions. As a boy he had felt that 'the God who stands in immediate relation to nature, recognizing it as his work and loving it, was the real God.' ‖ At the same time the Bible taught him that this Creator of the world could enter into close relations with men. And so as a boy he had actually built an altar and burned incense in order to 'draw near' to the great World-God in 'good Old Testament fashion.' And now he found his mystical alchemists teaching, or rather assuming as a matter of course, that nature is altogether spiritual; that all things we see and touch are but so many transformations or emanations of the same divine spiritual essence. In Welling there are none of our modern distinctions of the inorganic, the living, the conscious and the spiritual. All things are spiritual. Thus he actually speaks of an Air-spirit (*Luft-Geist*, p. 13), and of a Spirit-World (*Geist-Welt*, not *Geister-Welt*, p. 170), and it is an accident if he does not speak of a Star-spirit, or a Tree-spirit. But now Goethe, just before leaving Leipzig, had been deeply impressed by the religious views of his friend Langer. 'Langer belonged,' so Goethe writes, 'to those who cannot conceive a direct relation to the great World-God; hence he required a mediation, the analogue of which he thought he found everywhere in earthly and heavenly things.'* Such a mediation is the Earth-Spirit of *Faust*—a personification of divine power as manifested specifically on the earth.

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* Page 30.

† Treated "nach eignem Belieben," as Goethe says in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*: *Werke*, XXVII., 204.

‡ Cf. *Aurea Catena Homeri*, von Hermann Kopp, Braunschweig, 1880.

§ Goethe's *Werke*, Hempel edition, XXI., 350.

‖ *Werke*, XXVI., 63.

It would be idle to inquire how far the young Goethe believed in this lore†; enough that he found here that which the poet in him could feed upon. His scientific and philosophic intellect was all unschooled, and Spinoza had not yet come to clear the air for him. Might there not be something in it, after all, this occult wisdom that had for ages occupied the best minds in Europe? Might not this wonderful Nature, could one but properly get into communication with the divinity that speaks in her visible forms, have some strange high secret to tell; some simple, universal, joy-giving message that should put an end to the 'uncertain lot of humanity,' render the weary plodding of the schools absurd, and make man a partaker in the life of the gods?

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* *Werke*, XXVII., 193.

† At the end of the eighth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe himself attempts to describe retrospectively the peculiar Weltanschauung at which he had now arrived. He calls it a mixture of Hermetism, mysticism and cabbalism, on the basis of neo-Platonism.

It was under the spell of such vague, vain dreams as these that the puppet-play magician, who had devoted himself to magic out of disgust for traditional learning, began to acquire for Goethe a new and personal interest: he saw in Faust a symbol of his own strivings. In a letter of Feb. 13, 1769, he compares himself with a 'night-brooding magus,' and says further on: 'A great scholar is seldom a great philosopher, and he who has laboriously turned the leaves of many books despises the easy simple book of nature; and yet there is nothing true but what is simple'. Add to this that Goethe speaks of *Faust* as a subject that 'had (already) taken root' in his mind at Strassburg in the autumn of 1770, and we shall have no occasion to doubt the accuracy of the poet's memory when, in a letter to Zelter, written June 1, 1831, he dates the first conception of *Faust* back to the year 1769.

But the moment the young dreamer began to identify himself with Faust, that moment it was all up with the wickedness of the old magician. For the son of the eighteenth century could see no damnable perversity in any man's aspirations for higher, clearer, surer, simpler, more inspiriting knowledge than he had thus far found. Nor could the possession of power, as an accessory of knowledge, seem to him anything else than an unmixed blessing. And so the Faust of the legend soon began to take on the features of a misunderstood and maligned searcher after truth. Here, too, Goethe was helped by his reading. One of the books read with great interest at this time, he tells us,* was Arnold's *Kirchen- und Ketzergeschichte*. From this he learned that many a famous heretic whom orthodox tradition has labelled 'crazy' or 'godless,' was in reality a man of the highest purposes, who taught what he taught because he believed it to be the truth. Thus he was led to ponder on the sad fact that it is the man of exceptional insight and nobility of motive whom the people are most prone to crucify, or to pillory posthumously as a monster of wickedness.* An instance of this was presented in Paracelsus, with whom, as we saw, Goethe was led to concern himself in this year of fruitful idleness at Frankfurt.

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* *Werke* XXVII., 217.

Paracelsus was born about 1490. Setting out to learn the healing art (his father was a physician) he applied himself to the usual studies, but soon became disgusted, forsook the schoolmen and went to live among the miners of Tyrol. Here he studied chemistry, mineralogy and the facts of disease, in his own way. Acquiring reputation thus, he was in the prime of life made town-physician of Basel and soon after appointed to lecture on medicine at the University. Here he bitterly denounced the traditional medical learning of the day and insisted on the importance of studying facts rather than old opinions. The violence of his assaults upon venerable authorities soon involved him in trouble and he was forced to leave Basel. He then entered upon extensive wanderings which lasted many years. In 1541 the Archbishop of Salzburg offered him a home and protection. He accepted the offer, but died that same year.

Here was a new picture for the mental gallery of our young poet: A gifted youth impatient of tradition; his father a physician devoted to the old, blind routine, himself an ardent seeker after higher things; this youth as man driven from his university chair by ignorant prejudice for telling the truth as he had learned it at first hand in the school of nature; for years a wanderer on the face of the earth; a moment of settled, orderly activity with high hopes for the future, then, death. — Insensibly the features of the legendary Faust blended in Goethe's mind with those of the actual Paracelsus.

Such, then, were the musings which Goethe took with him when, in the spring of 1770, with health nearly restored, he again left home to resume his law studies at Strassburg. Had these musings taken dramatic form? Had he made any progress in the elaboration of a plot? Was the figure of Gretchen already in his mind? These are queries to which no positive answer can be given, but an affirmative guess seems on the whole the more plausible. Of one thing, however, we may be sure: Had he commenced writing at this time, the result would have had little similarity in form or substance to the earliest scenes of *Faust* as we know them. To produce these he needed that general awakening and liberation which came to him at Strassburg, chiefly through the influence of Herder. Thus far he had been but little affected by the new ideas that were beginning to make themselves felt in the field of German letters. At Leipzig he had fallen naturally into the ways of the French 'school,' that is, he had learned to think of poetry as the accomplishment of the cultivated, a matter of regularity, rhetorical point, and elegance of diction. He had himself written two plays in alexandrines, and a number of songs that speak more of the conscious craftsman than of the glowing soul. And whatever he had written had usually been praised by admiring friends.

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* Cf. *Faust*, lines 590–3.

But now at Strassburg, after he had been there some five months, enjoying life in a congenial and stimulating society, studying a little law, and a little medicine, and reading this and that in a desultory way, he came for the first time into contact with a man of powerful, keen, original intellect; a man who, though only five years older than himself, was already the author of published writings which showed him to be the peer of Lessing in knowledge and critical insight. And this man did not praise him at all, but ridiculed him and found fault with him at every turn. For Herder the Frenchified German poetry of the day was simply an abomination. In his published writings he had attacked the prestige of the word 'classical,' and insisted that the essence of poetry is 'singing nature.' Especially he had dwelt upon the idea that good poetry must be deeply rooted in the national character of the people. Every people, he had argued, expresses itself first in poetry, which is thus the mother tongue of humanity. Its mission is to speak from the heart and to the heart of the people in the people's language.

The views of Herder were somewhat extreme and one-sided. He undervalued the formal, artistic side of poetry, and his conception of 'nature' and 'the natural,' like that of Rousseau and the eighteenth century sentimentalists generally, was more or less fantastic and unsound. Still, considering the time and the prevailing taste, his ideas were wholesome. In any case, set forth as they were with a dogmatic positiveness that would brook no opposition or qualification, they could not fail to make a deep impression upon Goethe. At Herder's instigation he began to collect popular songs and to study Ossian and Homer, and very soon he had caught the full force of that intoxication which was to be known to posterity as the 'storm and stress period.' French authors and French taste were abjured as antiquated and worthless. Nature, originality, force, — these were the new watchwords. Down with the rules and conventions that hinder the free flight of genius! — such was the battle-cry.

We see now why Goethe hid his interest in *Faust* from Herder. It was not that he was ashamed of the subject, for that, as being intensely German, was of the very kind to commend itself to him under the new light; but he dreaded harsh and unsympathetic criticism. So he kept his musings to himself, but continued to ponder and to read on the theme, as leisure offered itself in the intervals of his academic pursuits and his visits to Sesenheim. For we have now reached the period of his romance with Friederike Brion, which was also in its way a part of his preparation for *Faust*. Friederike, a girl of eighteen, was the daughter of a Lutheran pastor living at Sesenheim, a few miles from Strassburg. Being introduced at the Brion house by a fellow-student, Goethe at once fell in love with Friederike, who was also pleased with him. For a while the romance was allowed to take its course with no thought of the future, but presently Goethe saw that all his own interests, both higher and lower, required him to retreat. For this act of unromantic perfidy, which common sense has always found it easy to justify, his own conscience did not acquit him. There is a faint echo of remorse in the fact that for some time to come he is very deeply interested as poet in a certain tragic situation, namely, that of a simple, naïve girl with a 'superior' lover whose worldly plans would be interfered with by marriage. The situation recurs in four of his early plays. In the first, *Götz von Berlichingen*, the tragic nemesis falls only on the perfidious lover: Weislingen is poisoned and Marie gets a better husband. In *Clavigo*, Marie dies of a broken heart, while her worthless lover is killed by her brother. In *Egmont*, the lover remains faithful, but Clärchen, having given her honor and therewith her worldly all, for love's sake, voluntarily follows Egmont to death. In *Faust*, the tragic pathos is thrown altogether upon the girl: she suffers an appalling fate, but her lover goes unpunished save by his own conscience.

In August, 1771, Goethe returned, as a licensed practitioner of law, to Frankfurt, where he remained until the following May, when he went to Wetzlar. In speaking of this period he says that *Faust* 'was already well under way,'* an expression which, while it does not prove that anything had yet been written down,† does suggest that the plan of the work must have been pretty clearly worked out by that time. This accords, too, with a statement of Goethe in a letter written to Wilhelm von Humboldt, March 17, 1832, in which he says that the 'conception' of *Faust*, clear from the first in the days of his youth, had lain in his mind over sixty years.‡ What was this conception? We shall find abundant evidence of vacillation and change affecting both plot and characters. We know that the poet's 'plan' in a certain sense grew with his own growth, and that the bulk of what was to go into the poem could not have been foreseen at this time. What, then, was that 'general conception' to which he was fond of insisting in his old age that he had remained faithful from the first? The question can only be answered conjecturally and with more or less liability to error. It must be answered, too, in rather general terms. Stated in the form of a project the plan was something like this:

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* "War schon vorgerückt"; *Werke* XXVIII., 98.

† If anything had been written at this time, it was in prose. See below, p. xxxviii.

‡ "Es sind über 60 Jahre, dass die Conception des *Faust* bei mir jugendlich, von vorn herein klar, die ganze Reihenfolge hin weniger ausführlich vorlag."

The legend will furnish the external setting and costume of the drama, and the puppet-play, with its popular tone, its free use of the supernatural, and its indifference to conventional technique, will supply a rough outline of the action. But the characters will speak the thoughts and feelings of Goethe and his contemporaries. First, Faust will be introduced as a young university teacher, chafing under the limitations of his knowledge, and hence devoting himself to magic. This Faust will proceed to conjure with a book as in the puppet-play. At this point, however, Goethe will deviate from the legend. His Faust will call up neither a number of devils from whom to chose the swiftest, as in the puppet-plays and in Lessing's *Faust*, nor yet the 'prince of hell' as in the Christlich Meynenden narrative, but, instead, the Earth-Spirit, a personification of terrestrial nature in her restless, awe-inspiring, inscrutable energy. Then, just as the prince of hell in the legend refuses, on the ground that he is a sovereign, to do Faust's will, but promises to send, and then does send, a minion of his to be the magician's servant,* so Goethe's Earth-Spirit, as a being of higher order, will spurn Faust's friendly advances, but will after all send a spirit of inferior rank, with whom the magician *can* enter into relations of intimacy. As the Earth-Spirit vanishes, Faust will be interrupted by his famulus Wagner, to whom he will proceed to lay down the law anent the foolishness of the book-worm's ideals. Mephistopheles will then appear in the form of a dog, and, so the poet now intends, remain in that form for a while as Faust's familiar before taking human shape.

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* Scheible's *Kloster* II., 80.

Then, somehow, an alliance between the two is to be provided for, but the poet has not now in mind, in 1772, an agreement like that introduced later in lines 1692 ff. As friend and servant of Professor Faust, Mephistopheles will be given an opportunity to advise a newly-arrived freshman with respect to academic life. Very soon, however, Faust will leave his professorship to assume the rôle of a gay young cavalier seeing the world with his friend. First he will appear in Auerbach's Keller and perform there various tricks ascribed to him in the legend. Then he will fall in love with Gretchen. Led on by imperious passion, but without becoming a conscienceless villain, he will ruin her and cause the death of her mother and brother. Fleeing arrest he will be away from her for a time, and then, learning somehow that she is in prison for child-murder, will return in a frenzy of remorse to liberate her, and will thus be a witness to her half-insane ravings and her death in the prison. Then (the transition not yet provided for), he will go to a princely court and do conjurer's tricks for the amusement of the great. Somehow (the scene not yet clearly motivated), he will be united with Helena and have by her a marvellous son. At last he will find a settled activity of some large and useful kind, and die happy in the thought that his name will live after him and that coming generations will profit by the good work he has done.

And will this Faust be saved? Suffice it to say, for the present, that he is at any rate not to be damned as in the legend. A young poet of a serious turn does not deliberately send his own soul to hell. Moreover this poet is a Pelagian in theology. He tells us so expressly in explaining how he came to drift away from the pietists.* They believed in total depravity, he did not; they in passive reliance on divine grace, he in active self-help. This Pelagianism now underlies subconsciously his conception of Faust. God is the Eternal

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* At the beginning of the fifteenth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The passage is important for the understanding of *Faust*. See also below p. lix and cf. the note to lines 328–9.

Pardoner. If a man means well and 'strives,' he will not be lost for following the impulses of his nature whereof God is the author. He may go wrong, but his wrong-doing will be a mistake, and God pardons mistakes. Still this matter of his hero's final 'salvation' is not now prominent in his thoughts. As man and as poet he is interested deeply in this world, but not much in the legendary heaven and hell. In fact, as we shall see,* he has substituted for the supernatural powers of tradition, conceptions of his own, which render the question of 'salvation' in the traditional sense all but meaningless. At any rate it is perfectly certain that he has never intended for a moment that his Faust, like that of the legend, should go to perdition at the last.

Regarding Goethe's preparation for the first stage of his poem as now complete, let us see how the text as we know it took shape under his hands.

IV.

THE GENESIS OF THE FIRST PART.

1. *The Pre-Weimarian Scenes.*

The portion of Faust now to be considered had its origin in the most fervid period of Goethe's youthful storm and stress, being contemporary with the grandiose titanism of *Prometheus*, the brooding Weltschmerz of *Werther*, the stormy passion of *Clavigo* and *Stella*, and the wild satirical humor of *Satyros* and *Pater Brey*. It was for the poet a time of utmost mental tension, of swiftly changing moods and manifold excitements; of high-soaring dreams and thoughts of suicide; of lonely, rapturous communions with nature and of enthusiastic friendships. It was the time also of his love for Lili.

Work with the pen upon *Faust* is commonly thought to have begun in 1773, but it is quite possible that certain scenes were written down in prose the preceding year. Not until early in 1773, however, is Goethe known to have employed anywhere the Hans Sachs *Knüttelvers*, or doggerel tetrameter, which is the prevailing meter of the earliest scenes of *Faust*. That the composition was in progress during 1773 we have at least two indications: first, a remark of Goethe in a letter from Italy dated March 1, 1788, to the effect that the writing out of *Faust* was a very different thing then from what it was fifteen years before; secondly, the fact that Goethe's friend Gotter, in a jocose letter of July, 1773, asks for a copy of *Faust* as soon as its author shall have 'stormed it out.'*

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* Below, p. lix.

The year 1774 furnishes several notices relating to *Faust*. In the summer of that year Goethe recited to F. H. Jacobi the ballad of the 'King of Thule.'† Boie visited Goethe in October, 1774, and was much impressed by certain scenes of *Faust* that were read to him. Dec. 20, 1774, Knebel wrote to Bertuch: 'I have a mass of fragments from him (Goethe), amongst others some belonging to a *Dr. Faust*, in which there are some very fine things indeed. He pulls the bits of manuscript out of every corner of his room.' For the year 1775 we have various notices, partly in Goethe's own letters, partly in those of his friends, which show that *Faust* was progressing and had already acquired a good deal of celebrity in literary circles. After the poet's settlement in Weimar no further progress can be traced for some twelve years, during which he became another man.

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* "Schick mir dafür den Doctor Faust,
Sobald dein Kopf ihn ausgebraust!"

Goethe met Gotter at Wetzlar in the summer of 1772. The verb "ausbrausen" suggests that Gotter knew not only that his friend had a *Faust* under way, but also something of its character. Had Goethe, who returned to Frankfurt in the fall of 1772, read from his prose Faust-scenes to Gotter at Wetzlar? Did Gotter know by hearsay that the new *Faust* would be 'stormy'? Or did he simply assume that anything written by the Goethe whom he had known would be 'stormed out'? Cf. Herbst, *Goethe in Wetzlar*, p. 154.

† *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, bk. 14. There is no certainty, however, that the ballad was originally written for *Faust*. Cf. *Kögel* in *Vierteljahrschrift für Litteraturgeschichte* I., 59.

The chaotic Faust-manuscript which Goethe took with him to Weimar in November, 1775, has never been found, and its character and contents were until quite recently matters of speculation. Very lately, however, through a lucky accident, the loss of the original manuscript has been in part made good. At some time during his early years at Weimar, Goethe loaned his *Faust* to Fräulein Luise von Göchhausen, a maid-of-honor at the court, and she transcribed it at length in a manuscript book of literary extracts. Here the copy remained unnoticed among the effects of the Göchhausen family until January, 1887, when it was accidentally discovered by Erich Schmidt, who at once published it.* The copy shows verse and prose mixed up together in true Shakespearian style. The word 'act' or 'scene' is not employed, but each separate dramatic picture is headed with a sort of stage-direction indicating the situation. There is evidence that the copying was done with very great care.

The Göchhausen *Faust* consists of some twenty 'scenes,' of which all but the first three pertain to the tragedy of Gretchen. It begins with a scene substantially identical in form and matter with the present lines 354–605; containing, that is, Faust's first soliloquy, vision of the macrocosm, dialogue with the Earth-Spirit, and dialogue with Wagner. Next comes a conversation between Mephistopheles and a student. The text is mainly that of the present lines 1868–2050, but instead of the cynical comments on law and theology, we find the devil warning the youngster against girls and gaming, and recommending him to Frau Sprizbierlein's boarding-house. After this comes 'Auerbach's Cellar,' the first eight lines in verse as in the final version, the remainder of the scene, except the songs, in prose. The matter of the dialogue corresponds pretty nearly to that of the later version, but one noteworthy fact is that here Faust and not Mephistopheles performs the tricks. The next scene is a short one of four verses containing a dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles about a cross they are passing. The lines were rejected in the revision and published with the Paralipomena. This is followed by the tragedy of Gretchen, substantially as we know it from the final revision. The earlier scenes, Faust's meeting with Gretchen, his rakish talk with Mephistopheles about her, their visit to her room with the jewels, her girlish glee over the ornaments, the talk about the greedy priests, the scene at Martha's house with the Padua story, the dialogue about bearing false witness, the promenade and summer-house scenes, — all these are, aside from spelling and insignificant textual differences, the same and the same in sequence, as in the present text. Directly after 3216, however, comes the lyric monologue „Meine Ruh iſt hin," followed by the catechism scene and the scenes 'At the Well' and 'Zwinger.'* Next comes the scene 'Cathedral' with the explicit heading 'Obsequies of Gretchen's Mother.' After Gretchen's swoon comes the speech of Valentin, lines 3620–45, then a short dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles comprising the present lines 3650–59, and then the verses 3342–69. Then follow the prose scene, but without the heading 'Dismal Day,' the witch scene at the place of execution, and the final scene 'Prison,' the latter in prose throughout and without the consoling 'voice from above' at the end.

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* *Goethe's Faust in ursprünglicher Gestalt* nach der Göchhausenschen Abschrift herausgegeben von Erich Schmidt. 3. Abdruck. Weimar, Böhlau, 1894.

At first it was generally assumed that this so-called 'Urfaust' told the whole story respecting the progress of Goethe's great poem up to the time of his removal to Weimar. Very soon, however, it became evident that such is not the case. There is matter in the First Part which is not in the Göchhausen manuscript, but is shown by evidence of style and language to be of early origin.† The probability is that the sheets which came into the hands of Fräulein Göchhausen were a ‘clean copy’ of such scenes and parts of scenes as Goethe himself at the time regarded as complete. Other sheets containing bits of dialogue and partly elaborated ‘concepts,’ the meaning and connection of which would hardly be clear to anyone but himself, were retained by him. It is also very likely that he took with him to Weimar, in various stages of mental elaboration, Faust-scenes that he had not written down at all.

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* On the meaning of this untranslatable word see the general note to the scene 'Zwinger.'

† Cf. *Vierteljahrschrift für Litteraturgeschichte*, II., 545 ff.

But while we must be on our guard against supposing that nothing in the poem can be of pre-Weimarian origin unless it is found in the Göchhausen manuscript, the ‘Urfaust’ is still of very great importance, since the study of it shows us clearly how the Faust-theme had presented itself to the poet in his early years, and what aspects of it had interested him. In the first place there had risen prominently into the field of his imagination the figure of Faust previous to the compact. This Faust he had conceived, partly on the basis of the puppet-play, partly on the basis of personal experience, as a youngish professor oppressed by a sense of the vanity of his learning, and sick at heart of shamming knowledge before his students; as a man who is not troubled by the devils and spooks of the theological small fry about him, and so has none of their reasons for dreading magic; a man, however, who does believe in the divinity of nature, and, being possessed of vague longings for wonderful knowledge, power and happiness, supposed to be obtainable through communication with elemental spirits, has devoted himself to magic, to see if he can get into such communication. This initial conception the young artist had then developed with true poetic instinct by means of two powerful contrasts: Faust the pigmy in presence of the Earth-Spirit, a symbol of the vast, inscrutable, unfeeling energy of nature, that nature which had seemed to Werther ‘an eternally devouring monster’*; then, Faust the giant in presence of Wagner, the contented book-worm happy in chewing the cud of traditional learning.

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* “Ich sehe nichts als ein ewig verschlingendes, ewig wiederkäuendes Ungeheuer”; First Part of *Werther*, letter of Aug. 18.

Then, in the second place, the poet had caught and fixed a vision of the same Faust after the *salto mortale* with Mephistopheles. This Faust he had conceived as a rakish seducer, subject, however, to qualms of conscience and fits of high sentiment; a 'supersensual, sensual lover'; a wanderer without home and without ties, who yields all too easily to the pull of lawless passion and then, when he learns of the ruin he has wrought, falls into a paroxysm of rage and remorse.

Then, thirdly, there was the figure of Gretchen, whose tragic story, unfolded in a series of powerful pictures, had soon overshadowed all else in the poet's interest.

These were the principal features of the *Faust* that Goethe took to Weimar. Incidentally, however, he had found in the theme an opportunity to record some of his reminiscences of academic life. The dialogue between Mephistopheles and a newly arrived freshman offered a superb setting for his satirical humor, while a scene of coarse revelry in Auerbach's Cellar suggested itself naturally both on legendary and on personal grounds. It is possible that these student scenes, which in the Göchhausen *Faust* are here and there somewhat boyish, were the first portions of the poem to be thought out.

Turning now from what is in the 'Urfaust' to what is not in it, we note first that the transition from the first to the second Faust, from the disgruntled professor to the ready libertine, the introduction of Mephistopheles and the motivation of his permanent connection with Faust, are still to be provided for. Secondly, there is a noteworthy gap in the love-tragedy: it is necessary to account for Faust's long absence from Gretchen during the time of her extremity. 'Insipid joys'* have been promised, but the picture has yet to be filled in. Thirdly, all that part of the action which was to follow the death of Gretchen is still untouched.

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* Prose scene, 'Trüber Tag,' line 10. The 'Urfaust' has "in abgeschmackten Freuden" instead of the later "in abgeschmackten Zerstreuungen."

And when we pass from the matter of plot to that of portraiture, we are struck, first of all, by the fact that the character of Faust is here somewhat hard and unamiable. He discloses but little susceptibility to the higher and holier moods of humanity. One is not quite prepared, to be sure, for his sudden depravity as lover of Gretchen, but the dissonance is much less sharp than in the final version, since nothing has gone before that makes such rakishness unthinkable.* Goethe has imagined a man whose disgust with study and sense of limitation have become an acute disease, so that he is ready to break with the moral order; and then, in adjusting this conception to the legend, the poet has chosen to ally his Faust with that particular devil of his own acquaintance whose whisperings were referred to above.† There was no inner necessity for so doing. There is no natural connection between an unsatisfied craving for knowledge and — libertinism. 'I would fain be a god, but cannot, so I will be a Don Juan,' is not good psychology, not a natural evolution of character, and in introducing it into *Faust* Goethe prepared difficulties for himself. It is, of course, to be admitted that the idea of a disappointed dreamer resolving some day in desperation to quit his brooding and enjoy himself in the world, is in itself perfectly natural; only one does not expect the leopard to change his spots instantly on escaping from the cage. It may be added, too, that the difficulties just referred to reside not so much in the mere fact that the professor becomes a sensualist as that, in so doing, he passes into a new world. The first Faust is the hero of a symbolical action, who has to do with magic books and Earth-spirits, but the second is the hero of a perfectly natural love-story. As we shall see further on, this early interlocking of two worlds in one and the same action was destined to make trouble.

Consistently with what has just been said, Mephistopheles appears in the 'Urfaust' as a rake's friend who has nothing about him, except perhaps his magic horses, to suggest that he is not an ordinary human reprobate. His relation to Faust is that of a despised but indispensable servant. There has been as yet no thought of a compact like the one finally introduced. Faust can terminate his relation with Mephistopheles at any moment.* Mephistopheles is not concerned to win Faust by making sensual pleasure attractive, but only to do as he is bid and in so doing to expose his master to the torments of conscience. Faust uses his servant as an abettor of his lust, but professes to despise him and occasionally denounces him as a beast and a monster.† At the same time he insists that he 'must' do the bidding of this servant.‡ Such a relation is rational only upon one supposition, namely, that Mephistopheles is a personification of that instinct which leads a man to follow his sensual promptings when he knows that his conscience will presently put him on the rack for it. In this way only can we understand this early Mephistopheles, this 'tormentor' who has not yet received any of the touches that make his later self, in the words of Freytag, the 'most lovable of all devils.'§ His character, as well as that of Faust, awaits the deepening, broadening and sobering of Goethe's own nature, which came with his first decade in Weimar.

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* That is, no such passages as lines 614–22, 762–84, 1009–10, 1178–85, 1194–1201, 1210–23

† Page xxv., foot-note.

2. *The Fragment of* 1790.

As was said above, there is no evidence of progress upon *Faust* between 1775 and 1788, though Goethe's letters and journals for this period give us a very complete record of his doings.|| The reasons for this stagnation of the work are well known. They are to be sought at first in the manifold distractions, later in the engross-

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* Line 2638.

† Lines 3207, 3536.

‡ Lines 3072, 3360.

§ *Technik des Dramas*, p. 48.

|| The oft-repeated statement that portions of the *Helena* were read in the Weimar court circle in 1780 is erroneous. It goes back to Riemer's *Mittheilungen* II., 581, but Riemer misconstrued a passage in Goethe's diary which referred to Hasse's oratorio of *Helena*. Cf. Kuno Fischer, *Goethe's Faust*, p. 249.

ing duties of the new life; then also in the gradual alienation from his former self which came with the momentous change that took place in his character and his conception of the poetic art. The storm and stress subsided. Practical work exercised its sobering influence. Intercourse with people of high refinement led to a better opinion of form, in life as well as in art. His love for Frau von Stein brought new ideals of womanhood and opened new vistas of poetic creation. He began to look back with little pride or pleasure upon the insurgent, formless, extravagant productions of an earlier day. His feeling for nature underwent a change. Journeys to Switzerland and the Harz, scientific observation, a riper knowledge of Spinoza's philosophy, and, finally, the mere lapse of time, begot a calmer attitude in presence of the world's mystery. The awful Sphinx became the benignant Teacher, and the chief lesson she had to teach was the lesson of bit-by-bit development, which led him to recognize his own kinship with all that lives.*

Thus we understand why it was that the Weimar courtier, when the spirit moved him to higher poetic creation, was not led to complete the old projects, but to begin new ones like *Iphigenie* and *Tasso*, which accorded better with his present moods. And we see, too, why even these new projects could not advance to a satisfactory completion: the needed leisure and serenity of mind were lacking. The poet felt himself 'entangled in a net' and the inner conflict between the artist and the man of affairs produced at last a dissonance in his life which he himself refers to as a 'terrible malady.'† Release became imperatively necessary.

On escaping to Italy in September 1786, he took with him his manuscript of *Faust*, but it is a year and half before we hear of any work upon it. By that time his 'intellectual new-birth' was accomplished: the dissonance had disappeared and he had once more 'found himself as poet.' Feb. 16, 1788, he writes from Rome with regard to his literary work: 'Now there is almost nothing more before my nose but the hill *Tasso* and the mountain *Faustus*. I shall not rest day or night until both are finished. For both I have a singular inclination and, of late, wonderful prospects and hopes. All these resumptions of old ideas, these returns to subjects from which I thought myself estranged forever, and to which I hardly dreamed of being equal, give me great delight.'* Under date of March 1, 1788, in the *Italienische Reise*, we read: 'It has been a fruitful week that seems to me in the retrospect like a month. First the plan of *Faust* was made, and I hope I have been successful in this operation. Of course it is a different thing, writing the piece out now from what it was fifteen years ago. I think it will lose nothing in the process, especially since I believe I have now rediscovered the thread. As to the tone of the whole, too, I am of good cheer. I have lately worked out a new scene and, if I smoke the paper, I should think no one would be able to pick out the old matter.'†

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* Cf. Kalischer, *Goethe's Verhältniss zur Naturwissenschaft* in the Hempel edition of the works, XXXIII., p xlix., ff.; also Thomas, *Goethe and the Development Hypothesis* in the *Open Court* for March 15, 1888.

† *Werke*, Hempel edition, XXIV., 143. Cf. Thomas's *Goethe's Tasso*, p. xxxii.

This new scene, as we know from Eckermann,‡ was the

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* Letter to Karl August; *Briefe*, viii., 347.

† This passage has given much trouble. Goethe speaks here of 'making the plan of *Faust*,' as if he had not had a plan before, and further on, as if to reinforce this implication, remarks that the principal scenes had been written down "gleich so ohne Concept." And yet in his old age, as we have seen, he insisted repeatedly that the conception of *Faust* had lain clear in his mind from the days of his youth. The seeming inconsistency is to be explained in this way: The early plan was vague and general on its philosophical side. The young poet, starting, as always, from a mental picture rather than an abstraction, had conceived a *career* and had portrayed incidents of it here and there. But the *meaning* of the career, and the inner logic of his hero's development had not been thoroughly thought out, and in painting his separate pictures he had paid little attention to these things. When he resumed work in 1788, this was the matter that troubled him and necessitated 'making his plan' anew. Years before, he had provided mentally for a thread of dramatic logic on which his beads were to be strung, and had then lost that thread. Now, in 1788, he felicitates himself for a moment as he *thinks* he has *re*-discovered the old thread. In fact, however, he will find that the old thread is worthless and that he must provide a new one. See below p. lix.

‡ *Gespräche mit Goethe*, under date of Apr. 10, 1829.

'Witch's Kitchen,' whereby the poet, now sojourning in the Villa Borghese at Rome, had attempted to explain the transition from the first to the second of the somewhat incongruous Fausts whose pictures he found peering out at him from the old, yellow, thumb-worn, unstitched manuscript that he had brought with him from the foggy north. He had given his learned professor an elixir of youth, which was at the same time a love-philtre, and had thus transferred to the devil, in some measure at least, the initial responsibility for Gretchen's ruin. Had this been his intention from the first? Doubtful and yet possible. One reads the Göchhausen *Faust* in vain for any suggestion that its hero was thought of as an old man. He has been teaching ten years, which suggests a man in the prime of life. All the emotions of the first Faust are those of youth, specifically those of the youthful Goethe; while those of the second Faust are such as the young Goethe felt *would* have been his, had he been the villain which he was not. The legend makes Faust devote himself to magic soon after taking his degree. On the other hand, the popular drama, needing a definite point of time for its action, and fixing its attention mainly upon the awful fate of Faust at the end of the twenty-four years, naturally introduced him as an oldish man. One of the puppet-plays begins: 'Countless years I have now been brooding,' etc.* So the artists, notably Rembrandt, conceived Faust as an oldish man and this conception has become the familiar one. Thus Goethe had good legendary grounds for introducing his incipient magician as a man well along in years; and while it is very doubtful whether that was his intention at first, still he found nothing in what he had written which was flatly opposed to such an assumption.† This assumption being made, the rejuvenation of Faust's passions by means of a love-potion presented itself as the simplest motivation of his conduct toward Gretchen.

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* The opening of the Schwiegerling puppet-play; see above p. xxi.

† For the teacher of only ten years' experience *might* be thought of as having begun to teach somewhat late in life.

Besides this scene, in spite of Goethe's fine resolutions, *Faust* seems to have made no more progress for some time to come. He may have written some portion of the scene 'Forest and Cavern' while still in Italy, but this is uncertain. The 'hill' prevailed over the 'mountain' and continued to prevail long after his return to Weimar in June, 1788. By midsummer, 1789, *Tasso* was at last complete, and not long afterwards, it would seem, *Faust* was again taken up. By this time, however, Goethe had given up the thought of finishing the work immediately. Just why, we can at least guess. The 'plan' proved after all difficult to manage. The happy creative mood, the joy in the resumption of old projects, which had come to him for a moment in Italy, were not now always at his command. Absorbed in reminiscences of the south, he could not always go out of himself at will and return to the thoughts and feelings of his early manhood. Perhaps the magnitude and the technical difficulties of the subject oppressed him. Nevertheless, his *Faust* had been promised for the new edition of his works just then going through the press of Göschen at Leipzig; and so it was that he decided to half-satisfy the public and his own conscience by revising and printing a portion of the scenes on hand under the title *Faust. Ein Fragment.* This Fragment appeared then in 1790, comprising, with two 'Singspiele,' the seventh volume of the new works. Facing the title-page is an engraving by Lips, after Rembrandt, representing Faust as an old man gazing at a radiant cabbalistic circle in his window.

Comparing, now, the Fragment with the Göchhausen *Faust*, we see at once that no little work had been done in preparing the former for publication. Various kinds of changes are to be noted: (1) minor orthographical and verbal changes in the interest of a more correct and refined diction; (2) corrections made in the interest of literary congruity; (3) suppression of old matter; (4) addition of new matter, and (5) versification of prose. To go somewhat into details, we note that, excepting changes of the first kind, the significant omission of the stage-direction which made the Earth-Spirit appear 'in repellent form' (cf. the note to line 481+), and the substitution in line 519 of the verse

Es wird mein ſchönſtes Glück zu nichte!

for the original

Nun werd ich tiefer tief zu nichte!

the first scene, lines 354–605, is kept intact. After that, however, comes a passage not found in the Göchhausen manuscript and comprising the present lines 1770–1867. Then follows the student scene considerably modified: the talk about girls, gaming and Frau Sprizbierlein's boarding-house has been suppressed, and in its place we have the famous lines on theology and law. After the exit of the student and the satirical comment of Mephistopheles, lines 2049–50, Faust reappears and we have the brief dialogue, lines 2051–72, which is not in the 'Urfaust.' Next comes 'Auerbach's Cellar,' in verse throughout, and with the rôle of magician assigned to Mephistopheles, Faust being converted into a disgusted spectator. Next, the scene 'Witch's Kitchen,' already spoken of; then the tragedy of Gretchen as in the Gochhausen manuscript (minor verbal changes excepted) up to 'Zwinger,' before which is inserted the present 'Forest and Cavern.' After this come the scenes 'Zwinger' and 'Cathedral,' the Fragment ending with Gretchen's swoon in the church. The Valentin monologue and the three prose scenes which end the Göchhausen manuscript are all omitted from the Fragment.

So we see clearly that the Fragment was the result of a deliberate selection, much being withheld. On what principle was the selection made? Obviously the poetic power of the scenes was not the main criterion. Goethe was not intent on giving the public random specimens of his best work on the Faust-theme. His aim was rather to present those scenes with which he was satisfied; those which, both internally and in their connection, he felt to be in full harmony with his plan as it now lay in his mind; so that at some future time he could complete the drama by a process of filling in, without retracting or greatly modifying anything that had once been published. Secondarily, of course, he wished the Fragment to be as intelligible as possible in itself. Accordingly he inserted the lines 1770–1867, beginning abruptly with

> Und was der ganzen Menſchheit zugetheilt iſt,

thus providing a needed setting for the student scene[*] and at the same time making it clear that Faust's motive in allying himself with the devil for a grand tour of the world is to be a desire not of pleasure simply, but of experience. With the introduction of this idea the career of Faust acquires at once a new interest: we see that he is not a mere sensualist, but a man bent on draining the cup of life to its dregs. He is to leave his bookish pursuits and participate to the fullest in the life of men, share in all its weal and woe, and end the mad voyage with the shipwreck which is called death.[†] In this strange program of Faust (one hardly knows whether to call it grand or grandiose) we see a poetic reflection of Goethe's own youthful

> "Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield."[‡]

As to what should precede line 1770, it is, of course, not to be supposed that the mind of the poet was at this time a blank. Some sort of 'concept' he no doubt had, but as to the nature of it we are quite in the dark. One thing only is clear: the compact as finally drawn up had not yet been thought of. This is shown by the soliloquy in lines 1851–67. The Mephistopheles who speaks here is still the 'tormentor.' He would not have been made to use such language as he does use if he had been thought of as having but lately entered into a solemn agreement to serve Faust for life and to let his chance of final reward depend on his *satisfying* his master with some form of pleasure.

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[*] But this setting is not the one originally conceived. In the 'Urfaust' Mephistopheles is made to appear 'in dressing-gown with a large wig on' — which shows that the dialogue had not been thought of as taking place just before the pair set out on their travels. The situation in the poet's mind had been rather something like this: Mephistopheles has become Faust's domestic servant and acts as a sort of famulus. In that capacity, he one day, in his master's absence, receives a caller and mystifies him when he sees that the boy takes him for the famous Professor Faust. Cf. *Vierteljahrsschrift für Litteraturgeschichte*, II., 552.

[†] Line 1775; cf. below p. lix. and also the note on lines 1765–75.

[‡] Cf. the significant passage at the beginning of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, bk. 9.

But if we find it hard to guess how far and in what way the editor of the Fragment had mentally, for his own purposes, filled up the gap between lines 605 and 1770, we can at least understand the difficulties that beset him. The intellectual preparation of Faust for his savage revolt against the moral order, and that, too, in harmonious connection with a deeper and nobler conception of his character, the introduction of Mephistopheles in such a way as to let it appear thinkable that a man like Faust would wish to form an alliance with him for life, the dramatic motivation of this alliance itself (since a professor might easily give up his calling to 'see what life is' without formally leaguing himself with the devil) — all these were poetic problems which it was easier to postpone than to solve. And so, postponed they were — to be taken up ten years later and carried to a solution, which, if not perfect in all its details, is, in a large view of the matter, admirable.*

And when the poet came to deal with his student scene, he saw that some of it was rather puerile; so he struck out this part and replaced it with those genial but penetrating comments upon the routine study of law and theology;† comments drawn no longer from the shallow cynicism of an all-too-knowing student, but from the deep heart of the century. So, too, the original 'Auerbach's Cellar' appeared to him now as out of tune with his lofty argument.

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* But the useless and incongruous soliloquy, lines 1851–67, should have been consigned to the Paralipomena.

† Lines 1970 ff.

Faust as a sardonic, self-complacent practical joker was not the Faust that now filled his imagination. Then the scene was too boisterous. It was necessary to lift it out of the plane of a local student burlesque into the sphere of poetry. So he cast the whole of it into verse, toned down its coarseness and gave to Mephistopheles the rôle that had been Faust's.

When the love-tragedy was reached there was still the grand difficulty of explaining Faust's desertion of Gretchen. The presence of Valentin in the Göchhausen *Faust* shows that he was a part of the plan from the beginning. We may suppose the original idea to have been something like this: When Gretchen's shame becomes known to her brother, several months after her fall, he attacks her seducer and is killed in the quarrel. Faust flees to avoid arrest. While he is away Gretchen's child is born and drowned by the frantic mother, who then wanders about for some time as a homeless vagrant before she is imprisoned and condemned to die. All this, think of it as we may, must take several months. Meanwhile Faust, in ignorance of her fate, was to be 'lulled in insipid joys' by Mephistopheles. But how was this to be managed? To make Faust, as the possessor of a conscience, and after all his high protestations of love, leave Gretchen and be away for months without an effort to see her, and that after having caused the death of her mother and brother, was very unnatural. His rage on the discovery of her plight would be but small atonement for such conduct. And then, what were those 'insipid joys' to be? Had the 'Walpurgis-Night' been thought of from the first? Probably not, since the festival of the witches occurs on the eve of May-day, while Gretchen's fall takes place in the season of blossoming daisies, and in the cathedral scene she is far on the way toward motherhood.*

Here was a tangle which it was not easy to straighten without sacrificing the dignity and consistency of Faust's character; and the poet was not yet, in 1789, ready to do what he did finally, namely, make the sacrifice in cold blood and totally disregard the requirements of his realistic love-tragedy. He preferred to postpone the difficulty, by omitting from the Fragment not only the 'insipid joys,' but also Valentin and the three concluding scenes.

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* Lines 3790–3. Cf. the introductory note to the scene 'Cathedral.'

The only new matter in the Fragment, beside what has now been spoken of, is the scene 'Forest and Cavern,' and of this the significant lines 3345–69, beginning

> Was iſt die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen!

are found in the Göchhausen *Faust*. We may therefore safely regard these verses as the nucleus of the whole scene, and look to them for its germ idea. Doing so we see clearly what Goethe was here concerned with: it was to show the libertine Faust suffering the pangs of conscience. He saw, however, and saw no doubt much earlier than 1789, that so important an idea demanded fuller treatment; it was not enough to despatch it in a few words spoken by his hero while on the way for one of his nocturnal visits to his paramour. Hence came the thought of taking Faust out into the woods where he himself in earlier days had been wont to seek relief from over-tension of feeling. In the sixth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, he describes a secluded spot in the woods near Frankfurt to which he resorted with an elderly friend. On one occasion the friend begins to explain how the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, were also given to communing with the mystic divinity of the woods. Whereupon the boy interrupts: 'O, why does not this precious spot lie in the depths of the wilderness? Why may we not hedge it in, in order to consecrate it and ourselves and separate both from the world! Surely there is no more beautiful worship than that for which no symbol is needed, that which springs from our heart simply through communion with nature!' — From such experiences came the dramatic idea of letting Faust retire to the woods to commune with himself in his guilty unrest and be joined in due time by Mephistopheles, who should ridicule his scruples and urge him to go back to the city and 'enjoy' himself in the embraces of Gretchen.

The general conception of the scene as thus described was very likely of early origin. But when the preliminary soliloquy of Faust, Faust alone with the woods, came to be worked out in 1788 or 1789, (for the perfect iambics can hardly have been written earlier), the task found a poet whose thoughts were no longer fixed so much upon the dramatic requirements of the scene, not so much upon the angry pathos of the dialogue about Gretchen which was to follow, as upon the opportunity offered for giving expression to his own maturer feelings of sympathy with, and gratitude to, the Universal Mother. Thus the soliloquy took its present form. In a serene and exalted mood, Faust returns thanks to the Earth-Spirit, conceived as the giver of all things, for the high feelings he has been permitted to enjoy. Then, by way of leading up to the coming dialogue, he deplores the fact that the spirit has also sent Mephistopheles, who, with his sneering, 'converts the good gifts into nothingness.'

Having completed the scene in this way, Goethe inserted it in the Fragment where it obviously belongs, namely, *after* the scene 'At the Well,' in which it is clearly intimated that Gretchen's honor is lost. Later, however, he transposed the scene to its present position. The reasons for this change are discussed below.

3. *The Completion of the First Part.*

Such was the 'Fragment' that came from the press just as Europe was beginning to vibrate to the first throes of the Revolution. It made no great stir in literary circles, but among the few who saw in it the 'torso of a Hercules' was Schiller, whose correspondence with Goethe now becomes, after the completed text itself, our main source of knowledge respecting the progress of the poem in the next stage of its genesis. This correspondence gives us, to be sure, but little information with regard to any details of construction; its chief value consists in the light it throws upon the spirit and manner in which Goethe proceeded to the completion of the First Part. The most important notices bearing upon this subject will now be brought together.

In a letter of Nov. 29, 1794, Schiller writes enthusiastically of his interest in *Faust*, and of the pleasure it would give him to read some of the unpublished scenes. Goethe replies that he does not dare untie the package containing them; he could not copy without elaborating, and for that he has not the heart. Still, he adds, if anything could induce him to go on with the work, it would be Schiller's interest in it. Jan. 2, 1795, the younger poet renews his request still more urgently, but to no effect; then he ceases importuning and two years pass. June 22, 1797, Goethe suddenly announces that he is going to resume *Faust*, and if not complete it, at least forward it a good bit. To this end he is now separating what has been printed and disposing it 'in large masses' together with 'what is already finished or invented' (but not printed), and so preparing to carry out his 'plan which is properly only an idea.' This 'plan' is precisely what is now engaging his thoughts and he finds that he is tolerably agreed with himself. 'Our ballad-study,' he continues, 'has brought me back to this misty, foggy path, and circumstances counsel, for more than one reason, that I wander about in it for a time.' Schiller at once replies expressing his delight, and the next day, June 24, Goethe writes that really his return to *Faust* is a measure of prudence. Since, after all, he is not to go to Italy, as he had hoped, but has another northern winter in prospect, and does not wish to bore himself and his friends with idle brooding over his disappointment, he is pleasing himself with the idea of a return to the 'world of symbol, idea, and fog.' 'At first,' he proceeds, 'I shall only try to finish the large masses that have been invented and half worked out, fit these to what has been printed, and so go on to the end of the circle.' June 26 Schiller writes at some length of *Faust*, of the embarrassing magnitude of the subject, of the difficulty involved in finding a poetic frame to contain it, in holding the balance between understanding and reason, jest and earnest, and in adapting the philosophical part to the popular legend. To this Goethe replies the next day thanking Schiller for his observations. 'As was natural,' says he, 'they coincide very well with my own plans and purposes, save that I shall take things somewhat more easily with this barbarous composition, and try to touch, rather than to satisfy, the highest demands. Thus probably reason and understanding will knock one another around like two prize-fighters, only to lie down peacefully at nightfall. I shall take care that the parts be agreeable and entertaining, and afford something to think of. As to the whole, which will always remain a fragment, our new theory of the epic may come in play.'

In a few days, however, the 'air-phantoms of *Faust*' are dispelled by southern reminiscences, and we hear no more of it for several months. Dec. 6, 1797, Goethe writes: 'Pray keep to your *Wallenstein*. I shall probably go at my *Faust* next, partly in order to be rid of this tragelaph,* partly to prepare myself for a higher and serener mood, perhaps for *Tell*.'† Feb. 3, 1798, he is 'thinking somewhat more earnestly of *Faust*,' and sees in it occupation for a year. April 11 he is working at it and finds the vernal mood good for a 'rhapsodical drama.' May 5 he reports good progress made on *Faust*, and remarks upon a 'curious case' that has turned up in connection with his work. 'Some of the scenes,' he observes, 'were written in prose, and they are, in comparison with the rest, quite intolerable in their naturalness and force. So I am now trying to put them into rime, whereby then the idea will appear as through a vail, and the immediate effect of the monstrous matter will be subdued.' (This refers, of course, to the scenes 'Dismal Day,' and 'Prison'; the former resisted the transmuting process and was finally left in prose. See below, p. lxiv.)

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* Τραγέλαφος, 'goat-stag,' 'fantastic animal.'

† Goethe was then meditating an epic on the Tell-saga.

Shortly after this date, the Schiller-Goethe correspondence becomes silent respecting *Faust* until the summer of 1800, when we have several references to it. At this time, however, it is the incident of Helena that is on the anvil. Sept. 13, 1800, Schiller counsels his friend not to be disturbed over the 'barbarization of the beautiful forms and situations' (i. e. the blending of the Faust-legend with the antique), and suggests that this hint may be of use in connection with the Second Part, — which is the earliest reference to any plan of making two parts. We may conjecture that the expedient had presented itself to Goethe not long before in connection with his work upon the Helena incident. This, in his earlier plan no doubt an episode, as in the puppet-play, had now come to stand forth in his imagination as the culminating point of the entire action. It needed, therefore, to be elaborated at length. Once suggested, the idea of a Second Part may have commended itself the more on account of Schiller's example in *Wallenstein*.

In the spring of 1801 we hear of another period of creative activity. March 11 *Faust* is 'progressing slowly.' Apr. 6 Goethe 'hopes that soon nothing will be lacking in the great gap (i. e. between lines 605 and 1772) except the disputation'; but this, he adds, is a 'work by itself, which will not be easily extemporized.' Here the Faust-notices of the correspondence end, nor do we get much light from any other sources extraneous to the text about the further progress of the poem. In his *Tag- und Jahreshefte* for 1806, Goethe enters the record Fauſt in ſeiner jetzigen Geſtalt fragmentariſch behandelt"; which means, seemingly, that the First Part as we now know it was then finally got ready for the printer. It appeared in the spring of 1808, constituting Volume 8 of the first Cotta edition of Goethe's works.

What now is to be learned from these notices? That which impresses one most in reading them is the cynical tone in which Goethe speaks of the Faust-theme. Was this cynicism genuine or was it only a jocose affectation? Did the poet really regard his great work as a 'monstrosity,' and if so, on what ground? To what extent did this quasi-contemptuous attitude really influence the work done in completion of the First Part? The importance of these questions is obvious. If Goethe himself did not regard his work as artistically coherent, and took no pains to make it so, then all attempts to read coherency into it are a sheer waste of time. On the other hand, if he did regard it as a work of art built on a consistent plan, then we want to know just what he meant by calling it a 'tragelaph' and a 'barbarous composition.'

With respect to the first point, the genuineness of the cynical feeling, there is but little room for serious doubt. Some allowance may be made indeed for the play of humor, but the derogatory expressions in the Schiller correspondence are too numerous and pointed, and the evidence of the text itself in the 'Walpurgis-Night' and the 'Intermezzo' is too cogent to be put aside as insignificant. Goethe evidently felt that the *Faust* he was creating was going to be a peculiar affair with which he might take liberties. It would lack a certain kind, and that the most common kind, of artistic congruity. That is, it was a 'monstrosity.'

The general grounds of this feeling are not hard to discover. With his present classical predilections he could feel, as poet, but little sympathy with vagueness and extravagance. He was fresh from the composition of *Hermann*, and the qualities he most admired in poetry were definiteness, plasticity, well-regulated technique. In his *Faust*, however, he saw a dramatic work which he had begun in a spirit of reckless indifference to the rules and requirements of the drama. The supernatural, that is, the very pinnacle of improbability, had been assumed as a matter of course and made the basis of the action, and the action itself was to consist of selected chapters from the miscellaneous experiences of a life-time.

The underlying story was a mass of silly superstitions which could only be lifted into the sphere of serious poetry by being treated as symbolical of things real. And yet he had linked with the fantastic supernaturalism of the legend a terribly pathetic love-story which was not symbolical at all, but had been made to stand on its own merits as a picture of life. His hero, Faust, he had introduced as a man animated by vague perfervid longings for the impossible — at first by a fantastic feeling for nature, then by an equally fantastic *Weltdurst*. This hero he had then turned into a rake-unable-to-help-himself. All this must have seemed to the Goethe of 1797, the mature literary artist, the experienced scientific investigator, traveller and man of the world — slightly ridiculous. And yet he knew that a quarter of a century before, he had wrought his very soul into that same *Faust*.

Besides this, he had written in his youth with no very clear idea as to what the end of his play was to be or to signify. There is not a spark of evidence that he ever intended to send his hero to perdition in the traditionary way. Nor is there any more evidence that he intended to save him. He had simply abandoned tradition altogether and invented a mythology of his own which took no cognizance of heaven or hell. His hero was to drain the cup of life to its dregs and then 'go to ruin' — not to hell, but to the general ruin which awaits all mankind at the end of their terrestrial voyage. It was to be the tragedy of life's fitful fever lived through in delirium and followed by sleep. What was to come after this sleep had not been provided for. We may indeed be very certain that the young Goethe had never planned to let his Faust die a debauched and demoralized sensualist. The youth who at Frankfurt was dreaming of large and useful activity for himself, and who so admired Möser's *Patriotische Phantasien*, had no doubt provided in his own mind that his Faust should find at last some field of usefulness and die happy in the sense of having lived to some purpose; but what was to come after that he had not included in his dramatic scheme. He held the view, no doubt, that God would take care of souls like his and Faust's, but for dramatic purposes he probably had expected to leave his hero right where the human tragi-comedy does actually leave us all when the curtain goes down, — in the hands of Providence.

But now the question presents itself, and no doubt the same question presented itself to Goethe in his mature years: What was to be the import, and what the dramatic interest, of such a tragedy? A drama requires more than fulness of life followed by the quietus of death; it demands struggle directed to a particular end, and a catastrophe in which the struggle is decided.

With all these considerations in mind, we can understand the feelings with which, in the plenitude of his powers, Goethe took up again his long neglected *Faust*. We can enter into his thoughts as he surveys the old manuscript and the pages of the printed Fragment. He cannot go on in the manner or in the spirit of his early beginning. He must complete the poem, if he completes it all, by engrafting his present self upon it. This, to be sure, will leave it a 'monstrosity.' The plot will contain incongruities, the characters will be inconsistent with themselves, and all that. Still it will have the consistency of his own life, and an organic, if not a tectonic unity. Its unity will be that of a spreading, gnarly oak, rather than that of a smart new villa.

And now, what is the nature of this new graft? Or, dropping metaphor, when the poet of 1797 has matured his plans, what is it that he purposes to do? In the first place, he will go no further with his invented mythology, but will plant himself on the firm ground of legend. He will bring his hero into relation with the God and the devil of tradition. He will make this hero's career symbolize, in one of its phases, the triumph of idealism over sensualism, and this final triumph and salvation of Faust he will foreshadow by means of a prologue in heaven. In conformity with this purpose, he will convert his devil from a 'tormentor' into a seducer, whose problem it shall be to win Faust by making sensuality satisfy him completely. And as for Faust's wild longings and strange conduct, he will let the prologue intimate that *this* Faust is a wanderer in the dark, who is to be duly led out into the light. That is, Faust's career will be made to symbolize, in another phase of it, a clarifying and chastening process.

Let us now come to the details of the filling-in, following, for the sake of convenience, the order of the completed text, though the new passages and scenes were by no means written in that order. First came, in all probability, the three preliminary poems, but the consideration of these will be taken up in another connection.

The first scene of the Fragment closed with what is now line 605, and the immediately preceding speech of Wagner consisted simply of the two lines 596–7. The next four lines beginning with the slightly illogical „doch Morgen," were inserted on the final revision for the purpose of intimating the time of the action and foreshadowing the walk of Faust and Wagner upon Easter day. There is no hint in the 'Urfaust' or in the Fragment, that the action of the play had been thought of as beginning at Easter. This definite fixation of the time came from the happy idea of letting Faust, in his despair over the Earth-Spirit's rebuff, be recalled from suicide by the religious memories of his youth. The date fitted in well, also, with the plan which Goethe had early conceived of introducing into *Faust* a picture of a popular holiday. It fitted also with the love story of Heinrich and Gretchen, whose idyl takes place in the season of blossoming daisies. Again, it comported well with the 'Walpurgis-Night,' which comes on the eve of May 1. The poet seems to have forgotten, however, that it did not comport with what he had written in the scene 'Cathedral,' provided that was to stand before the 'Walpurgis-Night.'

The next new passage is the second monologue of Faust, lines 606–807. The artistic motive that guided the hand of the poet here is easily discerned: It was his purpose to deepen and ennoble the character of Faust, to bring him nearer to our sympathies and to give his pessimism a more real and human tinge. It is but a shallow criticism of this fine monologue to insist that men do not in actual life commit suicide because they find themselves denied certain knowledge they would like to possess. Realism is not to be our poet's watchword hereafter, nor is his hero's trouble so easily summed up.

Of the scene 'Before the Gate,' little needs to be said here. The philological evidence is conclusive that it was planned and largely elaborated in the early Frankfurt days, though the poet then had in mind a later season than Easter.* What he now did was to adapt the scene to the new date and bring out of it at last the poodle. So also the first of the two scenes headed 'Study' gives evidence, up to line 1322, of early origin, though the ensuing dialogue is probably one of the latest portions of the First Part. As to the second scene 'Study,' that is, the part of it preceding line 1770, with which the Fragment breaks in abruptly, it is difficult to separate the new matter from the old. Some passages convey a strong suggestion of Goethe's youth, but the most of the lines were probably written in 1801.

We come next to the transposition of the scene 'Forest and Cavern.' The grounds of the change are not easy to see. It is perfectly certain that the scene was written under the presupposition that Gretchen's honor is lost, but as it stands, it must be read on the assumption that she is still innocent. Perhaps the change grew out of a desire to remove the coarse implication of a vulgar *liaison* involving repeated visits of Faust to Gretchen. It is quite clear that the poet originally conceived the relation of the pair as precisely like that of Egmont and Clärchen, but in his old age he seems to have thought he had so ordered matters as to convey the impression that Gretchen had sinned but once. In line 12066–7, the saints say of her:

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* See Kögel in *Vieterljahrschrift für Litteraturgeschichte*, II., 559.

Die ſich einmal nur vergeſſen,
Die nicht ahnte daß ſie fehle.

It may be remarked here that the omission from the scene 'Cathedral' of the original heading which made known that the occasion was the funeral of Gretchen's mother, was in line with this idea of putting Gretchen's character in a more favorable light. Still, the text was never thoroughly revised with reference to the point, as witness line 3675. Again the transposition of 'Forest and Cavern' may have been suggested by a feeling that the serene and lofty mood of Faust in the opening soliloquy hardly befits the confirmed libertine. It may have seemed more poetical and more creditable to Faust to depict him as wrestling with himself and with the devil over the wrong that he is *about to do* under the influence of a dæmonic passion than to represent his fine compunctions as all about the gross question of repetition.

Upon the whole, however, the transposition must be regarded as unfortunate. For, in the first place, as the scene now stands, there are several passages that do not read naturally,* and then, one wonders why the jubilant and prosperous lover of the preceding scene has suddenly become a hermit in the woods.

Our attention is next claimed by the completed Valentin scene, the early conception of which was described above. In the Göchhausen manuscript this scene is found after 'Cathedral,' which lacks line 3789, with its allusion to Valentin. The transposition of the scene intensifies the pathos of Gretchen's agony in the church, since she thus appears burdened with a double guilt. Then, too, the scene 'Cathedral' had been conceived as taking place some months after Gretchen's fall; it could not therefore come before the death of Valentin if that was to be thought of as occurring just before Walpurgis-Night.

Finally, we have to do with the prose scene and the carnival on the Blocksberg. It will be remembered how Goethe himself felt that the prose scenes, because of their savage force of expression, were 'intolerable in comparison with the rest.' He tried, we must infer, to put both of them into verse, but failed with the scene 'Dismal Day,' which left its isolated oddity all the more conspicuous because the versifying process succeeded well with the final scene 'Prison.' Besides being in prose, too, the scene 'Dismal Day,' presupposed a different use of the poodle legend from that which he had now adopted in the earlier part of the play. Again, it had been written on the assumption that Mephistopheles would appear as in some special sense an envoy of the Earth-Spirit, which idea had now been given up. But in spite of these things, with a few trifling verbal changes, — in went the prose scene just as it stood. The 'tragelaph' had to be disposed of!

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* Lines 3249, 3328–9, 3336, 3360–1.

But we have not yet touched the real heart of the 'intolerableness' alluded to by Goethe. The 'force and naturalness' of the prose scene are not out of harmony, but quite *in* harmony, with 'the rest,' if by the rest we mean the love-tragedy to which it belongs. The prose, as prose, would produce but a slight jar if the scene came directly after the cathedral scene: the reader's inference would be that only prose could adequately express Faust's rage. Even the other incongruities mentioned, though a few strokes of the pen would have removed them, would probably never have troubled anybody but philologists. The real dissonance lies not in the prose scene at all, but in the scene which Goethe had now written and designed to precede it. Taken by itself as a separate work of art, the 'Walpurgis-Night' is in its way admirable, but viewed in its connection as a link in the drama, it can only be explained as a wanton freak of poetic cynicism. We are, of course, to assume that the revels of the Brocken are the 'insipid diversions' referred to in the prose scene, though Faust has not found them insipid. But they take place in the spring before Gretchen is a mother, and must therefore have been ancient history at the date of the prose scene. What has Faust been doing in the meantime? And then why this frenzied rage at Mephistopheles for 'lulling him in insipid diversions' when he has been taking part in them with the zest of a person whose conscience is in no need of diabolical 'lulling'? The man who has been joining in the lewd mirth of naked witches is not the man to be thrown into a fury by hearing of the sad fate of a girl whom he has seduced. And why should Faust on the Brocken refer to his love in elegiac tone as a distant memory, and why should he have a vision of the beheaded Gretchen when it is but a day since he left her alive and well? And why should hopeless confusion be brought into the chronology of a natural order of events? *

To these questions there is no answer that is altogether creditable to Goethe's poetic conscience. It pleased his fancy to write the 'Walpurgis-Night' as an *étude* in the uncanny and the gross, and a satire upon contemporary men and tendencies that he did not like. In painting the picture he simply gave the rein to his present humor with no serious concern about the inner or the outward harmony of what he was now writing with the love-tragedy that he had written a quarter of a century before. The result, as we have it, is undeniably a blemish in the poem. The idea of the scene may be accepted as good. The Faust of the legend visits hell. Mephistopheles as a purveyor of sensual pleasures would naturally wish to take his patron sooner or later to the grand festival on the Blocksberg. Goethe had all along intended some such picture for the interval between Valentin's death and Faust's discovery of Gretchen's plight. Thus the idea of the scene came naturally enough. Nor is it reasonable to find fault with the poet for not attuning the 'Walpurgis-Night' as a whole to the high pathos of the love-tragedy: that would have been poetically out of the question, and, besides, he was now no longer a master of high pathos. It is simply pedantic, too, to condemn austerely the element of personal satire; one may enjoy that, especially where it has some broad universal import, and one may even put up with a little nonsensical mystification. But the poet might have spared us the wanton degradation of his hero's character, he might have taken a little more pains to harmonize the scene technically with what goes before and what comes after, and he might have found some other place in his works for the trivial and obscure personalities which make up a good part of the 'Intermezzo.'

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* As the text stands we go backward in time when we pass from the cathedral scene to the Walpurgis-Night, or else lines 3790-3 have to be ignored. Cf. the introductory note upon the cathedral scene.

But while we may fairly charge the author of *Faust* with carrying his cynicism too far in this portion of his work, we should not let our impatience lead us to take the wrong side on the main issue. Many able critics have made the mistake of siding with the young Goethe against his maturer self. They have praised the youthful realism, which we see at its best in the Gretchen scenes, as worthy of all admiration, and have treated his later manner as an aberration from the right path. It is this mistake which was chiefly responsible for the long eclipse of the Second Part and for the undue exaltation of the love-tragedy. Many readers, stopping with the First Part, and further influenced perhaps by the prominence of Gretchen on the stage, have been led to think of her as the heroine of the play in the same sense that Faust is its hero. To such persons the 'Walpurgis-Night' could hardly seem anything else than a dark enigma to be dimly comprehended perhaps on the one supposition that the tragedy was to end with the First Part and Faust to be sent to perdition for his conduct toward Gretchen.

The truth is, however, that the love-story is only an incident of the 'little world.' It is an episode which the young Goethe, enamored of the lifelike pictures he was creating, and not yet clear as to the ethical import or the poetic requirements of his theme, had permitted to grow into a drama by itself; a drama which, admirable as it is in its kind, has nothing to do with the legend and would read as well if published separately under the title of 'Heinrich, Gretchen and Iago.' In his riper years, Goethe came to see clearly that pathetic realism was not the element in which a poem based on the Faust-legend should live and move. Humor, the poetic revivification of Tradition's dream-world, with here and there a bit of playful symbolism, — this was to be the element. It was not a question of the merits of realism *per se*, but of the requirements of this particular theme. And on this question there is to-day no room for doubt that the Goethe of 1800, much wiser in every way than the Goethe of 1775, was entirely right. It was not for him therefore to be over-anxious about introducing a discordant passage into the pathos of his love tragedy. He had invited the world to think of his hero as a 'good man' and had made some effort to rescue this hero's title to that name. But he must have felt, as every reader feels, that the effort had not been altogether successful. In spite of the 'Witch's Kitchen,' in spite of Faust's 'I must,' and in spite of the devil, one feels that the seducer of Gretchen is detestable, and the more so for his fine sentiment. It was not possible to save the dignity or the consistency of his character. Why then make the attempt, especially since he was to be presented as a 'wanderer in the dark'? Why introduce him in the rôle of a solemn puritan among the mythical lubricities of the Brocken? Why not let him rise to the humor of the situation and enjoy himself like a man fully alive to the greatness of his opportunity? And why trouble about matters of time and space and quotidian probability, since all such bonds were to be thrown to the winds in the remainder of the poem?

Some such thoughts as these, we can imagine, had flitted through the mind of the author of the 'Walpurgis-Night.'*

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* Cf. G. Witkowski's little book, *Die Walpurgisnacht*. Leipzig, 1894. This excellent essay discusses the scene thoroughly from the genetic and also from the æsthetic point of view, taking on the whole a little more favorable view of it than is taken in the text above. All that can reasonably be said in defense of it is there very well put.

V.

THE COMPLETED FIRST PART.

But now, the letters to Schiller tell us also another story. They tell us, namely, of earnest ponderings on the 'plan,' the 'idea,' of *Faust*. In spite of his cynical references to the theme, the poet felt that what he was creating was, with all its barbarism and 'monstrosity,' a work of art. He probably did not realize at this time, as he did in his latter days, that this *Faust* was to be the great work of his life. When he published the First Part, too, he probably thought it very doubtful whether he should ever complete the work, and this doubt, this feeling that very likely the 'tragedy' would always remain a fragment, may have made him more indifferent than he otherwise would have been to the imperfections just discussed. But, on the other hand, there is no good reason to doubt that when he published the First Part he felt that what he had put into it was, notwithstanding its incongruities, in harmony with his general plan and hence sufficiently consistent with itself. 'For,' as he observes in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, 'the inner content of the matter treated is the beginning and the end of art.' Now it is of prime importance in the study of *Faust* to understand this 'inner content,' which gives to the whole its unity and consistency. For the purpose of bringing this clearly into view we will now enter upon a brief analysis of the completed First Part.

The first two of the three preliminary poems have nothing to do with the action and so need not occupy us here. The Prologue, however, is vital. It indicates clearly the general character and final outcome of the action. We are not to have a drama of sin and damnation, as the legend would suggest, but a drama of intellectual clarification. The dialogue acquaints us with Faust as a man of high ideal aspirations, a 'good man,' a 'servant' of the Lord, whose service, however, is just now 'confused.' But the Lord promises that he shall be led out 'into the clear'—a phrase which does not refer to Faust's final reception into heaven, though that, too, may be implied, but to the clearing up of his 'confusion' on earth. Mephistopheles, appearing here as a cynical 'wag,' thinks that Faust's high yearnings are so much nonsense, and craves permission to 'lead him in *his* way,' i. e., to give him a taste of earth's pleasures; he is confident that he can soon make Faust 'eat dust with pleasure,' i. e., be satisfied with an animal existence. The Lord gives him permission to try his arts upon Faust during the latter's earthly life, but forewarns him that he will fail. Mephistopheles accepts the offer jauntily. He does not care for 'dead men'; it will be reward enough for him, in the event of success, to be allowed to boast of his triumph over the Lord.

We are now introduced to Faust in his 'confusion. He is out of humor with life and is chafing morbidly under the necessary limitations of *human* existence. Nominally and at first, that which troubles him is his lack of certain knowledge that he thinks he needs for his own peace of mind as man and as teacher; but when he describes the nature of his longing, we begin to see that it is for something not attainable by mortals. This superhuman character of his yearnings becomes more apparent farther on: he would fain be an elemental spirit, dreams of 'flowing through the veins of Nature and enjoying the life of gods,' and of 'soaring away to new spheres of pure activity.' Later we find him pining to fly away after the sun like a bird, and to be wafted through space in a magic mantle. In other words, he is not content to 'stand before Nature simply as a man.' He feels his human existence as a galling fetter, instead of seeing in it an opportunity for free activity. Just this is his 'confusion,' and the 'clearing up' is to consist in the transformation of this attitude toward life into another which may best be described by the phrase *resignation without apathy*.

But to return to the argument. Pursuing his superhuman vagaries, Faust has devoted himself to magic. With the aid of a book that he has somehow secured he succeeds in calling up the Earth-

Spirit, but when he meditates a friendly approach to this being of a higher order, he is met with a rebuff which tells him plainly that the coveted knowledge, the wished-for footing of intimacy with divine power, the high destiny of godlike activity and unmixed happiness, are not for the like of him. Then Wagner appears and the dialogue with him shows us Faust's idealism in a somewhat saner form (his love of truth and hatred of shams), though he is still somewhat quixotic in the fury of his assault upon Wagner's harmless academic windmills. With the exit of Wagner Faust is thrown back upon himself. He had set his supreme hope on the spirit-world and this has failed him; what is there left? In his despair he is led on to a mournful indictment of life in general. The *misère* of his existence vanquishes the will to live and he resolves to die; but as he sets the poison to his lips he hears the Easter music which reminds him of a youth made happy by a religious faith that is now no longer his. The sweet memory stays his hand. The next afternoon he takes a holiday walk with Wagner, in the course of which his brooding pessimism, his rooted conviction of the badness of man's lot, is still further brought to view. At nightfall he returns in a serener mood, but with the fateful poodle.

Then follow the scenes which lead up to the compact with the devil. Mephistopheles, appearing as a gay young squire, advises Faust to quit his brooding and go out into the world to see what life is. Faust repeats his litany of wretchedness and curses the whole round of man's pursuits and ideals. It is here that his 'confusion' culminates. Mephistopheles again urges that he seek a cure for his malady by testing the pleasures of earth, and offers to be his companion or even his servant in such an experiment. Faust is desperate. He feels certain that the devil's lures cannot bring him the peace he craves; he is bored in advance by the program suggested to him. Still he cannot go on in the old way — he has reached the very end of his course. He has meant well, but his high cravings have brought him only disappointment and pain.

So, in a spirit of reckless desperation he closes with the devil's offer, not as one expecting to enjoy the new life, but as one bent on probing to the utmost all the facts of man's miserable estate. Jumping the life to come, he will at least find out what this life is like in all its forms and phases. In consenting to be amused in the devil's way he merely stipulates that there shall be no rest, no cessation, in the wild 'reel' from one experience to another. Accordingly the pair make a solemn agreement with each other. Faust is to have during the remainder of his life the prompt and active service of Mephistopheles, but in the next world the relation of master and servant is to be reversed. This last, however, only on one condition: Faust must be 'satisfied with himself.' Only when he shall 'stretch himself upon a bed of ease,' completely absorbed in the pleasure of the present moment, shall Mephistopheles have the right to claim him as his own.

With respect to this compact, a few comments will be in order. In the first place there is the obvious improbability that a sane man, who really believed that he possessed an immortal soul, would ever *admit* that he was satisfied with any earthly pleasure, if he knew that that admission would forthwith send him to eternal perdition. Goethe has attempted to deal with this difficulty formally by making Faust give his solemn assurance that he will be honest. But he has dealt with it more vitally by giving us to understand in more ways than one that the stake of Faust's soul in the life to come is a somewhat formal matter, a part of the costume required by the legend. Of course we may not say boldly that Faust does not believe in immortality, but he is at heart a skeptic for whom the question is at least an open one. At any rate it is not the life to come, but this life, which troubles him, and it is in this world that the real interest centres both for him and for us. And indeed for the devil also — which is the real reason why he facetiously says to the Lord in heaven that he does not care for dead men. We must not think of Goethe's Mephistopheles as a malignant fiend, artfully and hatefully leading his victim in the way of pleasure, saying to him with each experiment, 'Is not this enough?' and standing ready with his bludgeon in case of an affirmative answer. He is rather a gentleman of culture,* who represents a certain view of life, and the question is whether he will succeed in making his view acceptable to Faust. If Mephistopheles wins, then Faust's idealism will be quenched in some form of pleasure, and the modern ethical interpretation of such an outcome will be: Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die. If Faust wins, two contingencies are conceivable. Either he will go on to the end tugging at the chains of his human nature and feeling that existence is a burden, in which case the conclusion would mean that man's life is indeed, as the Buddhists and Schopenhauer conceive it, a thing of evil, and that the saddest part of it consists of those lofty aspirations that whisper to men of their superiority to the brutes that perish; or, on the other hand, his idealism will continue invincible to the end, but be 'cleared up,' chastened and directed into channels that will give to life dignity and value. In that event — but the ethical philosophy of *Faust* is a large subject, the consideration of which comes properly in connection with the conclusion of the Second Part.

When the compact is signed, Faust, of course, does not know which of these contingencies is to happen. He only feels sure that Mephistopheles will not win; for, though he talks of going to wreck and ruin, that, as we have seen, does not refer to damnation incurred through the devil's triumph. Nor, so the fiction requires us to assume, does Mephistopheles know what is coming. Though his defeat has been foretold on the highest authority, he still counts on victory. But if neither of the parties to the agreement knows how it is to end, the Lord in heaven knows, and by virtue of the Prologue *we* know — at least in a general way.

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* In his later stage, of course.

Thus bound together, the two set out to visit first the 'little world' and then the 'great.' The little world is the life of common men, the great world, the Emperor's court. They go first to Auerbach's Cellar, where Faust is bored. Mephistopheles perceives that his comrade's youth must be renewed, and takes him accordingly to a witch, whose elixir of youth turns out to be at the same time a love potion. Then comes the story of Gretchen. Faust (thanks in part to the magic) seems to drop into his new rôle all too easily, so that we begin to think that as lover he is approaching perilously near to Mephisto's goal. But no: under all the lover's raptures there is constantly felt — our poet takes good care of that — the prick of conscience, and no man can be completely 'satisfied' with the things of sense so long as he is inwardly troubled by that silent envoy of the supersensual world, the monitor that 'makes cowards of us all.' Faust remains 'conscious of the right way,' and when the wrong is done, the ruin wrought, and he returns from the orgies of the Brocken (even here his thoughts are fantastically haunted by the figure of the wronged Gretchen), we find him to his honor still capable of acutest suffering. He has coveted the full experience of man's weal and woe, and now there is wrung from him the line of awful pathos,

Der Menſchheit ganzer Jammer faßt mich an.

In these words are summed up, so far as Faust is concerned, the whole import of the Gretchen tragedy. He has not yet been led into 'clearness,' on the contrary, his 'confusion' seems to have become more confounded. But the wagers are not yet decided, and the 'great world' is still to come. *Faust* does not end, and its author never dreamed that any sane being would try to imagine it as ending, in the prison-cell of the dead Gretchen. To suppose, as many have done, that the Second Part was an afterthought is to make the most radical and pernicious mistake that can possibly be made in the interpretation of the poem.

VI.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

1. *Faust.*

The foregoing pages have shown clearly enough that the character of Faust has its root and its development in the personal experiences of Goethe; it owes to the legend only the externals of costume and historical setting. Of course, we may not say in any literal sense that Faust is Goethe — the identity of the poet with his hero must be understood in the light of Goethe's well-known artistic methods. He never deliberately depicted himself, but his works were in a very eminent degree personal 'confessions.' *Faust* is only one of several poetic creations which are, to employ a figure used by Goethe respecting his *Tasso*, 'bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh'; the chief difference being that Faust gives us the poet in his development from youth to age, while Werther, Tasso, Meister, reflect particular phases of his history. In all alike, however, what we have in the fictitious hero is not the veritable Goethe, but only actual moods of his transfigured and potentialized for the purposes of his art. It is by no means to be assumed that what Faust says and does under his circumstances is what Goethe would have approved under like circumstances, could they have been realized. What we have is always a poetic rendition of actualities, not a photograph, and still less an allegory requiring to be deciphered in detail with reference to particular incidents in the poet's life. This is not to be construed as denying that the poem may contain here and there an almost literal transcript from biography. Take, for example, the incident of the flower oracle, the lover's pursuit and the captured kiss in the summer-house: this certainly sounds very like a chapter from Goethe's romance at Sesenheim. So there are many passages in the poem in which the details are such that a well-informed reader will inevitably think his own thoughts; but in few of them is it possible to prove anything or to separate the basis of fact from the fabric of fancy. Such readings between the lines are, when reasonably managed, well enough in their way and may now and then throw an interesting side light upon particular scenes. In general, however, it is not biographical details of any kind, but the broad features of Goethe's inner history that we must expect to find reflected in Faust. What this saying means has been so fully brought to view in the foregoing discussion that nothing further on the subject is necessary.

2. *Mephistopheles.*

In this most unique and powerful of Goethe's creations, just as in the case of Faust, we have to do with an evolution. He meets us first as a wag and a rake's friend. But for his name and an allusion to magic horses, the 'Urfaust' conveys no suggestion that Mephistopheles is a supernatural being. The 'devil' in him is the devil of sensual promptings, and his relation to Faust is that of a tormentor in the guise of an obedient servant. Later, Goethe invests him with all sorts of legendary trappings derived rather from the devil-myth in general than from the Faust-legend in particular. This devil-myth is, as is well known, a highly composite affair. The Jewish 'adversary' and prince of demons, Satan, the Persian god of darkness, Angra-Mainyus (Ahriman, Arimanes), the serpent-story of Genesis, the monstrous imaginings of the apocalyptic writers of the Old and New Testaments, theological speculations about Titan-angels at war with God, attributes of Greek, Roman, and Germanic divinities, — these are some of the sources from which 'the devil' of medieval Christian demonology had been elaborated by popular and learned superstition.* From such traditionary sources Goethe draws at will, adding conceptions of his own as suits his purpose. As an adversary of divine power, Mephistopheles is a spirit of negation: God affirms and creates, the devil denies and destroys. He is therefore the natural lord and patron of destructive agencies, great and small. Fire, as the enemy of life, is his natural element. Against the divine regime 'let there be light,' he is a prince of darkness and a champion of primeval chaos. He has the lameness of Hephæstus, the hoof of Pan, and the two ravens of Odin. In accordance with the familiar popular conception he is a lover of witches.

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* Cf. Roskoff, *Geschichte des Teufels*, I., 186 ff.

Passing from these externals, which are legendary, to the intellect, which is modern, we find the essence of his character to consist in his cynical hostility to all idealism. 'Man in his high endeavor,' is for him a laughing-stock. Moral scruples, sympathy, supersensual love of woman or of nature, are the ridiculous antics of the human grasshopper that would fain fly but cannot. At first his cynicism is bitter earnest; he meets Faust's pathos of high feeling with a pathos of contempt for high feeling. In the later scenes, as throughout the Second Part, he is a more genial devil, and his cynicism takes the form of clever satire.

Concerning his indebtedness to actual personages much has been conjectured and but little proved. We have seen reasons for thinking that the initial conception owed somewhat to Goethe's Leipzig friend Behrisch. From *Dichtung und Wahrheit* one would infer that the living model of Mephistopheles was, if anyone, J. H. Merck, with whom Goethe became intimate directly after his return from Strassburg. Merck was a man of extensive knowledge, fine critical perception, easy, self-assured social bearing, and altogether solid character. Goethe describes him as tall and gaunt (so was Behrisch likewise), and as having a prominent pointed nose and eyes that continually peered here and there, giving to him a certain 'tigerish' expression. He further imputes to him a propensity for biting satire and a capricious habit of treading on people's toes regardless of the hurt. This personage Goethe expressly credits with having exerted a 'very great influence' upon his own life, and he refers to him repeatedly as Mephistopheles Merck. But it is a question whether these Mephistophelean traits of Merck are not largely a matter of fanciful retrospect. Goethe, to be sure, is not the only one who ascribes horns and claws to this youthful friend of his, but Merck's letters and extant critical writings, and the total impression of his character derived from contemporary sources, offer little suggestion of the peculiar diabolism that shows itself in Mephistopheles.*

And the same thing is to be said of Herder, whom Herman Grimm regards as the living prototype of Mephistopheles.† Grimm's theory is that Herder became for Goethe at Strassburg the starting-point for the poetic conception of an overweening, remorseless, destructive critic, a critic that knows it all, sees through you and over you, and delights in showing up the vanity of your enthusiasms. Grimm supposes, then, that this conception was borne in mind by Goethe until Merck came to give it individuality and speech. To this theory as guardedly set forth by its author, one cannot deny a measure of plausibility, only we must not look for anything of the actual Herder in Goethe's devil. Herder was no cynical enemy of idealism, but himself one of the towering idealists of his century. If he ridiculed Goethe's enthusiasms it was not in a spirit of contempt for enthusiasm *per se*, but out of devotion to what he thought a better enthusiasm of his own. Another point deserves to be noted with regard to Grimm's hypothesis. The only Mephistopheles that we can even imagine to have been much influenced by Herder is, of course, that of the early pre-Weimarian scenes. But the Göchhausen *Faust*, not known when Grimm wrote, shows us that this Mephistopheles was by no means an incarnation of omniscient, overweening critical intellect. He is a kind of devil of whom there was no spark in Herder, and who did not need to be suggested by a Herder, the species being only too common among the sons of Adam. Finally, it is highly probable that the initial conception of Mephistopheles had already taken root in Goethe's mind before he knew Herder at all.

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* Cf. Loeper in the Hempel edition of Goethe's works, XXII., 292 ff.

† *Vorlesungen über Goethe*, 25te Vorlesung.

The truth is that Goethe's famous creation owes very little, and nothing that is clearly definable, to any actual personage. Mephistopheles is simply the natural, and in view of Goethe's poetic methods, necessary pendant to Faust. The pair are in their way but another instance of that dualism of poetic conception which meets us elsewhere as Götz and Weislingen, Clavigo and Carlos, Orestes and Pylades, Tasso and Antonio. Over against the extreme of titanic idealism seen in Faust, the poet sets an extreme of earthly sensualism in Mephistopheles. The devil of any age or people is the enemy of what that age or people regards as supremely good. So in a time of emotional expansion like the storm and stress era, when 'feeling is everything' and supernal unrest the accepted sign of the soul's nobility, the devil is naturally a person who throws cold water upon all high sentiment. Our poet needed no models, and no suggestion beyond what was furnished by his widening acquaintance with life, and his observation of the inner contrasts of his own being. The habit of critical self-inspection early became a part of his nature. It was as if he were accompanied by an inward Mephistopheles, that now confronted his flight of feeling with cold common sense, now whispered of the base while he dreamed of the noble, and again turned his pathos of emotion into ridicule. All men carry their devil with them and Goethe was no exception. He once said to Eckermann that there was no crime but envy, of which he could not imagine himself to be guilty. Bearing this in mind and remembering also Goethe's way of potentializing his own moods in his fictitious heroes, his way of raising these moods, so to speak, to a higher power, and carrying out their consequences to a logical end, — remembering this we have, broadly speaking, all that is needed to explain the character of Mephistopheles both in its inception and in its development.

3. *Wagner.*

The legend, as we saw, gives to Faust a famulus in the person of an 'insolent lubber' called Christoph Wagner, who is in his master's secret and becomes his heir. This Wagner also regularly appears in the puppet-plays, having there a somewhat colorless and unimportant rôle. Goethe makes use of him for a contrast to Faust of a different kind from that offered by the Earth-Spirit or Mephistopheles, that, namely of a practical, self-satisfied book-worm. The young Goethe, who slighted his lectures at Leipzig and Strassburg, was, of course, acquainted with fellow-students who attended steadily to their work and were not given to repining over the inadequacy of the official academic fountain for quenching the diviner thirsts of human nature. In sombre moods the species no doubt exasperated him, and so when he came to depict it in *Faust*, he threw a touch of satire into the portrait, and made qualities appear despicable that are not so very despicable after all. For it is a mistake to regard Wagner as a type of the paltry pedant. There is nothing of the pedant about him. He makes no offensive parade of lean and wasteful learning, nor is there anything in him to suggest that he cares only for the letter and not for the spirit. He is a zealous student, a little tactless and importunate, a little *naif* in his ambition to know everything, but otherwise quite worthy of respect. He knows what he wants and his wishes are creditable to his head and heart. Faust, in his irritation, calls him the 'poorest of the sons of men,' but humanly speaking, Wagner is a promising youth who will make his mark in the world, in fact, does make it. He is quite right to care for the things that pertain to his future vocation and Faust's bitter rhetoric does him injustice. Wagner is not digging after mysterious, unnamable treasures, but after bait to catch fish; he has a right, therefore, to be pleased when he turns up an angleworm. The point of these remarks is to caution against the common error of reading the Wagner scenes as if Faust were an oracle of absolute wisdom, and Wagner a ridiculous shallow-pate.

It is Faust who is in the wrong, and his 'clearing up' will bring him, not further from but nearer to, the humble, practical, human idealism of his famulus.

4. *Gretchen.*

The later Faust-books, as was noted above on page xvii., contain an account of Faust's falling in love with a servant-girl. Whether this story is really, as Scherer supposed,* the 'germ' of Goethe's Gretchen is at least doubtful; Kuno Fischer † thinks the hypothesis unnecessary and even absurd. Of one thing at any rate we may be sure, and that is that nothing more than the merest hint can have been obtained by Goethe from this source; for the story is told in two sentences in the Christlich Meynenden Faust-book, and has no resemblance whatever to the love-tragedy in *Faust*. This last cannot be said, however, of a certain other narrative which has lately been put forward not only as the probable 'original' of the Gretchen story but also as evidence that the Faust-book used by Goethe was that of Pfitzer.‡ In a long note to his second chapter, by way of parallel to Faust's youthful profligacy, Pfitzer tells a story, not found in Widman, of a young student Apion, who falls in love with a girl named Amee, wins her favor by means of presents and then dishonors her. The mother, trusting her daughter and busy with her house-work, knows nothing of the relation. The maid Caride knows, however, and threatens to betray Amee, but is quieted by Apion's silver. In her shame, Amee is deserted by her betrayer and in due time gives birth to a daughter, who is put to death by Caride, with the young mother's consent. After two years the crime is discovered and both Amee and Caride are beheaded, while the mother is banished for not taking better care of her daughter.

The similarity of this story to that of Gretchen is so striking as to suggest more than a possibility that Goethe may have read it.

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* *Faust-Buch*, p. xxviii.

† *Goethe's Faust*, p. 150.

‡ *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, VII., 278. On the Pfitzer book, see above, p. xvii.

Still, there are certain facts that should not be ignored. First, the story is not told of Faust at all. Secondly, the main elements of the recital are not so unheard of in life or in literature as to compel the supposition that Goethe needed this particular tale to set his imagination at work. Finally, as we have seen, Gretchen is only one of a group of similar portraits painted by Goethe in his youth. His mind was long haunted by the vision of an artless, naive girl with a superior worldling for a lover. Any theory that attempts to account for the origin of the conception of Gretchen must also account for the Marie of *Götz von Berlichingen* and the Clärchen of *Egmont*.

In any case, therefore, we cannot suppose that Goethe's creation owes more than a bare suggestion to his reading in Faust-lore. Nor does it owe very much that is definable to any maidens of flesh and blood. Some have thought, and even argued vehemently, that the portrait of Gretchen is based upon reminiscences of the Frankfurt Gretchen described so vividly in the fifth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.* But this is not very probable. Even supposing this early love to have been as fervid as would appear from *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, the episode was ancient history at the time when the Gretchen scenes in *Faust* were written. Ten years had passed with their kaleidoscopic succession of sweethearts, and the young Goethe was preeminently a poet who wrought from the issues of the living present. It is more likely that the Frankfurt Gretchen was copied from her namesake in *Faust*.

With better reason we may assign to Friederike Brion the chief influence, among actual maidens, in shaping the conception of Gretchen. The reasons for this opinion have already been given.

In these pages we have called Goethe's heroine uniformly by the name of Gretchen, but he himself calls her also by the name of Margarete. As a rule the name Gretchen is used where she appears alone, as in the scenes, 'Gretchen's Room,' 'Zwinger,' 'Cathedral.' In the dialogue scenes, excepting 'At the Well,' she is introduced by the poet as 'Margarete,' though the characters speak of her as 'Gretchen,' 'Gretel,' 'Gretelchen,' and 'Margretlein.' Reasoning on this fact, before the discovery of the Göchhausen manuscript, Schröer was led to imagine a later origin for the 'Gretchen' scenes, as if the image of his heroine in certain pathetic situations had lingered on in the poet's mind after he had composed the dramatic dialogue. But the 'Urfaust' hardly supports this view. In general it uses the names as they are used in the final version, but with the important exception that in the catechism scene we have 'Margrete' in the heading, then 'Gretgen' twice in the text following, then a single 'Margrete,' and the rest of the way only 'Gretgen.' That is, the names are used fortuitously in the same scene.

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* E. g., Schröer; cf. the Introduction to his edition of *Faust*, p. xl. ff.

Fauſt.

Eine Tragödie.

Zueignung.

Ihr naht euch wieder, ſchwankende Geſtalten,
Die früh ſich einſt dem trüben Blick gezeigt.
Verſuch' ich wohl euch dießmal feſt zu halten?
Fühl' ich mein Herz noch jenem Wahn geneigt?
Ihr drängt euch zu! nun gut, ſo mögt ihr walten,
Wie ihr aus Dunſt und Nebel um mich ſteigt;
Mein Buſen fühlt ſich jugendlich erſchüttert
Vom Zauberhauch, der euren Zug umwittert.

Ihr bringt mit euch die Bilder froher Tage,
Und manche liebe Schatten ſteigen auf;
Gleich einer alten halbverklungnen Sage
Kommt erſte Lieb' und Freundſchaft mit herauf;
Der Schmerz wird neu, es wiederholt die Klage
Des Lebens labyrinthiſch irren Lauf,
Und nennt die Guten, die, um ſchöne Stunden
Vom Glück getäuſcht, vor mir hinweggeſchwunden.

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Geſänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die erſten ſang;
Zerſtoben iſt das freundliche Gedränge,
Verklungen ach! der erſte Widerklang.
Mein Leid ertönt der unbekannten Menge,
Ihr Beifall ſelbſt macht meinem Herzen bang,
Und was ſich ſonſt an meinem Lied erfreuet,
Wenn es noch lebt, irrt in der Welt zerſtreuet.

Und mich ergreift ein längſt entwöhntes Sehnen
Nach jenem ſtillen ernſten Geiſterreich,
Es ſchwebet nun in unbeſtimmten Tönen
Mein liſpelnd Lied, der Äolsharfe gleich,
Ein Schauer faßt mich, Thräne folgt den Thränen,
Das ſtrenge Herz es fühlt ſich mild und weich;
Was ich beſitze ſeh' ich wie im Weiten,
Und was verſchwand wird mir zu Wirklichkeiten.

Vorſpiel auf dem Theater.

Director, Theaterdichter, Luſtige Perſon.

Director.

Ihr beiden, die ihr mir ſo oft,
In Noth und Trübſal, beigeſtanden,
Sagt was ihr wohl in deutſchen Landen
Von unſrer Unternehmung hofft?
Ich wünſchte ſehr der Menge zu behagen,
Beſonders weil ſie lebt und leben läßt.
Die Pfoſten ſind, die Breter aufgeſchlagen,
Und jedermann erwartet ſich ein Feſt.
Sie ſitzen ſchon mit hohen Augenbraunen
Gelaſſen da und möchten gern erſtaunen.
Ich weiß wie man den Geiſt des Volks verſöhnt;
Doch ſo verlegen bin ich nie geweſen;
Zwar ſind ſie an das Beſte nicht gewöhnt,
Allein ſie haben ſchrecklich viel geleſen.
Wie machen wir's, daß alles friſch und neu
Und mit Bedeutung auch gefällig ſei?
Denn freilich mag ich gern die Menge ſehen,
Wenn ſich der Strom nach unſrer Bude drängt,
Und mit gewaltig wiederholten Wehen
Sich durch die enge Gnadenpforte zwängt,
Bei hellem Tage, ſchon vor Vieren,
Mit Stößen ſich bis an die Caſſe ficht

Und, wie in Hungersnoth um Brot an Bäckerthüren,
Um ein Billet ſich faſt die Hälſe bricht.
Dieß Wunder wirkt auf ſo verſchiedne Leute
Der Dichter nur; mein Freund, o! thu' es heute!

Dichter.

O ſprich mir nicht von jener bunten Menge,
Bei deren Anblick uns der Geiſt entflieht.
Verhülle mir das wogende Gedränge,
Das wider Willen uns zum Strudel zieht.
Nein, führe mich zur ſtillen Himmelsenge,
Wo nur dem Dichter reine Freude blüht;
Wo Lieb' und Freundſchaft unſres Herzens Segen
Mit Götterhand erſchaffen und erpflegen.

Ach! was in tiefer Bruſt uns da entſprungen,
Was ſich die Lippe ſchüchtern vorgelallt,
Mißrathen jetzt und jetzt vielleicht gelungen,
Verſchlingt des wilden Augenblicks Gewalt.
Oft wenn es erſt durch Jahre durchgedrungen
Erſcheint es in vollendeter Geſtalt.
Was glänzt iſt für den Augenblick geboren;
Das Echte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren.

Luſtige Perſon.

Wenn ich nur nichts von Nachwelt hören ſollte;
Geſetzt daß ich von Nachwelt reden wollte,
Wer machte denn der Mitwelt Spaß?
Den will ſie doch und ſoll ihn haben.
Die Gegenwart von einem braven Knaben
Iſt, dächt' ich, immer auch ſchon was.

Wer ſich behaglich mitzutheilen weiß,
Den wird des Volkes Laune nicht erbittern;
Er wünſcht ſich einen großen Kreis,
Um ihn gewiſſer zu erſchüttern.
Drum ſeid nur brav und zeigt euch muſterhaft,
Laßt Phantaſie, mit allen ihren Chören,
Vernunft, Verſtand, Empfindung, Leidenſchaft,
Doch, merkt euch wohl! nicht ohne Narrheit hören.

Director.

Beſonders aber laßt genug geſchehn!
Man kommt zu ſchaun, man will am liebſten ſehn.
Wird vieles vor den Augen abgeſponnen,
So daß die Menge ſtaunend gaffen kann,
Da habt ihr in der Breite gleich gewonnen,
Ihr ſeid ein vielgeliebter Mann.
Die Maſſe könnt ihr nur durch Maſſe zwingen,
Ein jeder ſucht ſich endlich ſelbſt was aus.
Wer vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen;
Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.
Gebt ihr ein Stück, ſo gebt es gleich in Stücken!
Solch ein Ragout es muß euch glücken;
Leicht iſt es vorgelegt, ſo leicht als ausgedacht.
Was hilft's, wenn ihr ein Ganzes dargebracht,
Das Publicum wird es euch doch zerpflücken.

Dichter.

Ihr fühlet nicht, wie ſchlecht ein ſolches Handwerk ſei!
Wie wenig das dem echten Künſtler zieme!
Der ſaubern Herren Pfuſcherei
Iſt, merk' ich, ſchon bei euch Maxime.

Director.

Ein ſolcher Vorwurf läßt mich ungekränkt:
Ein Mann, der recht zu wirken denkt,
Muß auf das beſte Werkzeug halten. 110
Bedenkt, ihr habet weiches Holz zu ſpalten,
Und ſeht nur hin für wen ihr ſchreibt!
Wenn dieſen Langeweile treibt,
Kommt jener ſatt vom übertiſchten Mahle,
Und, was das allerſchlimmſte bleibt, 115
Gar mancher kommt vom Leſen der Journale.
Man eilt zerſtreut zu uns, wie zu den Maskenfeſten,
Und Neugier nur beflügelt jeden Schritt;
Die Damen geben ſich und ihren Putz zum Beſten
Und ſpielen ohne Gage mit. 120
Was träumet ihr auf eurer Dichter=Höhe?
Was macht ein volles Haus euch froh?
Beſeht die Gönner in der Nähe!
Halb ſind ſie kalt, halb ſind ſie roh.
Der, nach dem Schauſpiel, hofft ein Kartenſpiel, 125
Der eine wilde Nacht an einer Dirne Buſen.
Was plagt ihr armen Thoren viel,
Zu ſolchem Zweck, die holden Muſen?
Ich ſag' euch, gebt nur mehr, und immer, immer mehr,
So könnt ihr euch vom Ziele nie verirren, 130
Sucht nur die Menſchen zu verwirren,
Sie zu befriedigen iſt ſchwer —
Was fällt euch an? Entzückung oder Schmerzen?

Dichter.

Geh hin und ſuch' dir einen andern Knecht!
Der Dichter ſollte wohl das höchſte Recht, 135

Das Menſchenrecht, das ihm Natur vergönnt,
Um deinetwillen freventlich verſcherzen!
Wodurch bewegt er alle Herzen?
Wodurch beſiegt er jedes Element?
Iſt es der Einklang nicht, der aus dem Buſen dringt,
Und in ſein Herz die Welt zurücke ſchlingt?
Wenn die Natur des Fadens ew'ge Länge,
Gleichgültig drehend, auf die Spindel zwingt,
Wenn aller Weſen unharmon'ſche Menge
Verdrießlich durch einander klingt;
Wer theilt die fließend immer gleiche Reihe
Belebend ab, daß ſie ſich rhythmiſch regt?
Wer ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe,
Wo es in herrlichen Accorden ſchlägt?
Wer läßt den Sturm zu Leidenſchaften wüthen?
Das Abendroth im ernſten Sinne glühn?
Wer ſchüttet alle ſchönen Frühlingsblüthen
Auf der Geliebten Pfade hin?
Wer flicht die unbedeutend grünen Blätter
Zum Ehrenkranz Verdienſten jeder Art?
Wer ſichert den Olymp, vereinet Götter?
Des Menſchen Kraft im Dichter offenbart.

Luſtige Perſon.

So braucht ſie denn die ſchönen Kräfte
Und treibt die dichtriſchen Geſchäfte,
Wie man ein Liebesabenteuer treibt.
Zufällig naht man ſich, man fühlt, man bleibt
Und nach und nach wird man verflochten;
Es wächſ't das Glück, dann wird es angefochten,
Man iſt entzückt, nun kommt der Schmerz heran,

Und eh' man ſich's verſieht, iſt's eben ein Roman.
Laßt uns auch ſo ein Schauſpiel geben!
Greift nur hinein in's volle Menſchenleben!
Ein jeder lebt's, nicht vielen iſt's bekannt,
Und wo ihr's packt, da iſt's intereſſant.
In bunten Bildern wenig Klarheit,
Viel Irrthum und ein Fünkchen Wahrheit,
So wird der beſte Trank gebraut,
Der alle Welt erquickt und auferbaut.
Dann ſammelt ſich der Jugend ſchönſte Blüthe
Vor eurem Spiel und lauſcht der Offenbarung,
Dann ſauget jedes zärtliche Gemüthe
Aus eurem Werk ſich melanchol'ſche Nahrung,
Dann wird bald dieß bald jenes aufgeregt,
Ein jeder ſieht was er im Herzen trägt.
Noch ſind ſie gleich bereit zu weinen und zu lachen,
Sie ehren noch den Schwung, erfreuen ſich am Schein;
Wer fertig iſt, dem iſt nichts recht zu machen;
Ein Werdender wird immer dankbar ſein.

Dichter.

So gib mir auch die Zeiten wieder,
Da ich noch ſelbſt im Werden war,
Da ſich ein Quell gedrängter Lieder
Ununterbrochen neu gebar,
Da Nebel mir die Welt verhüllten,
Die Knoſpe Wunder noch verſprach,
Da ich die tauſend Blumen brach,
Die alle Thäler reichlich füllten.
Ich hatte nichts und doch genug,
Den Drang nach Wahrheit und die Luſt am Trug.

Gib ungebändigt jene Triebe,
Das tiefe ſchmerzenvolle Glück,
Des Haſſes Kraft, die Macht der Liebe,
Gib meine Jugend mir zurück!

Luſtige Perſon.

Der Jugend, guter Freund, bedarfſt du allenfalls,
Wenn dich in Schlachten Feinde drängen,
Wenn mit Gewalt an deinen Hals
Sich allerliebſte Mädchen hängen,
Wenn fern des ſchnellen Laufes Kranz
Vom ſchwer erreichten Ziele winket,
Wenn nach dem heft'gen Wirbeltanz
Die Nächte ſchmauſend man vertrinket.
Doch in's bekannte Saitenſpiel
Mit Muth und Anmuth einzugreifen,
Nach einem ſelbſtgeſteckten Ziel
Mit holdem Irren hinzuſchweifen,
Das, alte Herrn, iſt eure Pflicht,
Und wir verehren euch darum nicht minder.
Das Alter macht nicht kindiſch, wie man ſpricht,
Es findet uns nur noch als wahre Kinder.

Director.

Der Worte ſind genug gewechſelt,
Laßt mich auch endlich Thaten ſehn;
Indeß ihr Complimente drechſelt,
Kann etwas Nützliches geſchehn.
Was hilft es viel von Stimmung reden?
Dem Zaudernden erſcheint ſie nie.
Gebt ihr euch einmal für Poeten,
So commandirt die Poeſie.

Euch iſt bekannt, was wir bedürfen,
Wir wollen ſtark Getränke ſchlürfen ;
Nun braut mir unverzüglich dran !
Was heute nicht geſchieht, iſt morgen nicht gethan,
Und keinen Tag ſoll man verpaſſen,
Das Mögliche ſoll der Entſchluß
Beherzt ſogleich bei'm Schopfe faſſen,
Er will es dann nicht fahren laſſen,
Und wirket weiter, weil er muß.

Ihr wißt auf unſern deutſchen Bühnen
Probirt ein jeder was er mag ;
Drum ſchonet mir an dieſem Tag
Proſpecte nicht und nicht Maſchinen.
Gebraucht das groß' und kleine Himmelslicht,
Die Sterne dürfet ihr verſchwenden ;
An Waſſer, Feuer, Felſenwänden,
An Thier und Vögeln fehlt es nicht.
So ſchreitet in dem engen Breterhaus
Den ganzen Kreis der Schöpfung aus,
Und wandelt mit bedächt'ger Schnelle,
Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle.

Prolog im Himmel.

Der Herr, die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren,
nachher Mephiſtopheles.

Die drei Erzengel treten vor.

Raphael.

Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weiſe
In Bruderſphären Wettgeſang,
Und ihre vorgeſchriebne Reiſe
Vollendet ſie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner ſie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am erſten Tag.

Gabriel.

Und ſchnell und unbegreiflich ſchnelle
Dreht ſich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechſelt Paradieſes-Helle
Mit tiefer ſchauervoller Nacht;
Es ſchäumt das Meer in breiten Flüſſen
Am tiefen Grund der Felſen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgeriſſen
In ewig ſchnellem Sphärenlauf.

Michael.

Und Stürme brauſen um die Wette,
Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefſten Wirkung rings umher.
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerſchlags;
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das ſanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

Zu Drei.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke
Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am erſten Tag.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da du, o Herr, dich einmal wieder nahſt
Und fragſt wie alles ſich bei uns befinde,
Und du mich ſonſt gewöhnlich gerne ſahſt,
So ſiehſt du mich auch unter dem Geſinde.
Verzeih, ich kann nicht hohe Worte machen,
Und wenn mich auch der ganze Kreis verhöhnt;
Mein Pathos brächte dich gewiß zum Lachen,
Hätt'ſt du dir nicht das Lachen abgewöhnt.
Von Sonn= und Welten weiß ich nichts zu ſagen,
Ich ſehe nur wie ſich die Menſchen plagen.
Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt ſtets von gleichem Schlag,
Und iſt ſo wunderlich als wie am erſten Tag.
Ein wenig beſſer würd' er leben,
Hätt'ſt du ihm nicht den Schein des Himmelslichts gegeben;

Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht's allein,
Nur thieriſcher als jedes Thier zu ſein.
Er ſcheint mir, mit Verlaub von Ew. Gnaden,
Wie eine der langbeinigen Cicaden,
Die immer fliegt und fliegend ſpringt
Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen ſingt;
Und läg' er nur noch immer in dem Graſe!
In jeden Quark begräbt er ſeine Naſe.

Der Herr.
Haſt du mir weiter nichts zu ſagen?
Kommſt du nur immer anzuklagen?
Iſt auf der Erde ewig dir nichts recht?

Mephiſtopheles.
Nein Herr! ich find' es dort, wie immer, herzlich ſchlecht.
Die Menſchen dauern mich in ihren Jammertagen,
Ich mag ſogar die Armen ſelbſt nicht plagen.

Der Herr.
Kennſt du den Fauſt?

Mephiſtopheles.
Den Doctor?

Der Herr
Meinen Knecht!

Mephiſtopheles.
Fürwahr! er dient euch auf beſondre Weiſe.
Nicht irdiſch iſt des Thoren Trank noch Speiſe.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er iſt ſich ſeiner Tollheit halb bewußt;
Vom Himmel fordert er die ſchönſten Sterne,
Und von der Erde jede höchſte Luſt,

Und alle Näh und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Bruſt.

Der Herr.

Wenn er mir jetzt auch nur verworren dient,
So werd' ich ihn bald in die Klarheit führen.
Weiß doch der Gärtner, wenn das Bäumchen grünt,
Daß Blüth' und Frucht die künft'gen Jahre zieren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Was wettet ihr? den ſollt ihr noch verlieren,
Wenn ihr mir die Erlaubniß gebt
Ihn meine Straße ſacht zu führen!

Der Herr.

So lang er auf der Erde lebt,
So lange ſei dir's nicht verboten.
Es irrt der Menſch ſo lang er ſtrebt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da dank' ich euch; denn mit den Todten
Hab' ich mich niemals gern befangen.
Am meiſten lieb' ich mir die vollen friſchen Wangen.
Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus;
Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus.

Der Herr.

Nun gut, es ſei dir überlaſſen!
Zieh dieſen Geiſt von ſeinem Urquell ab,
Und führ' ihn, kannſt du ihn erfaſſen,
Auf deinem Wege mit herab,
Und ſteh beſchämt, wenn du bekennen mußt:
Ein guter Menſch in ſeinem dunklen Drange
Iſt ſich des rechten Weges wohl bewußt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Schon gut! nur dauert es nicht lange.
Mir iſt für meine Wette gar nicht bange.
Wenn ich zu meinem Zweck gelange,
Erlaubt ihr mir Triumph aus voller Bruſt.
Staub ſoll er freſſen, und mit Luſt,
Wie meine Muhme, die berühmte Schlange.

Der Herr.

Du darfſt auch da nur frei erſcheinen;
Ich habe Deinesgleichen nie gehaßt.
Von allen Geiſtern die verneinen
Iſt mir der Schalk am wenigſten zur Laſt.
Des Menſchen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erſchlaffen,
Er liebt ſich bald die unbedingte Ruh;
Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Geſellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und muß als Teufel ſchaffen.
Doch ihr, die echten Götterſöhne,
Erfreut euch der lebendig reichen Schöne!
Das Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt,
Umfaſſ' euch mit der Liebe holden Schranken,
Und was in ſchwankender Erſcheinung ſchwebt,
Befeſtiget mit dauernden Gedanken.

Der Himmel ſchließt, die Erzengel vertheilen ſich.

Mephiſtopheles allein.

Von Zeit zu Zeit ſeh' ich den Alten gern,
Und hüte mich mit ihm zu brechen.
Es iſt gar hübſch von einem großen Herrn,
So menſchlich mit dem Teufel ſelbſt zu ſprechen.

Der
Tragödie
Erſter Theil.

Nacht.

In einem hochgewölbten engen gothiſchen Zimmer Fauſt unruhig auf ſeinem Seſſel am Pulte.

Fauſt.

Habe nun, ach! Philoſophie,
Juriſterei und Medicin,
Und leider auch Theologie!
Durchaus ſtudirt, mit heißem Bemühn.
Da ſteh' ich nun, ich armer Thor!
Und bin ſo klug als wie zuvor;
Heiße Magiſter, heiße Doctor gar,
Und ziehe ſchon an die zehen Jahr,
Herauf, herab und quer und krumm,
Meine Schüler an der Naſe herum —
Und ſehe, daß wir nichts wiſſen können!
Das will mir ſchier das Herz verbrennen.
Zwar bin ich geſcheidter als alle die Laffen,
Doctoren, Magiſter, Schreiber und Pfaffen;
Mich plagen keine Scrupel noch Zweifel,
Fürchte mich weder vor Hölle noch Teufel —
Dafür iſt mir auch alle Freud' entriſſen,
Bilde mir nicht ein was Rechts zu wiſſen,
Bilde mir nicht ein ich könnte was lehren
Die Menſchen zu beſſern und zu bekehren.

Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
Noch Ehr' und Herrlichkeit der Welt;
Es möchte kein Hund ſo länger leben!
Drum hab' ich mich der Magie ergeben,
Ob mir durch Geiſtes Kraft und Mund
Nicht manch Geheimniß würde kund;
Daß ich nicht mehr, mit ſauerm Schweiß,
Zu ſagen brauche was ich nicht weiß;
Daß ich erkenne was die Welt
Im Innerſten zuſammenhält,
Schau' alle Wirkenskraft und Samen,
Und thu' nicht mehr in Worten kramen.

O ſähſt du, voller Mondenſchein,
Zum letztenmal auf meine Pein,
Den ich ſo manche Mitternacht
An dieſem Pult herangewacht:
Dann, über Büchern und Papier,
Trübſel'ger Freund, erſchienſt du mir!
Ach! könnt' ich doch auf Berges-Höhn
In deinem lieben Lichte gehn,
Um Bergeshöhle mit Geiſtern ſchweben,
Auf Wieſen in deinem Dämmer weben,
Von allem Wiſſensqualm entladen
In deinem Thau geſund mich baden!

Weh! ſteck' ich in dem Kerker noch?
Verfluchtes dumpfes Mauerloch,
Wo ſelbſt das liebe Himmelslicht
Trüb durch gemahlte Scheiben bricht!
Beſchränkt von dieſem Bücherhauf,
Den Würme nagen, Staub bedeckt,

Den, bis an's hohe Gewölb' hinauf,
Ein angeraucht Papier umſteckt;
Mit Gläſern, Büchſen rings umſtellt,
Mit Inſtrumenten vollgepfropft,
Urväter Hausrath drein geſtopft —
Das iſt deine Welt! das heißt eine Welt!

Und fragſt du noch, warum dein Herz
Sich bang in deinem Buſen klemmt?
Warum ein unerklärter Schmerz
Dir alle Lebensregung hemmt?
Statt der lebendigen Natur,
Da Gott die Menſchen ſchuf hinein,
Umgibt in Rauch und Moder nur
Dich Thiergeripp' und Todtenbein.

Flieh! Auf! Hinaus in's weite Land!
Und dieß geheimnißvolle Buch,
Von Noſtradamus eigner Hand,
Iſt dir es nicht Geleit genug?
Erkenneſt dann der Sterne Lauf,
Und wenn Natur dich unterweiſ't,
Dann geht die Seelenkraft dir auf,
Wie ſpricht ein Geiſt zum andern Geiſt.
Umſonſt, daß trocknes Sinnen hier
Die heil'gen Zeichen dir erklärt.
Ihr ſchwebt, ihr Geiſter, neben mir;
Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört!

Er ſchlägt das Buch auf und erblickt das Zeichen des Makrokosmus.

Ha! welche Wonne fließt in dieſem Blick
Auf einmal mir durch alle meine Sinnen!

Ich fühle junges heil'ges Lebensglück
Neuglühend mir durch Nerv' und Adern rinnen.
War es ein Gott, der dieſe Zeichen ſchrieb,
Die mir das innre Toben ſtillen,
Das arme Herz mit Freude füllen,
Und mit geheimnißvollem Trieb
Die Kräfte der Natur rings um mich her enthüllen?
Bin ich ein Gott? Mir wird ſo licht!
Ich ſchau' in dieſen reinen Zügen
Die wirkende Natur vor meiner Seele liegen.
Jetzt erſt erkenn' ich was der Weiſe ſpricht:
„Die Geiſterwelt iſt nicht verſchloſſen;
„Dein Sinn iſt zu, dein Herz iſt todt!
„Auf, bade, Schüler, unverdroſſen
„Die ird'ſche Bruſt im Morgenroth!"

Er beſchaut das Zeichen.

Wie alles ſich zum Ganzen webt,
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder ſteigen
Und ſich die goldnen Eimer reichen!
Mit ſegenduftenden Schwingen
Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmoniſch all' das All durchklingen!

Welch Schauſpiel! aber ach! ein Schauſpiel nur!
Wo faſſ' ich dich, unendliche Natur?
Euch Brüſte, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens,
An denen Himmel und Erde hängt,
Dahin die welke Bruſt ſich drängt —
Ihr quellt, ihr tränkt, und ſchmacht' ich ſo vergebens?

Er ſchlägt unwillig das Buch um und erblickt das Zeichen des Erdgeiſtes.

Wie anders wirkt dieß Zeichen auf mich ein!
Du, Geiſt der Erde, biſt mir näher;
Schon fühl' ich meine Kräfte höher,
Schon glüh' ich wie von neuem Wein,
Ich fühle Muth mich in die Welt zu wagen,
Der Erde Weh, der Erde Glück zu tragen,
Mit Stürmen mich herumzuſchlagen,
Und in des Schiffbruchs Knirſchen nicht zu zagen.
Es wölkt ſich über mir —
Der Mond verbirgt ſein Licht —
Die Lampe ſchwindet!
Es dampft! — Es zucken rothe Strahlen
Mir um das Haupt — Es weht
Ein Schauer vom Gewölb' herab
Und faßt mich an!
Ich fühl's, du ſchwebſt um mich, erflehter Geiſt.
Enthülle dich!
Ha! wie's in meinem Herzen reißt!
Zu neuen Gefühlen
All' meine Sinnen ſich erwühlen!
Ich fühle ganz mein Herz dir hingegeben!
Du mußt! du mußt! und koſtet' es mein Leben!

Er faßt das Buch und ſpricht das Zeichen des Geiſtes geheimnißvoll aus. Es zuckt eine röthliche Flamme, der Geiſt erſcheint in der Flamme.

Geiſt.

Wer ruft mir?

Fauſt abgewendet.

Schreckliches Geſicht!

Geiſt.

Du haſt mich mächtig angezogen,
An meiner Sphäre lang geſogen,
Und nun —

Fauſt.

Weh! ich ertrag' dich nicht!

Geiſt.

Du flehſt erathmend mich zu ſchauen,
Meine Stimme zu hören, mein Antlitz zu ſehn;
Mich neigt dein mächtig Seelenflehn,
Da bin ich! — Welch erbärmlich Grauen
Faßt Übermenſchen dich! Wo iſt der Seele Ruf?
Wo iſt die Bruſt, die eine Welt in ſich erſchuf,
Und trug und hegte, die mit Freudebeben
Erſchwoll, ſich uns, den Geiſtern, gleich zu heben?
Wo biſt du, Fauſt, deß Stimme mir erklang,
Der ſich an mich mit allen Kräften drang?
Biſt du es, der, von meinem Hauch umwittert,
In allen Lebenstiefen zittert,
Ein furchtſam weggekrümmter Wurm?

Fauſt.

Soll ich dir, Flammenbildung, weichen?
Ich bin's, bin Fauſt, bin Deinesgleichen!

Geiſt.

In Lebensfluthen, im Thatenſturm
Wall' ich auf und ab,
Webe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechſelnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben,
So ſchaff' ich am ſauſenden Webſtuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

Fauſt.

Der du die weite Welt umſchweifſt,
Geſchäftiger Geiſt, wie nah fühl' ich mich dir!

Geiſt.

Du gleichſt dem Geiſt den du begreifſt,
Nicht mir!

Verſchwindet.

Fauſt zuſammenſtürzend.

Nicht dir?
Wem denn?
Ich Ebenbild der Gottheit!
Und nicht einmal dir!

Es klopft.

O Tod! ich kenn's — das iſt mein Famulus —
Es wird mein ſchönſtes Glück zu nichte!
Daß dieſe Fülle der Geſichte
Der trockne Schleicher ſtören muß!

Wagner im Schlafrocke und der Nachtmütze, eine Lampe in der Hand.
Fauſt wendet ſich unwillig.

Wagner.

Verzeiht! ich hör' euch declamiren;
Ihr laſ't gewiß ein griechiſch Trauerſpiel?
In dieſer Kunſt möcht' ich was profitiren,
Denn heut zu Tage wirkt das viel.
Ich hab' es öfters rühmen hören,
Ein Komödiant könnt' einen Pfarrer lehren.

Fauſt.

Ja, wenn der Pfarrer ein Komödiant iſt;
Wie das denn wohl zu Zeiten kommen mag.

Wagner.

Ach! wenn man ſo in ſein Muſeum gebannt iſt,
Und ſieht die Welt kaum einen Feiertag,
Kaum durch ein Fernglas, nur von weiten,
Wie ſoll man ſie durch Überredung leiten?

Fauſt.

Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nicht erjagen,
Wenn es nicht aus der Seele dringt,
Und mit urkräftigem Behagen
Die Herzen aller Hörer zwingt.
Sitzt ihr nur immer! Leimt zuſammen,
Braut ein Ragout von andrer Schmaus,
Und blaſ't die kümmerlichen Flammen
Aus eurem Aſchenhäufchen h'raus!
Bewundrung von Kindern und Affen,
Wenn euch darnach der Gaumen ſteht;
Doch werdet ihr nie Herz zu Herzen ſchaffen,
Wenn es euch nicht von Herzen geht.

Wagner.

Allein der Vortrag macht des Redners Glück;
Ich fühl' es wohl noch bin ich weit zurück.

Fauſt.

Such' Er den redlichen Gewinn!
Sei Er kein ſchellenlauter Thor!
Es trägt Verſtand und rechter Sinn
Mit wenig Kunſt ſich ſelber vor;
Und wenn's euch Ernſt iſt was zu ſagen,
Iſt's nöthig Worten nachzujagen?
Ja, eure Reden, die ſo blinkend ſind,

In denen ihr der Menſchheit Schnitzel kräuſelt,
Sind unerquicklich wie der Nebelwind,
Der herbſtlich durch die dürren Blätter ſäuſelt!

Wagner.

Ach Gott! die Kunſt iſt lang!
Und kurz iſt unſer Leben.
Mir wird, bei meinem kritiſchen Beſtreben,
Doch oft um Kopf und Buſen bang.
Wie ſchwer ſind nicht die Mittel zu erwerben,
Durch die man zu den Quellen ſteigt!
Und eh' man nur den halben Weg erreicht,
Muß wohl ein armer Teufel ſterben.

Fauſt.

Das Pergament iſt das der heil'ge Bronnen,
Woraus ein Trunk den Durſt auf ewig ſtillt?
Erquickung haſt du nicht gewonnen,
Wenn ſie dir nicht aus eigner Seele quillt.

Wagner.

Verzeiht! es iſt ein groß Ergetzen,
Sich in den Geiſt der Zeiten zu verſetzen,
Zu ſchauen wie vor uns ein weiſer Mann gedacht,
Und wie wir's dann zuletzt ſo herrlich weit gebracht.

Fauſt.

O ja, bis an die Sterne weit!
Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
Sind uns ein Buch mit ſieben Siegeln;
Was ihr den Geiſt der Zeiten heißt,
Das iſt im Grund der Herren eigner Geiſt,
In dem die Zeiten ſich beſpiegeln.

Da iſt's denn wahrlich oft ein Jammer!
Man läuft euch bei dem erſten Blick davon.
Ein Kehrichtfaß und eine Rumpelkammer,
Und höchſtens eine Haupt- und Staatsaction
Mit trefflichen pragmatiſchen Maximen,
Wie ſie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen!

Wagner.

Allein die Welt! des Menſchen Herz und Geiſt!
Möcht' jeglicher doch was davon erkennen.

Fauſt.

Ja was man ſo erkennen heißt!
Wer darf das Kind bei'm rechten Namen nennen?
Die wenigen, die was davon erkannt,
Die thöricht g'nug ihr volles Herz nicht wahrten,
Dem Pöbel ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,
Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt.
Ich bitt' euch, Freund, es iſt tief in der Nacht,
Wir müſſen's dießmal unterbrechen.

Wagner.

Ich hätte gern nur immer fortgewacht,
Um ſo gelehrt mit euch mich zu beſprechen.
Doch morgen, als am erſten Oſtertage,
Erlaubt mir ein' und andre Frage.
Mit Eifer hab' ich mich der Studien befliſſen;
Zwar weiß ich viel, doch möcht' ich alles wiſſen.

Ab.

Fauſt allein.

Wie nur dem Kopf nicht alle Hoffnung ſchwindet,
Der immerfort an ſchalem Zeuge klebt,

Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt,
Und froh iſt wenn er Regenwürmer findet!

Darf eine ſolche Menſchenſtimme hier,
Wo Geiſterfülle mich umgab, ertönen?
Doch ach! für dießmal dank' ich dir, –
Dem ärmlichſten von allen Erdenſöhnen.
Du riſſeſt mich von der Verzweiflung los,
Die mir die Sinne ſchon zerſtören wollte.
Ach! die Erſcheinung war ſo rieſengroß,
Daß ich mich recht als Zwerg empfinden ſollte.

Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit, das ſich ſchon
Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein ſelbſt genoß in Himmelsglanz und Klarheit,
Und abgeſtreift den Erdenſohn;
Ich, mehr als Cherub, deſſen freie Kraft
Schon durch die Adern der Natur zu fließen
Und, ſchaffend, Götterleben zu genießen
Sich ahnungsvoll vermaß, wie muß ich's büßen!
Ein Donnerwort hat mich hinweggerafft.

Nicht darf ich dir zu gleichen mich vermeſſen!
Hab' ich die Kraft dich anzuziehn beſeſſen,
So hatt' ich dich zu halten keine Kraft.
In jenem ſel'gen Augenblicke
Ich fühlte mich ſo klein, ſo groß;
Du ſtießeſt grauſam mich zurücke,
In's ungewiſſe Menſchenloos.
Wer lehret mich? was ſoll ich meiden?
Soll ich gehorchen jenem Drang?
Ach! unſre Thaten ſelbſt, ſo gut als unſre Leiden,
Sie hemmen unſres Lebens Gang.

Dem Herrlichſten, was auch der Geiſt empfangen,
Drängt immer fremd und fremder Stoff ſich an;
Wenn wir zum Guten dieſer Welt gelangen,
Dann heißt das Beſſ're Trug und Wahn.
Die uns das Leben gaben, herrliche Gefühle,
Erſtarren in dem irdiſchen Gewühle.

Wenn Phantaſie ſich ſonſt mit kühnem Flug
Und hoffnungsvoll zum Ewigen erweitert,
So iſt ein kleiner Raum ihr nun genug,
Wenn Glück auf Glück im Zeitenſtrudel ſcheitert.
Die Sorge niſtet gleich im tiefen Herzen,
Dort wirket ſie geheime Schmerzen,
Unruhig wiegt ſie ſich und ſtöret Luſt und Ruh;
Sie deckt ſich ſtets mit neuen Masken zu,
Sie mag als Haus und Hof, als Weib und Kind erſcheinen,
Als Feuer, Waſſer, Dolch und Gift;
Du bebſt vor allem was nicht trifft,
Und was du nie verlierſt das mußt du ſtets beweinen.

Den Göttern gleich' ich nicht! Zu tief iſt es gefühlt;
Dem Wurme gleich' ich, der den Staub durchwühlt;
Den, wie er ſich im Staube nährend lebt,
Des Wandrers Tritt vernichtet und begräbt.

Iſt es nicht Staub was dieſe hohe Wand,
Aus hundert Fächern, mir verenget;
Der Trödel, der mit tauſendfachem Tand
In dieſer Mottenwelt mich dränget?
Hier ſoll ich finden was mir fehlt?
Soll ich vielleicht in tauſend Büchern leſen,

Daß überall die Menſchen ſich gequält,
Daß hie und da ein Glücklicher geweſen? —
Was grinſeſt du mir hohler Schädel her?
Als daß dein Hirn wie meines einſt verwirret
Den leichten Tag geſucht und in der Dämmrung ſchwer,
Mit Luſt nach Wahrheit, jämmerlich geirret.
Ihr Inſtrumente freilich ſpottet mein,
Mit Rad und Kämmen, Walz' und Bügel:
Ich ſtand am Thor, ihr ſolltet Schlüſſel ſein;
Zwar euer Bart iſt kraus, doch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel.
Geheimnißvoll am lichten Tag
Läßt ſich Natur des Schleiers nicht berauben,
Und was ſie deinem Geiſt nicht offenbaren mag,
Das zwingſt du ihr nicht ab mit Hebeln und mit Schrauben.
Du alt Geräthe das ich nicht gebraucht,
Du ſtehſt nur hier, weil dich mein Vater brauchte.
Du alte Rolle, du wirſt angeraucht,
So lang an dieſem Pult die trübe Lampe ſchmauchte.
Weit beſſer hätt' ich doch mein Weniges verpraßt,
Als mit dem Wenigen belaſtet hier zu ſchwitzen!
Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern haſt,
Erwirb es um es zu beſitzen.
Was man nicht nützt iſt eine ſchwere Laſt;
Nur was der Augenblick erſchafft das kann er nützen.

Doch warum heftet ſich mein Blick auf jene Stelle?
Iſt jenes Fläſchchen dort den Augen ein Magnet?
Warum wird mir auf einmal lieblich helle,
Als wenn im nächt'gen Wald uns Mondenglanz umweht?

Ich grüße dich, du einzige Phiole!
Die ich mit Andacht nun herunterhole,

In dir verehr' ich Menſchenwitz und Kunſt.
Du Inbegriff der holden Schlummerſäfte,
Du Auszug aller tödtlich feinen Kräfte,
Erweiſe deinem Meiſter deine Gunſt!
Ich ſehe dich, es wird der Schmerz gelindert,
Ich faſſe dich, das Streben wird gemindert,
Des Geiſtes Fluthſtrom ebbet nach und nach.
In's hohe Meer werd' ich hinausgewieſen,
Die Spiegelfluth erglänzt zu meinen Füßen,
Zu neuen Ufern lockt ein neuer Tag.

Ein Feuerwagen ſchwebt, auf leichten Schwingen,
An mich heran! Ich fühle mich bereit
Auf neuer Bahn den Äther zu durchdringen,
Zu neuen Sphären reiner Thätigkeit.
Dieß hohe Leben, dieſe Götterwonne!
Du, erſt noch Wurm, und die verdieneſt du?
Ja, kehre nur der holden Erdenſonne
Entſchloſſen deinen Rücken zu!
Vermeſſe dich die Pforten aufzureißen,
Vor denen jeder gern vorüber ſchleicht!
Hier iſt es Zeit durch Thaten zu beweiſen,
Daß Manneswürde nicht der Götterhöhe weicht,
Vor jener dunkeln Höhle nicht zu beben,
In der ſich Phantaſie zu eigner Qual verdammt,
Nach jenem Durchgang hinzuſtreben,
Um deſſen engen Mund die ganze Hölle flammt;
Zu dieſem Schritt ſich heiter zu entſchließen
Und, wär' es mit Gefahr, in's Nichts dahin zu fließen.

Nun komm herab, kryſtallne reine Schale!
Hervor aus deinem alten Futterale,

An die ich viele Jahre nicht gedacht!
Du glänzteſt bei der Väter Freudenfeſte,
Erheiterteſt die ernſten Gäſte,
Wenn einer dich dem andern zugebracht.
Der vielen Bilder künſtlich reiche Pracht,
Des Trinkers Pflicht, ſie reimweis zu erklären,
Auf Einen Zug die Höhlung auszuleeren,
Erinnert mich an manche Jugend-Nacht;
Ich werde jetzt dich keinem Nachbar reichen,
Ich werde meinen Witz an deiner Kunſt nicht zeigen;
Hier iſt ein Saft, der eilig trunken macht.
Mit brauner Fluth erfüllt er deine Höhle.
Den ich bereitet, den ich wähle,
Der letzte Trunk ſei nun, mit ganzer Seele,
Als feſtlich hoher Gruß, dem Morgen zugebracht!

Er ſetzt die Schale an den Mund.

Glockenklang und Chorgeſang.

Chor der Engel.

Chriſt iſt erſtanden!
Freude dem Sterblichen,
Den die verderblichen,
Schleichenden, erblichen
Mängel umwanden.

Fauſt.

Welch tiefes Summen, welch ein heller Ton,
Zieht mit Gewalt das Glas von meinem Munde?
Verkündiget ihr dumpfen Glocken ſchon
Des Oſterfeſtes erſte Feierſtunde?

Ihr Chöre ſingt ihr ſchon den tröſtlichen Geſang,
Der einſt, um Grabes Nacht, von Engelslippen klang,
Gewißheit einem neuen Bunde?

Chor der Weiber.

Mit Specereien
Hatten wir ihn gepflegt, 750
Wir ſeine Treuen
Hatten ihn hingelegt;
Tücher und Binden
Reinlich umwanden wir,
Ach! und wir finden 755
Chriſt nicht mehr hier.

Chor der Engel.

Chriſt iſt erſtanden!
Selig der Liebende,
Der die betrübende,
Heilſam' und übende 760
Prüfung beſtanden!

Fauſt.

Was ſucht ihr mächtig und gelind,
Ihr Himmelstöne, mich am Staube?
Klingt dort umher, wo weiche Menſchen ſind.
Die Botſchaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube; 765
Das Wunder iſt des Glaubens liebſtes Kind.
Zu jenen Sphären wag' ich nicht zu ſtreben,
Woher die holde Nachricht tönt;
Und doch, an dieſen Klang von Jugend auf gewöhnt,
Ruft er auch jetzt zurück mich in das Leben. 770
Sonſt ſtürzte ſich der Himmels-Liebe Kuß

Auf mich herab, in ernſter Sabbathſtille;
Da klang ſo ahnungsvoll des Glockentones Fülle,
Und ein Gebet war brünſtiger Genuß;
Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehnen
Trieb mich durch Wald und Wieſen hinzugehn,
Und unter tauſend heißen Thränen
Fühlt' ich mir eine Welt entſtehn.
Dieß Lied verkündete der Jugend muntre Spiele,
Der Frühlingsfeier freies Glück;
Erinnrung hält mich nun mit kindlichem Gefühle
Vom letzten ernſten Schritt zurück.
O tönet fort ihr ſüßen Himmelslieder!
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!

Chor der Jünger.

Hat der Begrabene
Schon ſich nach oben,
Lebend Erhabene,
Herrlich erhoben;
Iſt er in Werdeluſt
Schaffender Freude nah;
Ach! an der Erde Bruſt
Sind wir zum Leide da.
Ließ er die Seinen
Schmachtend uns hier zurück;
Ach! wir beweinen,
Meiſter dein Glück!

Chor der Engel.

Chriſt iſt erſtanden,
Aus der Verweſung Schoos;
Reißet von Banden
Freudig euch los!

Thätig ihn preiſenden,
Liebe beweiſenden,
Brüderlich ſpeiſenden,
Predigend reiſenden,
Wonne verheißenden 805
Euch iſt der Meiſter nah,
Euch iſt er da!

Vor dem Thor.

Spaziergänger aller Art ziehen hinaus.

Einige Handwerksburſche.
Warum denn dort hinaus?

Andre.
Wir gehn hinaus auf's Jägerhaus.

Die erſten.
Wir aber wollen nach der Mühle wandern.

Ein Handwerksburſch.
Ich rath' euch nach dem Waſſerhof zu gehn.

Zweiter.
Der Weg dahin iſt gar nicht ſchön.

Die zweiten.
Was thuſt denn du?

Ein dritter.
Ich gehe mit den andern.

Vierter.
Nach Burgdorf kommt herauf, gewiß dort findet ihr
Die ſchönſten Mädchen und das beſte Bier,
Und Händel von der erſten Sorte.

Fünfter.

Du überluſtiger Geſell,
Juckt dich zum drittenmal das Fell?
Ich mag nicht hin, mir graut es vor dem Orte.

Dienſtmädchen.

Nein, nein! ich gehe nach der Stadt zurück.

Andre.

Wir finden ihn gewiß bei jenen Pappeln ſtehen.

Erſte.

Das iſt für mich kein großes Glück;
Er wird an deiner Seite gehen,
Mit dir nur tanzt er auf dem Plan.
Was gehn mich deine Freuden an!

Andre.

Heut iſt er ſicher nicht allein,
Der Krauskopf, ſagt er, würde bei ihm ſein.

Schüler.

Blitz, wie die wackern Dirnen ſchreiten!
Herr Bruder, komm! wir müſſen ſie begleiten.
Ein ſtarkes Bier, ein beizender Toback,
Und eine Magd im Putz das iſt nun mein Geſchmack.

Bürgermädchen.

Da ſieh mir nur die ſchönen Knaben!
Es iſt wahrhaftig eine Schmach;
Geſellſchaft könnten ſie die allerbeſte haben,
Und laufen dieſen Mägden nach!

Zweiter Schüler zum erſten.

Nicht ſo geſchwind! dort hinten kommen zwei,
Sie ſind gar niedlich angezogen,
'ſ iſt meine Nachbarin dabei;
Ich bin dem Mädchen ſehr gewogen.
Sie gehen ihren ſtillen Schritt
Und nehmen uns doch auch am Ende mit.

Erſter.

Herr Bruder, nein! Ich bin nicht gern genirt.
Geſchwind! daß wir das Wildpret nicht verlieren.
Die Hand, die Samstags ihren Beſen führt,
Wird Sonntags dich am beſten careſſiren.

Bürger.

Nein, er gefällt mir nicht der neue Burgemeiſter!
Nun, da er's iſt, wird er nur täglich dreiſter.
Und für die Stadt was thut denn er?
Wird es nicht alle Tage ſchlimmer?
Gehorchen ſoll man mehr als immer,
Und zahlen mehr als je vorher.

Bettler ſingt.

Ihr guten Herrn, ihr ſchönen Frauen,
So wohlgeputzt und backenroth,
Belieb' es euch mich anzuſchauen,
Und ſeht und mildert meine Noth!
Laßt hier mich nicht vergebens leiern!
Nur der iſt froh, der geben mag.
Ein Tag den alle Menſchen feiern,
Er ſei für mich ein Erntetag.

Andrer Bürger.

Nichts Beſſers weiß ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen,
Als ein Geſpräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeſchrei,
Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
Die Völker auf einander ſchlagen.
Man ſteht am Fenſter, trinkt ſein Gläschen aus
Und ſieht den Fluß hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten;
Dann kehrt man Abends froh nach Haus,
Und ſegnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten.

Dritter Bürger.

Herr Nachbar, ja! ſo laß ich's auch geſchehn,
Sie mögen ſich die Köpfe ſpalten,
Mag alles durcheinandergehn;
Doch nur zu Hauſe bleib's bei'm Alten.

Alte) zu den Bürgermädchen.

Ei! wie geputzt! das ſchöne junge Blut!
Wer ſoll ſich nicht in euch vergaffen? —
Nur nicht ſo ſtolz! Es iſt ſchon gut!
Und was ihr wünſcht das wüßt' ich wohl zu ſchaffen.

Bürgermädchen.

Agathe fort! ich nehme mich in Acht
Mit ſolchen Hexen öffentlich zu gehen;
Sie ließ mich zwar, in Sanct Andreas Nacht,
Den künft'gen Liebſten leiblich ſehen —

Die Andre.

Mir zeigte ſie ihn im Kryſtall,
Soldatenhaft, mit mehreren Verwegnen;
Ich ſeh' mich um, ich ſuch' ihn überall,
Allein mir will er nicht begegnen.

Soldaten.

Burgen mit hohen
Mauern und Zinnen,
Mädchen mit ſtolzen
Höhnenden Sinnen
Möcht' ich gewinnen!
Kühn iſt das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!

Und die Trompete
Laſſen wir werben,
Wie zu der Freude,
So zum Verderben.
Das iſt ein Stürmen!
Das iſt ein Leben!
Mädchen und Burgen
Müſſen ſich geben.
Kühn iſt das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!
Und die Soldaten
Ziehen davon.

Fauſt und Wagner.

Fauſt.

Vom Eiſe befreit ſind Strom und Bäche
Durch des Frühlings holden belebenden Blick;
Im Thale grünet Hoffnungs-Glück;
Der alte Winter, in ſeiner Schwäche,
Zog ſich in rauhe Berge zurück.
Von dorther ſendet er, fliehend, nur

Ohnmächtige Schauer körnigen Eiſes
In Streifen über die grünende Flur;
Aber die Sonne duldet kein Weißes,
Überall regt ſich Bildung und Streben,
Alles will ſie mit Farben beleben;
Doch an Blumen fehlt's im Revier,
Sie nimmt geputzte Menſchen dafür.
Kehre dich um, von dieſen Höhen
Nach der Stadt zurück zu ſehen.
Aus dem hohlen finſtern Thor
Dringt ein buntes Gewimmel hervor.
Jeder ſonnt ſich heute ſo gern.
Sie feiern die Auferſtehung des Herrn,
Denn ſie ſind ſelber auferſtanden,
Aus niedriger Häuſer dumpfen Gemächern,
Aus Handwerks- und Gewerbes-Banden,
Aus dem Druck von Giebeln und Dächern,
Aus der Straßen quetſchender Enge,
Aus der Kirchen ehrwürdiger Nacht
Sind ſie alle an's Licht gebracht.
Sieh nur, ſieh! wie behend ſich die Menge
Durch die Gärten und Felder zerſchlägt,
Wie der Fluß, in Breit' und Länge,
So manchen luſtigen Nachen bewegt,
Und bis zum Sinken überladen
Entfernt ſich dieſer letzte Kahn.
Selbſt von des Berges fernen Pfaden
Blinken uns farbige Kleider an.
Ich höre ſchon des Dorfs Getümmel,
Hier iſt des Volkes wahrer Himmel,
Zufrieden jauchzet Groß und Klein:
Hier bin ich Menſch, hier darf ich's ſein!

Wagner.

Mit euch, Herr Doctor, zu ſpazieren
Iſt ehrenvoll und iſt Gewinn ;
Doch würd' ich nicht allein mich her verlieren,
Weil ich ein Feind von allem Rohen bin.
Das Fiedeln, Schreien, Kegelſchieben,
Iſt mir ein gar verhaßter Klang ;
Sie toben wie vom böſen Geiſt getrieben
Und nennen's Freude, nennen's Geſang.

Bauern unter der Linde.

Tanz und Geſang.

Der Schäfer putzte ſich zum Tanz,
Mit bunter Jacke, Band und Kranz,
Schmuck war er angezogen.
Schon um die Linde war es voll ;
Und alles tanzte ſchon wie toll.
Juchhe ! Juchhe !
Juchheiſa ! Heiſa ! He !
So ging der Fiedelbogen.

Er drückte haſtig ſich heran,
Da ſtieß er an ein Mädchen an
Mit ſeinem Ellenbogen ;
Die friſche Dirne kehrt' ſich um
Und ſagte : nun das find' ich dumm !
Juchhe ! Juchhe !
Juchheiſa ! Heiſa ! He !
Seid nicht ſo ungezogen.

Doch hurtig in dem Kreiſe ging's,
Sie tanzten rechts, ſie tanzten links,
Und alle Röcke flogen.
Sie wurden roth, ſie wurden warm
Und ruhten athmend Arm in Arm,
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheiſa! Heiſa! He!
Und Hüft' an Ellenbogen.

Und thu' mir doch nicht ſo vertraut!
Wie mancher hat nicht ſeine Braut
Belogen und betrogen!
Er ſchmeichelte ſie doch bei Seit'
Und von der Linde ſcholl es weit:
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheiſa! Heiſa! He!
Geſchrei und Fiedelbogen.

Alter Bauer.

Herr Doctor, das iſt ſchön von euch,
Daß ihr uns heute nicht verſchmäht,
Und unter dieſes Volksgedräng',
Als ein ſo Hochgelahrter, geht.
So nehmet auch den ſchönſten Krug,
Den wir mit friſchem Trunk gefüllt,
Ich bring' ihn zu und wünſche laut,
Daß er nicht nur den Durſt euch ſtillt;
Die Zahl der Tropfen, die er hegt,
Sei euren Tagen zugelegt.

Fauſt.

Ich nehme den Erquickungs-Trank,
Erwidr' euch allen Heil und Dank.

Das Volk ſammelt ſich im Kreis umher.

Alter Bauer.

Fürwahr es iſt ſehr wohl gethan,
Daß ihr am frohen Tag erſcheint;
Habt ihr es vormals doch mit uns
An böſen Tagen gut gemeint!
Gar mancher ſteht lebendig hier,
Den euer Vater noch zuletzt no a ta [illegible]
Der heißen Fieberwuth entriß,
Als er der Seuche Ziel geſetzt.
Auch damals ihr, ein junger Mann,
Ihr gingt in jedes Krankenhaus,
Gar manche Leiche trug man fort,
Ihr aber kamt geſund heraus;
Beſtandet manche harte Proben;
Dem Helfer half der Helfer droben.

Alle. [illegible]

Geſundheit dem bewährten Mann,
Daß er noch lange helfen kann!

Fauſt.

Vor jenem droben ſteht gebückt,
Der helfen lehrt und Hülfe ſchickt!

Er geht mit Wagnern weiter.

Wagner.

Welch ein Gefühl mußt du, o großer Mann,
Bei der Verehrung dieſer Menge haben!

O glücklich, wer von ſeinen Gaben
Solch einen Vortheil ziehen kann!
Der Vater zeigt dich ſeinem Knaben, 1015
Ein jeder fragt und drängt und eilt,
Die Fiedel ſtockt, der Tänzer weilt.
Du gehſt, in Reihen ſtehen ſie,
Die Mützen fliegen in die Höh':
Und wenig fehlt, ſo beugten ſich die Knie, 1020
Als käm' das Venerabile.

Fauſt.

Nur wenig Schritte noch hinauf zu jenem Stein,
Hier wollen wir von unſrer Wandrung raſten.
Hier ſaß ich oft gedankenvoll allein
Und quälte mich mit Beten und mit Faſten. 1025
An Hoffnung reich, im Glauben feſt,
Mit Thränen, Seufzen, Händeringen
Dacht' ich das Ende jener Peſt
Vom Herrn des Himmels zu erzwingen.
Der Menge Beifall tönt mir nun wie Hohn. 1030
O könnteſt du in meinem Innern leſen,
Wie wenig Vater und Sohn
Solch eines Ruhmes werth geweſen!
Mein Vater war ein dunkler Ehrenmann,
Der über die Natur und ihre heil'gen Kreiſe, 1035
In Redlichkeit, jedoch auf ſeine Weiſe,
Mit grillenhafter Mühe ſann.
Der, in Geſellſchaft von Adepten,
Sich in die ſchwarze Küche ſchloß,
Und, nach unendlichen Recepten, 1040
Das Widrige zuſammengoß.

Da ward ein rother Leu, ein kühner Freier,
Im lauen Bad der Lilie vermählt
Und beide dann mit offnem Flammenfeuer
Aus einem Brautgemach in's andere gequält.
Erſchien darauf mit bunten Farben
Die junge Königin im Glas,
Hier war die Arzenei, die Patienten ſtarben,
Und niemand fragte: wer genas?
So haben wir mit hölliſchen Latwergen
In dieſen Thälern, dieſen Bergen,
Weit ſchlimmer als die Peſt getobt.
Ich habe ſelbſt den Gift an Tauſende gegeben,
Sie welkten hin, ich muß erleben
Daß man die frechen Mörder lobt.

Wagner.

Wie könnt ihr euch darum betrüben!
Thut nicht ein braver Mann genug,
Die Kunſt, die man ihm übertrug,
Gewiſſenhaft und pünctlich auszuüben?
Wenn du, als Jüngling, deinen Vater ehrſt,
So wirſt du gern von ihm empfangen;
Wenn du, als Mann, die Wiſſenſchaft vermehrſt,
So kann dein Sohn zu höhrem Ziel gelangen.

Fauſt.

O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann
Aus dieſem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen!
Was man nicht weiß das eben brauchte man,
Und was man weiß kann man nicht brauchen.
Doch laß uns dieſer Stunde ſchönes Gut

Durch ſolchen Trübſinn nicht verkümmern!
Betrachte wie in Abendſonne-Gluth
Die grünumgebnen Hütten ſchimmern.
Sie rückt und weicht, der Tag iſt überlebt,
Dort eilt ſie hin und fördert neues Leben.
O daß kein Flügel mich vom Boden hebt,
Ihr nach und immer nach zu ſtreben!
Ich ſäh' im ewigen Abendſtrahl
Die ſtille Welt zu meinen Füßen,
Entzündet alle Höhn, beruhigt jedes Thal,
Den Silberbach in goldne Ströme fließen.
Nicht hemmte dann den göttergleichen Lauf
Der wilde Berg mit allen ſeinen Schluchten;
Schon thut das Meer ſich mit erwärmten Buchten
Vor den erſtaunten Augen auf.
Doch ſcheint die Göttin endlich wegzuſinken;
Allein der neue Trieb erwacht,
Ich eile fort ihr ew'ges Licht zu trinken,
Vor mir den Tag und hinter mir die Nacht,
Den Himmel über mir und unter mir die Wellen.
Ein ſchöner Traum, indeſſen ſie entweicht.
Ach! zu des Geiſtes Flügeln wird ſo leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel ſich geſellen.
Doch iſt es jedem eingeboren,
Daß ſein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts dringt,
Wenn über uns im blauen Raum verloren,
Ihr ſchmetternd Lied die Lerche ſingt;
Wenn über ſchroffen Fichtenhöhen
Der Adler ausgebreitet ſchwebt,
Und über Flächen, über Seen,
Der Kranich nach der Heimath ſtrebt.

Wagner.

Ich hatte ſelbſt oft grillenhafte Stunden,
Doch ſolchen Trieb hab' ich noch nie empfunden.
Man ſieht ſich leicht an Wald und Feldern ſatt,
Des Vogels Fittich werd' ich nie beneiden.
Wie anders tragen uns die Geiſtesfreuden,
Von Buch zu Buch, von Blatt zu Blatt!
Da werden Winternächte hold und ſchön,
Ein ſelig Leben wärmet alle Glieder,
Und ach! entrollſt du gar ein würdig Pergamen,
So ſteigt der ganze Himmel zu dir nieder.

Fauſt.

Du biſt dir nur des einen Triebs bewußt;
O lerne nie den andern kennen!
Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Bruſt,
Die eine will ſich von der andern trennen;
Die eine hält, in derber Liebesluſt,
Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen;
Die andre hebt gewaltſam ſich vom Duſt
Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen.
O gibt es Geiſter in der Luft,
Die zwiſchen Erd' und Himmel herrſchend weben,
So ſteiget nieder aus dem goldnen Duft
Und führt mich weg, zu neuem buntem Leben!
Ja, wäre nur ein Zaubermantel mein!
Und trüg' er mich in fremde Länder,
Mir ſollt' er um die köſtlichſten Gewänder,
Nicht feil um einen Königsmantel ſein.

Wagner.

Berufe nicht die wohlbekannte Schaar,
Die ſtrömend ſich im Dunſtkreis überbreitet,

Dem Menſchen tauſendfältige Gefahr,
Von allen Enden her, bereitet.
Vom Norden dringt der ſcharfe Geiſterzahn
Auf dich herbei, mit pfeilgeſpitzten Zungen;
Von Morgen ziehn, vertrocknend, ſie heran,
Und nähren ſich von deinen Lungen;
Wenn ſie der Mittag aus der Wüſte ſchickt,
Die Gluth auf Gluth um deinen Scheitel häufen,
So bringt der Weſt den Schwarm, der erſt erquickt,
Um dich und Feld und Aue zu erſäufen.
Sie hören gern, zum Schaden froh gewandt,
Gehorchen gern, weil ſie uns gern betrügen,
Sie ſtellen wie vom Himmel ſich geſandt,
Und liſpeln engliſch, wenn ſie lügen.
Doch gehen wir! Ergraut iſt ſchon die Welt,
Die Luft gekühlt, der Nebel fällt!
Am Abend ſchätzt man erſt das Haus. —
Was ſtehſt du ſo und blickſt erſtaunt hinaus?
Was kann dich in der Dämmrung ſo ergreifen?

Fauſt.

Siehſt du den ſchwarzen Hund durch Saat und Stoppel ſtreifen?

Wagner.

Ich ſah ihn lange ſchon, nicht wichtig ſchien er mir.

Fauſt.

Betracht' ihn recht! Für was hältſt du das Thier?

Wagner.

Für einen Pudel, der auf ſeine Weiſe
Sich auf der Spur des Herren plagt.

Fauſt.

Bemerkſt du, wie in weitem Schneckenkreiſe
Er um uns her und immer näher jagt?
Und irr' ich nicht, ſo zieht ein Feuerſtrudel
1155 Auf ſeinen Pfaden hinterdrein.

Wagner.

Ich ſehe nichts als einen ſchwarzen Pudel;
Es mag bei euch wohl Augentäuſchung ſein.

Fauſt.

Mir ſcheint es, daß er magiſch leiſe Schlingen
Zu künft'gem Band um unſre Füße zieht.

Wagner.

1160 Ich ſeh' ihn ungewiß und furchtſam uns umſpringen,
Weil er, ſtatt ſeines Herrn, zwei Unbekannte ſieht.

Fauſt.

Der Kreis wird eng, ſchon iſt er nah!

Wagner.

Du ſiehſt! ein Hund, und kein Geſpenſt iſt da.
Er knurrt und zweifelt, legt ſich auf den Bauch,
1165 Er wedelt. Alles Hunde Brauch.

Fauſt.

Geſelle dich zu uns! Komm hier!

Wagner.

Es iſt ein pudelnärriſch Thier.
Du ſteheſt ſtill, er wartet auf;
Du ſprichſt ihn an, er ſtrebt an dir hinauf;

Verliere was, er wird es bringen,
Nach deinem Stock in's Waſſer ſpringen.

Fauſt.

Du haſt wohl Recht; ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geiſt, und alles iſt Dreſſur.

Wagner.

Dem Hunde, wenn er gut gezogen,
Wird ſelbſt ein weiſer Mann gewogen.
Ja, deine Gunſt verdient er ganz und gar,
Er der Studenten trefflicher Scolar.

Sie gehen in das Stadt-Thor

Studirzimmer.

Fauſt mit dem Pudel hereintretend.

Fauſt.

Verlaſſen hab' ich Feld und Auen,
Die eine tiefe Nacht bedeckt,
Mit ahnungsvollem heil'gem Grauen
In uns die beſſ're Seele weckt.
Entſchlafen ſind nun wilde Triebe,
Mit jedem ungeſtümen Thun;
Es reget ſich die Menſchenliebe,
Die Liebe Gottes regt ſich nun.

Sei ruhig Pudel! renne nicht hin und wieder!
An der Schwelle was ſchnoperſt du hier?
Lege dich hinter den Ofen nieder,
Mein beſtes Kiſſen geb' ich dir.
Wie du draußen auf dem bergigen Wege
Durch Rennen und Springen ergetzt uns haſt,
So nimm nun auch von mir die Pflege,
Als ein willkommner ſtiller Gaſt.

Ach wenn in unſrer engen Zelle
Die Lampe freundlich wieder brennt,
Dann wird's in unſerm Buſen helle,
Im Herzen, das ſich ſelber kennt.

Vernunft fängt wieder an zu ſprechen,
Und Hoffnung wieder an zu blühn;
Man ſehnt ſich nach des Lebens Bächen,
Ach! nach des Lebens Quelle hin.

Knurre nicht Pudel! Zu den heiligen Tönen,
Die jetzt meine ganze Seel' umfaſſen,
Will der thieriſche Laut nicht paſſen.
Wir ſind gewohnt, daß die Menſchen verhöhnen
Was ſie nicht verſtehn,
Daß ſie vor dem Guten und Schönen,
Das ihnen oft beſchwerlich iſt, murren;
Will es der Hund, wie ſie, beknurren?

Aber ach! ſchon fühl' ich bei dem beſten Willen,
Befriedigung nicht mehr aus dem Buſen quillen.
Aber warum muß der Strom ſo bald verſiegen,
Und wir wieder im Durſte liegen?
Davon hab' ich ſo viel Erfahrung.
Doch dieſer Mangel läßt ſich erſetzen,
Wir lernen das Überirdiſche ſchätzen,
Wir ſehnen uns nach Offenbarung,
Die nirgends würd'ger und ſchöner brennt,
Als in dem neuen Teſtament.
Mich drängt's den Grundtext aufzuſchlagen,
Mit redlichem Gefühl einmal
Das heilige Original
In mein geliebtes Deutſch zu übertragen.

Er ſchlägt ein Volum auf und ſchickt ſich an.

Geſchrieben ſteht: „im Anfang war das Wort!“
Hier ſtock' ich ſchon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?

Ich kann das Wort ſo hoch unmöglich ſchätzen,
Ich muß es anders überſetzen,
Wenn ich vom Geiſte recht erleuchtet bin.
Geſchrieben ſteht: im Anfang war der Sinn.
Bedenke wohl die erſte Zeile,
Daß deine Feder ſich nicht übereile!
Iſt es der Sinn, der alles wirkt und ſchafft?
Es ſollte ſtehn: im Anfang war die Kraft!
Doch, auch indem ich dieſes niederſchreibe,
Schon warnt mich was, daß ich dabei nicht bleibe.
Mir hilft der Geiſt! Auf einmal ſeh' ich Rath
Und ſchreibe getroſt: im Anfang war die That!

Soll ich mit dir das Zimmer theilen,
Pudel, ſo laß das Heulen,
So laß das Bellen!
Solch einen ſtörenden Geſellen
Mag ich nicht in der Nähe leiden.
Einer von uns beiden
Muß die Zelle meiden.
Ungern heb' ich das Gaſtrecht auf,
Die Thür iſt offen, haſt freien Lauf.
Aber was muß ich ſehen!
Kann das natürlich geſchehen?
Iſt es Schatten? iſt's Wirklichkeit?
Wie wird mein Pudel lang und breit!
Er hebt ſich mit Gewalt,
Das iſt nicht eines Hundes Geſtalt!
Welch ein Geſpenſt bracht' ich in's Haus!
Schon ſieht er wie ein Nilpferd aus,
Mit feurigen Augen, ſchrecklichem Gebiß.

O! du biſt mir gewiß!
Für ſolche halbe Höllenbrut
Iſt Salomonis Schlüſſel gut.

Geiſter auf dem Gange.

Drinnen gefangen iſt einer!
Bleibet haußen, folg' ihm keiner!
Wie im Eiſen der Fuchs
Zagt ein alter Höllenluchs.
Aber gebt Acht!
Schwebet hin, ſchwebet wieder,
Auf und nieder,
Und er hat ſich losgemacht.
Könnt ihr ihm nützen,
Laßt ihn nicht ſitzen!
Denn er that uns allen
Schon viel zu Gefallen.

Fauſt.

Erſt zu begegnen dem Thiere,
Brauch' ich den Spruch der Viere:

Salamander ſoll glühen,
Undene ſich winden, [illegible]
Sylphe verſchwinden,
Kobold ſich mühen.

Wer ſie nicht kennte
Die Elemente,
Ihre Kraft
Und Eigenſchaft,
Wäre kein Meiſter
Über die Geiſter.

Verſchwind' in Flammen
Salamander!
Rauſchend fließe zuſammen
Undene!
Leucht' in Meteoren-Schöne
Sylphe!
Bring' häusliche Hülfe
Incubus! incubus!
Tritt hervor und mache den Schluß.

Keines der Viere
Steckt in dem Thiere.
Es liegt ganz ruhig und grinſ't mich an;
Ich hab' ihm noch nicht weh gethan.
Du ſollſt mich hören
Stärker beſchwören.

Biſt du Geſelle
Ein Flüchtling der Hölle?
So ſieh dieß Zeichen!
Dem ſie ſich beugen
Die ſchwarzen Schaaren.

Schon ſchwillt es auf mit borſtigen Haaren.

Verworfnes Weſen!
Kannſt du ihn leſen?
Den nie Entſproſſ'nen,
Unausgeſprochnen,
Durch alle Himmel Gegoſſ'nen
Freventlich Durchſtochnen?

Hinter den Ofen gebannt
Schwillt es wie ein Elephant,
Den ganzen Raum füllt es an,
Es will zum Nebel zerfließen.
Steige nicht zur Decke hinan!
Lege dich zu des Meiſters Füßen!
Du ſiehſt daß ich nicht vergebens drohe.
Ich verſenge dich mit heiliger Lohe!
Erwarte nicht
Das dreimal glühende Licht!
Erwarte nicht
Die ſtärkſte von meinen Künſten!

Mephiſtopheles tritt, indem der Nebel fällt, gekleidet wie ein fahrender Scholaſticus, hinter dem Ofen hervor.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wozu der Lärm? was ſteht dem Herrn zu Dienſten?

Fauſt.

Das alſo war des Pudels Kern!
Ein fahrender Scolaſt? Der Caſus macht mich lachen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich ſalutire den gelehrten Herrn!
Ihr habt mich weidlich ſchwitzen machen.

Fauſt.

Wie nennſt du dich?

Mephiſtopheles.

Die Frage ſcheint mir klein
Für einen der das Wort ſo ſehr verachtet,
Der, weit entfernt von allem Schein,
Nur in der Weſen Tiefe trachtet.

Fauſt.

Bei euch, ihr Herrn, kann man das Weſen
Gewöhnlich aus dem Namen leſen,
Wo es ſich allzudeutlich weiſ't,
Wenn man euch Fliegengott, Verderber, Lügner heißt.
Nun gut, wer biſt du denn?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ein Theil von jener Kraft,
Die ſtets das Böſe will und ſtets das Gute ſchafft.

Fauſt.

Was iſt mit dieſem Räthſelwort gemeint?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich bin der Geiſt der ſtets verneint!
Und das mit Recht; denn alles was entſteht
Iſt werth daß es zu Grunde geht;
Drum beſſer wär's daß nichts entſtünde.
So iſt denn alles was ihr Sünde,
Zerſtörung, kurz das Böſe nennt,
Mein eigentliches Element.

Fauſt.

Du nennſt dich einen Theil, und ſtehſt doch ganz vor mir.

Mephiſtopheles.

Beſcheidne Wahrheit ſprech' ich dir.
Wenn ſich der Menſch, die kleine Narrenwelt,
Gewöhnlich für ein Ganzes hält;
Ich bin ein Theil des Theils, der Anfangs alles war,
Ein Theil der Finſterniß, die ſich das Licht gebar,

Das ſtolze Licht, das nun der Mutter Nacht
Den alten Rang, den Raum ihr ſtreitig macht,
Und doch gelingt's ihm nicht, da es, ſo viel es ſtrebt,
Verhaftet an den Körpern klebt.
Von Körpern ſtrömt's, die Körper macht es ſchön, 1355
Ein Körper hemmt's auf ſeinem Gange,
So, hoff' ich, dauert es nicht lange
Und mit den Körpern wird's zu Grunde gehn.

Fauſt.

Nun kenn' ich deine würd'gen Pflichten!
Du kannſt im Großen nichts vernichten, 1360
Und fängſt es nun im Kleinen an.

Mephiſtopheles.

Und freilich iſt nicht viel damit gethan.
Was ſich dem Nichts entgegenſtellt,
Das Etwas, dieſe plumpe Welt,
So viel als ich ſchon unternommen, 1365
Ich wußte nicht ihr beizukommen,
Mit Wellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand,
Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land!
Und dem verdammten Zeug, der Thier- und Menſchenbrut,
Dem iſt nun gar nichts anzuhaben. 1370
Wie viele hab' ich ſchon begraben!
Und immer circulirt ein neues friſches Blut.
So geht es fort, man möchte raſend werden!
Der Luft, dem Waſſer, wie der Erden
Entwinden tauſend Keime ſich, 1375
Im Trocknen, Feuchten, Warmen, Kalten!
Hätt' ich mir nicht die Flamme vorbehalten,
Ich hätte nichts Aparts für mich.

Fauſt.

So ſetzeſt du der ewig regen,
Der heilſam ſchaffenden Gewalt
Die kalte Teufelsfauſt entgegen,
Die ſich vergebens tückiſch ballt!
Was Anders ſuche zu beginnen
Des Chaos wunderlicher Sohn!

Mephiſtopheles.

Wir wollen wirklich uns beſinnen,
Die nächſtenmale mehr davon!
Dürft' ich wohl dießmal mich entfernen?

Fauſt.

Ich ſehe nicht warum du fragſt.
Ich habe jetzt dich kennen lernen,
Beſuche nun mich wie du magſt.
Hier iſt das Fenſter, hier die Thüre,
Ein Rauchfang iſt dir auch gewiß.

Mephiſtopheles.

Geſteh' ich's nur! Daß ich hinausſpaziere
Verbietet mir ein kleines Hinderniß,
Der Drudenfuß auf eurer Schwelle —

Fauſt.

Das Pentagramma macht dir Pein?
Ei ſage mir, du Sohn der Hölle,
Wenn das dich bannt, wie kamſt du denn herein?
Wie ward ein ſolcher Geiſt betrogen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Beſchaut es recht! es iſt nicht gut gezogen;

Der eine Winkel, der nach außen zu,
Iſt, wie du ſiehſt, ein wenig offen.

Fauſt.

Das hat der Zufall gut getroffen!
Und mein Gefangner wärſt denn du?
Das iſt von ungefähr gelungen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Der Pudel merkte nichts als er hereingeſprungen,
Die Sache ſieht jetzt anders aus;
Der Teufel kann nicht aus dem Haus.

Fauſt.

Doch warum gehſt du nicht durch's Fenſter?

Mephiſtopheles.

's iſt ein Geſetz der Teufel und Geſpenſter:
Wo ſie hereingeſchlüpft, da müſſen ſie hinaus.
Das Erſte ſteht uns frei, bei'm Zweiten ſind wir Knechte.

Fauſt.

Die Hölle ſelbſt hat ihre Rechte?
Das find' ich gut, da ließe ſich ein Pact,
Und ſicher wohl, mit euch ihr Herren ſchließen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Was man verſpricht, das ſollſt du rein genießen,
Dir wird davon nichts abgezwackt.
Doch das iſt nicht ſo kurz zu faſſen,
Und wir beſprechen das zunächſt;
Doch jetzo bitt' ich, hoch und höchſt,
Für dieſesmal mich zu entlaſſen.

Fauſt.

So bleibe doch noch einen Augenblick,
Um mir erſt gute Mähr' zu ſagen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Jetzt laß mich los! ich komme bald zurück;
Dann magſt du nach Belieben fragen.

Fauſt.

Ich habe dir nicht nachgeſtellt,
Biſt du doch ſelbſt in's Garn gegangen.
Den Teufel halte wer ihn hält!
Er wird ihn nicht ſobald zum zweitenmale fangen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wenn dir's beliebt, ſo bin ich auch bereit
Dir zur Geſellſchaft hier zu bleiben;
Doch mit Bedingniß, dir die Zeit,
Durch meine Künſte, würdig zu vertreiben.

Fauſt.

Ich ſeh' es gern, das ſteht dir frei;
Nur daß die Kunſt gefällig ſei!

Mephiſtopheles.

Du wirſt, mein Freund, für deine Sinnen,
In dieſer Stunde mehr gewinnen,
Als in des Jahres Einerlei.
Was dir die zarten Geiſter ſingen,
Die ſchönen Bilder, die ſie bringen,
Sind nicht ein leeres Zauberſpiel.
Auch dein Geruch wird ſich ergetzen,

Dann wirſt du deinen Gaumen letzen,
Und dann entzückt ſich dein Gefühl.
Bereitung braucht es nicht voran,
Beiſammen ſind wir, fanget an!

Geiſter.

Schwindet, ihr dunkeln
Wölbungen droben!
Reizender ſchaue
Freundlich der blaue
Äther herein!
Wären die dunkeln
Wolken zerronnen!
Sternelein funkeln,
Mildere Sonnen
Scheinen darein.
Himmliſcher Söhne
Geiſtige Schöne,
Schwankende Beugung
Schwebet vorüber.
Sehnende Neigung
Folget hinüber;
Und der Gewänder
Flatternde Bänder
Decken die Länder,
Decken die Laube,
Wo ſich für's Leben,
Tief in Gedanken,
Liebende geben.
Laube bei Laube!
Sproſſende Ranken!
Laſtende Traube

Stürzt in's Behälter
Drängender Kelter,
Stürzen in Bächen
Schäumende Weine,
Rieſeln durch reine
Edle Geſteine,
Laſſen die Höhen
Hinter ſich liegen,
Breiten zu Seen
Sich um's Genügen
Grünender Hügel.
Und das Geflügel
Schlürfet ſich Wonne,
Flieget der Sonne,
Flieget den hellen
Inſeln entgegen,
Die ſich auf Wellen
Gauklend bewegen;
Wo wir in Chören
Jauchzende hören,
Über den Auen
Tanzende ſchauen,
Die ſich im Freien
Alle zerſtreuen.
Einige klimmen
Über die Höhen,
Andere ſchwimmen
Über die Seen,
Andere ſchweben;
Alle zum Leben,
Alle zur Ferne

Liebender Sterne,
Seliger Huld.

Mephiſtopheles.

Er ſchläft! So recht, ihr luft'gen, zarten Jungen!
Ihr habt ihn treulich eingeſungen!
Für dieß Concert bin ich in eurer Schuld.
Du biſt noch nicht der Mann den Teufel feſt zu halten!
Umgaukelt ihn mit ſüßen Traumgeſtalten,
Verſenkt ihn in ein Meer des Wahns;
Doch dieſer Schwelle Zauber zu zerſpalten
Bedarf ich eines Rattenzahns.
Nicht lange brauch' ich zu beſchwören,
Schon raſchelt eine hier und wird ſogleich mich hören.

Der Herr der Ratten und der Mäuſe,
Der Fliegen, Fröſche, Wanzen, Läuſe,
Befiehlt dir dich hervor zu wagen
Und dieſe Schwelle zu benagen,
Sowie er ſie mit Öl betupft —
Da kommſt du ſchon hervorgehupft.
Nur friſch an's Werk! Die Spitze, die mich bannte,
Sie ſitzt ganz vornen an der Kante.
Noch einen Biß, ſo iſt's geſchehn. —

Nun, Fauſte, träume fort, bis wir uns wiederſehn.

Fauſt erwachend.

Bin ich denn abermals betrogen?
Verſchwindet ſo der geiſterreiche Drang,
Daß mir ein Traum den Teufel vorgelogen,
Und daß ein Pudel mir entſprang?

Studirzimmer.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Es klopft? Herein! Wer will mich wieder plagen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich bin's.

Fauſt.

Herein!

Mephiſtopheles.

Du mußt es dreimal ſagen.

Fauſt.

Herein denn!

Mephiſtopheles.

So gefällſt du mir.
Wir werden, hoff' ich, uns vertragen!
Denn dir die Grillen zu verjagen
Bin ich, als edler Junker, hier,
In rothem goldverbrämtem Kleide,
Das Mäntelchen von ſtarrer Seide,
Die Hahnenfeder auf dem Hut,
Mit einem langen ſpitzen Degen,
Und rathe nun dir, kurz und gut,
Dergleichen gleichfalls anzulegen;

Damit du, losgebunden, frei,
Erfahreſt was das Leben ſei.

Fauſt.

In jedem Kleide werd' ich wohl die Pein
Des engen Erdelebens fühlen. 1545
Ich bin zu alt, um nur zu ſpielen,
Zu jung, um ohne Wunſch zu ſein.
Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?
Entbehren ſollſt du! ſollſt entbehren!
Das iſt der ewige Geſang, 1550
Der jedem an die Ohren klingt,
Den, unſer ganzes Leben lang,
Uns heiſer jede Stunde ſingt.
Nur mit Entſetzen wach' ich Morgens auf,
Ich möchte bittre Thränen weinen, 1555
Den Tag zu ſehn, der mir in ſeinem Lauf
Nicht Einen Wunſch erfüllen wird, nicht Einen,
Der ſelbſt die Ahnung jeder Luſt
Mit eigenſinnigem Krittel mindert,
Die Schöpfung meiner regen Bruſt 1560
Mit tauſend Lebensfratzen hindert.
Auch muß ich, wenn die Nacht ſich niederſenkt,
Mich ängſtlich auf das Lager ſtrecken;
Auch da wird keine Raſt geſchenkt,
Mich werden wilde Träume ſchrecken. 1565
Der Gott, der mir im Buſen wohnt,
Kann tief mein Innerſtes erregen;
Der über allen meinen Kräften thront,
Er kann nach außen nichts bewegen;
Und ſo iſt mir das Daſein eine Laſt, 1570
Der Tod erwünſcht, das Leben mir verhaßt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Und doch iſt nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gaſt.

Fauſt.

O ſelig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den er, nach raſch durchraſ'tem Tanze,
In eines Mädchens Armen findet!
O wär' ich vor des hohen Geiſtes Kraft
Entzückt, entſeelt dahin geſunken!

Mephiſtopheles.

Und doch hat jemand einen braunen Saft,
In jener Nacht, nicht ausgetrunken.

Fauſt.

Das Spioniren, ſcheint's, iſt deine Luſt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Allwiſſend bin ich nicht; doch viel iſt mir bewußt.

Fauſt.

Wenn aus dem ſchrecklichen Gewühle
Ein ſüß bekannter Ton mich zog,
Den Reſt von kindlichem Gefühle
Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog;
So fluch' ich allem, was die Seele
Mit Lock- und Gaukelwerk umſpannt,
Und ſie in dieſe Trauerhöhle
Mit Blend- und Schmeichelkräften bannt!
Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung,
Womit der Geiſt ſich ſelbſt umfängt!
Verflucht das Blenden der Erſcheinung,
Die ſich an unſre Sinne drängt!

Verflucht was uns in Träumen heuchelt, 1595
Des Ruhms, der Namensdauer Trug!
Verflucht was als Beſitz uns ſchmeichelt,
Als Weib und Kind, als Knecht und Pflug!
Verflucht ſei Mammon, wenn mit Schätzen
Er uns zu kühnen Thaten regt, 1600
Wenn er zu müßigem Ergetzen
Die Polſter uns zurechte legt!
Fluch ſei dem Balſamſaft der Trauben!
Fluch jener höchſten Liebeshuld!
Fluch ſei der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben, 1605
Und Fluch vor allen der Geduld!

Geiſter-Chor unſichtbar.

Weh! weh!
Du haſt ſie zerſtört,
Die ſchöne Welt,
Mit mächtiger Fauſt; 1610
Sie ſtürzt, ſie zerfällt!
Ein Halbgott hat ſie zerſchlagen!
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern in's Nichts hinüber,
Und klagen 1615
Über die verlorne Schöne.
Mächtiger
Der Erdenſöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue ſie wieder, 1620
In deinem Buſen baue ſie auf!
Neuen Lebenslauf
Beginne,
Mit hellem Sinne,

Und neue Lieder
Tönen darauf!

Mephiſtopheles.

Dieß ſind die kleinen
Von den Meinen.
Höre, wie zu Luſt und Thaten
Altklug ſie rathen!
In die Welt weit,
Aus der Einſamkeit,
Wo Sinnen und Säfte ſtocken,
Wollen ſie dich locken.

Hör' auf mit deinem Gram zu ſpielen,
Der, wie ein Geier, dir am Leben frißt;
Die ſchlechteſte Geſellſchaft läßt dich fühlen,
Daß du ein Menſch mit Menſchen biſt.
Doch ſo iſt's nicht gemeint
Dich unter das Pack zu ſtoßen.
Ich bin keiner von den Großen;
Doch willſt du, mit mir vereint,
Deine Schritte durch's Leben nehmen,
So will ich mich gern bequemen
Dein zu ſein, auf der Stelle.
Ich bin dein Geſelle
Und, mach' ich dir's recht,
Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht!

Fauſt.

Und was ſoll ich dagegen dir erfüllen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Dazu haſt du noch eine lange Friſt.

Fauſt.

Nein, nein! der Teufel iſt ein Egoiſt
Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes Willen
Was einem andern nützlich iſt.
Sprich die Bedingung deutlich aus;
Ein ſolcher Diener bringt Gefahr in's Haus. 1655

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich will mich hier zu deinem Dienſt verbinden,
Auf deinen Wink nicht raſten und nicht ruhn;
Wenn wir uns drüben wieder finden,
So ſollſt du mir das Gleiche thun.

Fauſt.

Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern; 1660
Schlägſt du erſt dieſe Welt zu Trümmern,
Die andre mag darnach entſtehn.
Aus dieſer Erde quillen meine Freuden,
Und dieſe Sonne ſcheinet meinen Leiden;
Kann ich mich erſt von ihnen ſcheiden, 1665
Dann mag was will und kann geſchehn.
Davon will ich nichts weiter hören,
Ob man auch künftig haßt und liebt,
Und ob es auch in jenen Sphären
Ein Oben oder Unten gibt. 1670

Mephiſtopheles.

In dieſem Sinne kannſt du's wagen.
Verbinde dich; du ſollſt, in dieſen Tagen,
Mit Freuden meine Künſte ſehn,
Ich gebe dir was noch kein Menſch geſehn.

Fauſt.

Was willſt du armer Teufel geben?
Ward eines Menſchen Geiſt, in ſeinem hohen Streben,
Von Deinesgleichen je gefaßt?
Doch haſt du Speiſe die nicht ſättigt, haſt
Du rothes Gold, das ohne Raſt,
Queckſilber gleich, dir in der Hand zerrinnt,
Ein Spiel, bei dem man nie gewinnt,
Ein Mädchen, das an meiner Bruſt
Mit Äugeln ſchon dem Nachbar ſich verbindet,
Der Ehre ſchöne Götterluſt,
Die, wie ein Meteor, verſchwindet?
Zeig' mir die Frucht die fault, eh' man ſie bricht,
Und Bäume die ſich täglich neu begrünen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ein ſolcher Auftrag ſchreckt mich nicht,
Mit ſolchen Schätzen kann ich dienen.
Doch, guter Freund, die Zeit kommt auch heran
Wo wir was Guts in Ruhe ſchmauſen mögen.

Fauſt.

Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So ſei es gleich um mich gethan!
Kannſt du mich ſchmeichelnd je belügen
Daß ich mir ſelbſt gefallen mag,
Kannſt du mich mit Genuß betrügen;
Das ſei für mich der letzte Tag!
Die Wette biet' ich!

Mephiſtopheles.

Top!

Fauſt.

Und Schlag auf Schlag!
Werd' ich zum Augenblicke ſagen:
Verweile doch! du biſt ſo ſchön! 1700
Dann magſt du mich in Feſſeln ſchlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Todtenglocke ſchallen,
Dann biſt du deines Dienſtes frei,
Die Uhr mag ſtehn, der Zeiger fallen, 1705
Es ſei die Zeit für mich vorbei!

Mephiſtopheles.

Bedenk' es wohl, wir werden's nicht vergeſſen.

Fauſt.

Dazu haſt du ein volles Recht,
Ich habe mich nicht freventlich vermeſſen.
Wie ich beharre bin ich Knecht, 1710
Ob dein, was frag' ich, oder weſſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich werde heute gleich, bei'm Doctorſchmaus,
Als Diener, meine Pflicht erfüllen.
Nur eins! — Um Lebens oder Sterbens willen,
Bitt' ich mir ein paar Zeilen aus. 1715

Fauſt.

Auch was Geſchriebnes forderſt du Pedant?
Haſt du noch keinen Mann, nicht Mannes-Wort gekannt?
Iſt's nicht genug, daß mein geſprochnes Wort
Auf ewig ſoll mit meinen Tagen ſchalten?
Raſ't nicht die Welt in allen Strömen fort, 1720
Und mich ſoll ein Verſprechen halten?

Doch dieſer Wahn iſt uns in's Herz gelegt,
Wer mag ſich gern davon befreien?
Beglückt wer Treue rein im Buſen trägt,
Kein Opfer wird ihn je gereuen!
Allein ein Pergament, beſchrieben und beprägt,
Iſt ein Geſpenſt, vor dem ſich alle ſcheuen.
Das Wort erſtirbt ſchon in der Feder,
Die Herrſchaft führen Wachs und Leder.
Was willſt du böſer Geiſt von mir?
Erz, Marmor, Pergament, Papier?
Soll ich mit Griffel, Meißel, Feder ſchreiben?
Ich gebe jede Wahl dir frei.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie magſt du deine Rednerei
Nur gleich ſo hitzig übertreiben?
Iſt doch ein jedes Blättchen gut.
Du unterzeichneſt dich mit einem Tröpfchen Blut.

Fauſt.

Wenn dieß dir völlig G'nüge thut,
So mag es bei der Fratze bleiben.

Mephiſtopheles.

Blut iſt ein ganz beſondrer Saft.

Fauſt.

Nur keine Furcht, daß ich dieß Bündniß breche!
Das Streben meiner ganzen Kraft
Iſt g'rade das was ich verſpreche.
Ich habe mich zu hoch gebläht;
In deinen Rang gehör' ich nur.
Der große Geiſt hat mich verſchmäht,

Vor mir verſchließt ſich die Natur.
Des Denkens Faden iſt zerriſſen,
Mir ekelt lange vor allem Wiſſen.
Laß in den Tiefen der Sinnlichkeit
Uns glühende Leidenſchaften ſtillen!
In undurchdrungnen Zauberhüllen
Sei jedes Wunder gleich bereit!
Stürzen wir uns in das Rauſchen der Zeit,
In's Rollen der Begebenheit!
Da mag denn Schmerz und Genuß,
Gelingen und Verdruß,
Mit einander wechſeln wie es kann;
Nur raſtlos bethätigt ſich der Mann.

Mephiſtopheles.

Euch iſt kein Maß und Ziel geſetzt.
Beliebt's euch überall zu naſchen,
Im Fliehen etwas zu erhaſchen,
Bekomm' euch wohl was euch ergetzt!
Nur greift mir zu und ſeid nicht blöde.

Fauſt.

Du höreſt ja, von Freud' iſt nicht die Rede.
Dem Taumel weih' ich mich, dem ſchmerzlichſten Genuß,
Verliebtem Haß, erquickendem Verdruß.
Mein Buſen, der vom Wiſſensdrang geheilt iſt,
Soll keinen Schmerzen künftig ſich verſchließen,
Und was der ganzen Menſchheit zugetheilt iſt,
Will ich in meinem innern Selbſt genießen,
Mit meinem Geiſt das Höchſt' und Tiefſte greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Buſen häufen,
Und ſo mein eigen Selbſt zu ihrem Selbſt erweitern,
Und, wie ſie ſelbſt, am End' auch ich zerſcheitern.

Mephiſtopheles.

O glaube mir, der manche tauſend Jahre
An dieſer harten Speiſe kaut,
Daß von der Wiege bis zur Bahre
Kein Menſch den alten Sauerteig verdaut!
Glaub' unſer einem, dieſes Ganze
Iſt nur für einen Gott gemacht!
Er findet ſich in einem ew'gen Glanze,
Uns hat er in die Finſterniß gebracht,
Und euch taugt einzig Tag und Nacht.

Fauſt.

Allein ich will!

Mephiſtopheles.

Das läßt ſich hören!
Doch nur vor Einem iſt mir bang;
Die Zeit iſt kurz, die Kunſt iſt lang.
Ich dächt', ihr ließet euch belehren.
Aſſociirt euch mit einem Poeten,
Laßt den Herrn in Gedanken ſchweifen,
Und alle edlen Qualitäten
Auf euren Ehren-Scheitel häufen,
Des Löwen Muth,
Des Hirſches Schnelligkeit,
Des Italieners feurig Blut,
Des Nordens Daurbarkeit;
Laßt ihn euch das Geheimniß finden,
Großmuth und Argliſt zu verbinden,
Und euch, mit warmen Jugendtrieben,
Nach einem Plane, zu verlieben.
Möchte ſelbſt ſolch einen Herren kennen,
Würd' ihn Herrn Mikrokosmus nennen.

Fauſt.

Was bin ich denn, wenn es nicht möglich iſt
Der Menſchheit Krone zu erringen,
Nach der ſich alle Sinne dringen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Du biſt am Ende — was du biſt.
Setz' dir Perrücken auf von Millionen Locken,
Setz' deinen Fuß auf ellenhohe Socken,
Du bleibſt doch immer was du biſt.

Fauſt.

Ich fühl's, vergebens hab' ich alle Schätze
Des Menſchengeiſts auf mich herbeigerafft,
Und wenn ich mich am Ende niederſetze,
Quillt innerlich doch keine neue Kraft;
Ich bin nicht um ein Haar breit höher,
Bin dem Unendlichen nicht näher.

Mephiſtopheles.

Mein guter Herr, ihr ſeht die Sachen,
Wie man die Sachen eben ſieht;
Wir müſſen das geſcheidter machen,
Eh' uns des Lebens Freude flieht.
Was Henker! freilich Händ' und Füße
Und Kopf und H—— die ſind dein;
Doch alles, was ich friſch genieße,
Iſt das drum weniger mein?
Wenn ich ſechs Hengſte zahlen kann,
Sind ihre Kräfte nicht die meine?
Ich renne zu und bin ein rechter Mann,
Als hätt' ich vier und zwanzig Beine.

Drum friſch! Laß alles Sinnen ſein,
Und g'rad' mit in die Welt hinein!
Ich ſag' es dir: ein Kerl, der ſpeculirt,
Iſt wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Heide
Von einem böſen Geiſt im Kreis herum geführt,
Und rings umher liegt ſchöne grüne Weide.

Fauſt.

Wie fangen wir das an?

Mephiſtopheles.

Wir gehen eben fort.
Was iſt das für ein Marterort?
Was heißt das für ein Leben führen,
Sich und die Jungens ennuyiren?
Laß du das dem Herrn Nachbar Wanſt!
Was willſt du dich das Stroh zu dreſchen plagen?
Das Beſte, was du wiſſen kannſt,
Darfſt du den Buben doch nicht ſagen.
Gleich hör' ich einen auf dem Gange!

Fauſt.

Mir iſt's nicht möglich ihn zu ſehn.

Mephiſtopheles.

Der arme Knabe wartet lange,
Der darf nicht ungetröſtet gehn.
Komm, gib mir deinen Rock und Mütze;
Die Maske muß mir köſtlich ſtehn.

Er kleidet ſich um.

Nun überlaß es meinem Witze!
Ich brauche nur ein Viertelſtündchen Zeit;
Indeſſen mache dich zur ſchönen Fahrt bereit!

Fauſt ab.

Mephiſtopheles in Fauſt's langem Kleide.

Verachte nur Vernunft und Wiſſenſchaft,
Des Menſchen allerhöchſte Kraft,
Laß nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken
Dich von dem Lügengeiſt beſtärken,
So hab' ich dich ſchon unbedingt — 1855
Ihm hat das Schickſal einen Geiſt gegeben,
Der ungebändigt immer vorwärts dringt,
Und deſſen übereiltes Streben
Der Erde Freuden überſpringt.
Den ſchlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben, 1860
Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,
Er ſoll mir zappeln, ſtarren, kleben,
Und ſeiner Unerſättlichkeit
Soll Speiſ' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen ſchweben;
Er wird Erquickung ſich umſonſt erflehn, 1865
Und hätt' er ſich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben,
Er müßte doch zu Grunde gehn.

Ein **Schüler** tritt auf.

Schüler.

Ich bin allhier erſt kurze Zeit,
Und komme voll Ergebenheit,
Einen Mann zu ſprechen und zu kennen, 1870
Den alle mir mit Ehrfurcht nennen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Eure Höflichkeit erfreut mich ſehr!
Ihr ſeht einen Mann wie andre mehr.
Habt ihr euch ſonſt ſchon umgethan?

Schüler.

1875 Ich bitt' euch, nehmt euch meiner an!
Ich komme mit allem guten Muth,
Leidlichem Geld und friſchem Blut;
Meine Mutter wollte mich kaum entfernen;
Möchte gern was Rechts hieraußen lernen.

Mephiſtopheles.

1880 Da ſeid ihr eben recht am Ort.

Schüler.

Aufrichtig, möchte ſchon wieder fort:
In dieſen Mauern, dieſen Hallen,
Will es mir keineswegs gefallen.
Es iſt ein gar beſchränkter Raum,
1885 Man ſieht nichts Grünes, keinen Baum,
Und in den Sälen, auf den Bänken,
Vergeht mir Hören, Sehn und Denken.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das kommt nur auf Gewohnheit an.
So nimmt ein Kind der Mutter Bruſt
1890 Nicht gleich im Anfang willig an,
Doch bald ernährt es ſich mit Luſt.
So wird's euch an der Weisheit Brüſten
Mit jedem Tage mehr gelüſten.

Schüler.

An ihrem Hals will ich mit Freuden hangen;
1895 Doch ſagt mir nur, wie kann ich hingelangen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Erklärt euch, eh' ihr weiter geht,
Was wählt ihr für eine Facultät?

Schüler.

Ich wünſchte recht gelehrt zu werden,
Und möchte gern was auf der Erden
Und in dem Himmel iſt erfaſſen, 1900
Die Wiſſenſchaft und die Natur.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da ſeid ihr auf der rechten Spur;
Doch müßt ihr euch nicht zerſtreuen laſſen.

Schüler.

Ich bin dabei mit Seel' und Leib;
Doch freilich würde mir behagen 1905
Ein wenig Freiheit und Zeitvertreib
An ſchönen Sommerfeiertagen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gebraucht der Zeit, ſie geht ſo ſchnell von hinnen,
Doch Ordnung lehrt euch Zeit gewinnen.
Mein theurer Freund, ich rath' euch drum 1910
Zuerſt Collegium Logicum.
Da wird der Geiſt euch wohl dreſſirt,
In ſpaniſche Stiefeln eingeſchnürt,
Daß er bedächtiger ſo fortan
Hinſchleiche die Gedankenbahn, 1915
Und nicht etwa, die Kreuz und Quer,
Irrlichtelire hin und her.
Dann lehret man euch manchen Tag,
Daß, was ihr ſonſt auf Einen Schlag
Getrieben, wie Eſſen und Trinken frei, 1920
Eins! Zwei! Drei! dazu nöthig ſei.
Zwar iſt's mit der Gedanken-Fabrik

Wie mit einem Weber-Meiſterſtück,
Wo Ein Tritt tauſend Fäden regt,
Die Schifflein herüber hinüber ſchießen,
Die Fäden ungeſehen fließen,
Ein Schlag tauſend Verbindungen ſchlägt:
Der Philoſoph der tritt herein,
Und beweiſ't euch, es müßt' ſo ſein:
Das Erſt' wär' ſo, das Zweite ſo,
Und drum das Dritt' und Vierte ſo;
Und wenn das Erſt' und Zweit' nicht wär',
Das Dritt' und Viert' wär' nimmermehr.
Das preiſen die Schüler aller Orten,
Sind aber keine Weber geworden.
Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beſchreiben,
Sucht erſt den Geiſt heraus zu treiben,
Dann hat er die Theile in ſeiner Hand,
Fehlt leider! nur das geiſtige Band.
Encheiresin naturae nennt's die Chemie,
Spottet ihrer ſelbſt und weiß nicht wie.

Schüler.

Kann euch nicht eben ganz verſtehen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das wird nächſtens ſchon beſſer gehen,
Wenn ihr lernt alles reduciren
Und gehörig claſſificiren.

Schüler.

Mir wird von alle dem ſo dumm,
Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nachher, vor allen andern Sachen,
Müßt ihr euch an die Metaphyſik machen!
Da ſeht daß ihr tiefſinnig faßt,
Was in des Menſchen Hirn nicht paßt;
Für was drein geht und nicht drein geht,
Ein prächtig Wort zu Dienſten ſteht.
Doch vorerſt dieſes halbe Jahr
Nehmt ja der beſten Ordnung wahr.
Fünf Stunden habt ihr jeden Tag;
Seid drinnen mit dem Glockenſchlag!
Habt euch vorher wohl präparirt,
Paragraphos wohl einſtudirt,
Damit ihr nachher beſſer ſeht,
Daß er nichts ſagt, als was im Buche ſteht;
Doch euch des Schreibens ja befleißt,
Als dictirt' euch der Heilig' Geiſt!

Schüler.

Das ſollt ihr mir nicht zweimal ſagen!
Ich denke mir wie viel es nützt;
Denn, was man ſchwarz auf weiß beſitzt,
Kann man getroſt nach Hauſe tragen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Doch wählt mir eine Facultät!

Schüler.

Zur Rechtsgelehrſamkeit kann ich mich nicht bequemen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich kann es euch ſo ſehr nicht übel nehmen,
Ich weiß wie es um dieſe Lehre ſteht.

Es erben ſich Geſetz' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;
Sie ſchleppen von Geſchlecht ſich zum Geſchlechte,
Und rücken ſacht von Ort zu Ort.
Vernunft wird Unſinn, Wohlthat Plage;
Weh dir, daß du ein Enkel biſt!
Vom Rechte, das mit uns geboren iſt,
Von dem iſt leider! nie die Frage.

Schüler.

Mein Abſcheu wird durch euch vermehrt.
O glücklich der! den ihr belehrt.
Faſt möcht' ich nun Theologie ſtudiren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich wünſchte nicht euch irre zu führen.
Was dieſe Wiſſenſchaft betrifft,
Es iſt ſo ſchwer den falſchen Weg zu meiden,
Es liegt in ihr ſo viel verborgnes Gift,
Und von der Arzenei iſt's kaum zu unterſcheiden.
Am beſten iſt's auch hier, wenn ihr nur Einen hört,
Und auf des Meiſters Worte ſchwört.
Im Ganzen — haltet euch an Worte!
Dann geht ihr durch die ſichre Pforte
Zum Tempel der Gewißheit ein.

Schüler.

Doch ein Begriff muß bei dem Worte ſein.

Mephiſtopheles.

Schon gut! Nur muß man ſich nicht allzu ängſtlich quälen;
Denn eben wo Begriffe fehlen,
Da ſtellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit ſich ein.
Mit Worten läßt ſich trefflich ſtreiten,

Mit Worten ein Syſtem bereiten,
An Worte läßt ſich trefflich glauben,
Von einem Wort läßt ſich kein Jota rauben. 2000

Schüler.

Verzeiht, ich halt' euch auf mit vielen Fragen,
Allein ich muß euch noch bemühn.
Wollt ihr mir von der Medicin
Nicht auch ein kräftig Wörtchen ſagen?
Drei Jahr iſt eine kurze Zeit, 2005
Und, Gott! das Feld iſt gar zu weit.
Wenn man einen Fingerzeig nur hat,
Läßt ſich's ſchon eher weiter fühlen.

Mephiſtopheles für ſich.

Ich bin des trocknen Tons nun ſatt,
Muß wieder recht den Teufel ſpielen. 2010

Laut.

Der Geiſt der Medicin iſt leicht zu faſſen;
Ihr durchſtudirt die groß' und kleine Welt
Um es am Ende gehn zu laſſen,
Wie's Gott gefällt.
Vergebens daß ihr ringsum wiſſenſchaftlich ſchweift, 2015
Ein jeder lernt nur was er lernen kann;
Doch der den Augenblick ergreift,
Das iſt der rechte Mann.
Ihr ſeid noch ziemlich wohlgebaut,
An Kühnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen, 2020
Und wenn ihr euch nur ſelbſt vertraut,
Vertrauen euch die andern Seelen.
Beſonders lernt die Weiber führen;

Es iſt ihr ewig Weh und Ach
2025 So tauſendfach
Aus Einem Punkte zu curiren,
Und wenn ihr halbweg ehrbar thut,
Dann habt ihr ſie all' unter'm Hut.
Ein Titel muß ſie erſt vertraulich machen,
2030 Daß eure Kunſt viel Künſte überſteigt;
Zum Willkomm' tappt ihr dann nach allen Siebenſachen,
Um die ein andrer viele Jahre ſtreicht,
Verſteht das Pülslein wohl zu drücken,
Und faſſet ſie, mit feurig ſchlauen Blicken,
2035 Wohl um die ſchlanke Hüfte frei,
Zu ſehn, wie feſt geſchnürt ſie ſei.

Schüler.

Das ſieht ſchon beſſer aus! Man ſieht doch wo und wie?

Mephiſtopheles.

Grau, theurer Freund, iſt alle Theorie,
Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.

Schüler.

2040 Ich ſchwör' euch zu, mir iſt's als wie ein Traum.
Dürft' ich euch wohl ein andermal beſchweren,
Von eurer Weisheit auf den Grund zu hören?

Mephiſtopheles.

Was ich vermag, ſoll gern geſchehn.

Schüler.

Ich kann unmöglich wieder gehn,
2045 Ich muß euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen.
Gönn' eure Gunſt mir dieſes Zeichen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Sehr wohl.

Er ſchreibt und gibt's.

Schüler lieſt.

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

Macht's ehrerbietig zu und empfiehlt ſich.

Mephiſtopheles.

Folg' nur dem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme der Schlange,
Dir wird gewiß einmal bei deiner Gottähnlichkeit bange!

Fauſt tritt auf.

Fauſt.

Wohin ſoll es nun gehn?

Mephiſtopheles.

Wohin es dir gefällt.
Wir ſehn die kleine, dann die große Welt.
Mit welcher Freude, welchem Nutzen,
Wirſt du den Curſum durchſchmarutzen!

Fauſt.

Allein bei meinem langen Bart
Fehlt mir die leichte Lebensart.
Es wird mir der Verſuch nicht glücken;
Ich wußte nie mich in die Welt zu ſchicken,
Vor andern fühl' ich mich ſo klein;
Ich werde ſtets verlegen ſein.

Mephiſtopheles.

Mein guter Freund, das wird ſich alles geben;
Sobald du dir vertrauſt, ſobald weißt du zu leben.

Fauſt.

Wie kommen wir denn aus dem Haus?
Wo haſt du Pferde, Knecht und Wagen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Wir breiten nur den Mantel aus,
Der ſoll uns durch die Lüfte tragen.
Du nimmſt bei dieſem kühnen Schritt
Nur keinen großen Bündel mit.
Ein bißchen Feuerluft, die ich bereiten werde,
Hebt uns behend von dieſer Erde.
Und ſind wir leicht, ſo geht es ſchnell hinauf;
Ich gratulire dir zum neuen Lebenslauf.

Auerbachs Keller in Leipzig.

Zeche luſtiger Geſellen.

Froſch.

Will keiner trinken? keiner lachen?
Ich will euch lehren Geſichter machen!
Ihr ſeid ja heut wie naſſes Stroh,
Und brennt ſonſt immer lichterloh.

Brander.

Das liegt an dir; du bringſt ja nichts herbei,
Nicht eine Dummheit, keine Sauerei.

Froſch.

gießt ihm ein Glas Wein über den Kopf.

Da haſt du beides!

Brander.

Doppelt Schwein!

Froſch.

Ihr wollt es ja, man ſoll es ſein!

Siebel.

Zur Thür hinaus wer ſich entzweit!
Mit offner Bruſt ſingt Runda, ſauft und ſchreit!
Auf! Holla! Ho!

Altmayer.
Weh mir, ich bin verloren!
Baumwolle her! der Kerl ſprengt mir die Ohren.
Siebel.
Wenn das Gewölbe widerſchallt,
Fühlt man erſt recht des Baſſes Grundgewalt.
Froſch.
So recht, hinaus mit dem der etwas übel nimmt!
A! tara lara da!
Altmayer.
A! tara lara da!
Froſch.
Die Kehlen ſind geſtimmt.
Singt.
Das liebe heil'ge Röm'ſche Reich,
Wie hält's nur noch zuſammen?
Brander.
Ein garſtig Lied! Pfui! Ein politiſch Lied
Ein leidig Lied! Dankt Gott mit jedem Morgen,
Daß ihr nicht braucht für's Röm'ſche Reich zu ſorgen!
Ich halt' es wenigſtens für reichlichen Gewinn,
Daß ich nicht Kaiſer oder Kanzler bin.
Doch muß auch uns ein Oberhaupt nicht fehlen;
Wir wollen einen Papſt erwählen.
Ihr wißt, welch eine Qualität
Den Ausſchlag gibt, den Mann erhöht.
Froſch ſingt.
Schwing' dich auf, Frau Nachtigall,
Grüß' mir mein Liebchen zehentauſendmal.

Siebel.

Dem Liebchen keinen Gruß! ich will davon nichts hören!

Froſch.

Dem Liebchen Gruß und Kuß! du wirſt mir's nicht verwehren!

Singt.

Riegel auf! in ſtiller Nacht. 2105
Riegel auf! der Liebſte wacht.
Riegel zu! des Morgens früh.

Siebel.

Ja, ſinge, ſinge nur, und lob' und rühme ſie!
Ich will zu meiner Zeit ſchon lachen.
Sie hat mich angeführt, dir wird ſie's auch ſo machen. 2110
Zum Liebſten ſei ein Kobold ihr beſchert!
Der mag mit ihr auf einem Kreuzweg ſchäkern;
Ein alter Bock, wenn er vom Blocksberg kehrt,
Mag im Galopp noch gute Nacht ihr meckern!
Ein braver Kerl von echtem Fleiſch und Blut 2115
Iſt für die Dirne viel zu gut.
Ich will von keinem Gruße wiſſen,
Als ihr die Fenſter eingeſchmiſſen!

Brander auf den Tiſch ſchlagend.

Paßt auf! paßt auf! Gehorchet mir!
Ihr Herrn geſteht, ich weiß zu leben; 2120
Verliebte Leute ſitzen hier,
Und dieſen muß, nach Standsgebühr,
Zur guten Nacht ich was zum Beſten geben.
Gebt Acht! Ein Lied vom neuſten Schnitt!
Und ſingt den Rundreim kräftig mit! 2125

Er ſingt.

Es war eine Ratt' im Kellerneſt,
Lebte nur von Fett und Butter,
Hatte ſich ein Ränzlein angemäſt't
Als wie der Doctor Luther.
Die Köchin hatt' ihr Gift geſtellt;
Da ward's ſo eng ihr in der Welt,
Als hätte ſie Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus jauchzend.

Als hätte ſie Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie fuhr herum, ſie fuhr heraus,
Und ſoff aus allen Pfützen,
Zernagt', zerkratzt' das ganze Haus,
Wollte nichts ihr Wüthen nützen;
Sie thät gar manchen Ängſteſprung,
Bald hatte das arme Thier genung,
Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus.

Als hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.

Brander.

Sie kam vor Angſt am hellen Tag
Der Küche zugelaufen,
Fiel an den Herd und zuckt' und lag,
Und thät erbärmlich ſchnaufen.
Da lachte die Vergifterin noch:
Ha! ſie pfeift auf dem letzten Loch,
Als hätte ſie Lieb' im Leibe.

Chorus.

Als hätte ſie Lieb' im Leibe.

Siebel.

Wie ſich die platten Burſche freuen!
Es iſt mir eine rechte Kunſt,
Den armen Ratten Gift zu ſtreuen!

Brander.

Sie ſtehn wohl ſehr in deiner Gunſt?

Altmayer.

Der Schmerbauch mit der kahlen Platte!
Das Unglück macht ihn zahm und mild;
Er ſieht in der geſchwollnen Ratte
Sein ganz natürlich Ebenbild.

Fauſt und Mephiſtopheles.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich muß dich nun vor allen Dingen
In luſtige Geſellſchaft bringen,
Damit du ſiehſt wie leicht ſich's leben läßt.
Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag ein Feſt.
Mit wenig Witz und viel Behagen
Dreht jeder ſich im engen Zirkeltanz,
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz.
Wenn ſie nicht über Kopfweh klagen,
So lang der Wirth nur weiter borgt,
Sind ſie vergnügt und unbeſorgt.

Brander.

Die kommen eben von der Reiſe,
Man ſieht's an ihrer wunderlichen Weiſe;
Sie ſind nicht eine Stunde hier.

Froſch.
Wahrhaftig du haſt Recht! Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir!
Es iſt ein klein Paris, und bildet ſeine Leute.

Siebel.
Für was ſiehſt du die Fremden an?

Froſch.
Laßt mich nur gehn! Bei einem vollen Glaſe,
Zieh ich, wie einen Kinderzahn,
Den Burſchen leicht die Würmer aus der Naſe.
Sie ſcheinen mir aus einem edlen Haus,
Sie ſehen ſtolz und unzufrieden aus.

Brander.
Marktſchreier ſind's gewiß, ich wette!

Altmayer.
Vielleicht.

Froſch.
Gib Acht, ich ſchraube ſie!

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.
Den Teufel ſpürt das Völkchen nie,
Und wenn er ſie bei'm Kragen hätte!

Fauſt.
Seid uns gegrüßt, ihr Herrn!

Siebel.
Viel Dank zum Gegengruß.
Leiſe, Mephiſtopheles von der Seite anſehend.
Was hinkt der Kerl auf Einem Fuß?

Mephiſtopheles.

Iſt es erlaubt, uns auch zu euch zu ſetzen?
Statt eines guten Trunks, den man nicht haben kann,
Soll die Geſellſchaft uns ergetzen.

Altmayer.

Ihr ſcheint ein ſehr verwöhnter Mann.

Froſch.

Ihr ſeid wohl ſpät von Rippach aufgebrochen?
Habt ihr mit Herren Hans noch erſt zu Nacht geſpeiſ't?

Mephiſtopheles.

Heut ſind wir ihn vorbei gereiſ't!
Wir haben ihn das letztemal geſprochen.
Von ſeinen Vettern wußt' er viel zu ſagen,
Viel Grüße hat er uns an jeden aufgetragen.

Er neigt ſich gegen Froſch.

Altmayer leiſe.

Da haſt du's! der verſteht's!

Siebel.

Ein pfiffiger Patron!

Froſch.

Nun, warte nur, ich krieg' ihn ſchon!

Mephiſtopheles.

Wenn ich nicht irrte, hörten wir
Geübte Stimmen Chorus ſingen?
Gewiß, Geſang muß trefflich hier
Von dieſer Wölbung widerklingen!

Froſch.

Seid ihr wohl gar ein Virtuos?

Mephiſtopheles.

O nein! die Kraft iſt ſchwach, allein die Luſt iſt groß.

Altmayer.

Gebt uns ein Lied!

Mephiſtopheles.

Wenn ihr begehrt, die Menge.

Siebel.

Nur auch ein nagelneues Stück!

Mephiſtopheles.

2205 Wir kommen erſt aus Spanien zurück,
Dem ſchönen Land des Weins und der Geſänge.

Singt.

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh —

Froſch.

Horcht! Einen Floh! Habt ihr das wohl gefaßt?
2210 Ein Floh iſt mir ein ſaubrer Gaſt.

Mephiſtopheles ſingt.

Es war einmal ein König,
Der hatt' einen großen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig,
Als wie ſeinen eignen Sohn.
2215 Da rief er ſeinen Schneider,
Der Schneider kam heran:
Da, miß dem Junker Kleider,
Und miß ihm Hoſen an!

Brander.

Vergeßt nur nicht dem Schneider einzuſchärfen,
Daß er mir auf's genauſte mißt,
Und daß, ſo lieb ſein Kopf ihm iſt,
Die Hoſen keine Falten werfen!

Mephiſtopheles.

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angethan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war ſogleich Miniſter,
Und hatt' einen großen Stern.
Da wurden ſeine Geſchwiſter
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Und Herrn und Frauen am Hofe
Die waren ſehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Geſtochen und genagt,
Und durften ſie nicht knicken,
Und weg ſie jucken nicht.
Wir knicken und erſticken
Doch gleich wenn einer ſticht.

Chorus jauchzend.

Wir knicken und erſticken
Doch gleich wenn einer ſticht.

Froſch.

Bravo! Bravo! Das war ſchön!

Siebel.

So ſoll es jedem Floh ergehn!

Brander.

Spitzt die Finger und packt ſie fein!

Altmayer.

Es lebe die Freiheit! Es lebe der Wein!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich tränke gern ein Glas, die Freiheit hoch zu ehren,
Wenn eure Weine nur ein bißchen beſſer wären.

Siebel.

Wir mögen das nicht wieder hören!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich fürchte nur der Wirth beſchweret ſich;
Sonſt gäb' ich dieſen werthen Gäſten
Aus unſerm Keller was zum Beſten.

Siebel.

Nur immer her! ich nehm's auf mich.

Froſch.

Schafft ihr ein gutes Glas, ſo wollen wir euch loben.
Nur gebt nicht gar zu kleine Proben;
Denn wenn ich judiciren ſoll,
Verlang' ich auch das Maul recht voll.

Altmayer leiſe.

Sie ſind vom Rheine, wie ich ſpüre.

Mephiſtopheles.

Schafft einen Bohrer an!

Brander.

Was ſoll mit dem geſchehn?
Ihr habt doch nicht die Fäſſer vor der Thüre?

Altmayer.

Dahinten hat der Wirth ein Körbchen Werkzeug ſtehn.

Mephiſtopheles nimmt den Bohrer. Zu Froſch.

Nun ſagt, was wünſchet ihr zu ſchmecken? 2260

Froſch.

Wie meint ihr das? Habt ihr ſo mancherlei?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich ſtell' es einem jeden frei.

Altmayer zu Froſch.

Aha, du fängſt ſchon an die Lippen abzulecken.

Froſch.

Gut, wenn ich wählen ſoll, ſo will ich Rheinwein haben.
Das Vaterland verleiht die allerbeſten Gaben. 2265

Mephiſtopheles

indem er an dem Platz, wo Froſch ſitzt, ein Loch in den Tiſchrand bohrt.

Verſchafft ein wenig Wachs, die Pfropfen gleich zu machen!

Altmayer.

Ach das ſind Taſchenſpielerſachen.

Mephiſtopheles zu Brander.

Und ihr?

Brander.

Ich will Champagner Wein,
Und recht muſſirend ſoll er ſein!

Mephiſtopheles bohrt; einer hat indeſſen die Wachspfropfen gemacht und verſtopft.

Brander.

Man kann nicht ſtets das Fremde meiden,
Das Gute liegt uns oft ſo fern.
Ein echter deutſcher Mann mag keinen Franzen leiden,
Doch ihre Weine trinkt er gern.

Siebel
indem ſich Mephiſtopheles ſeinem Platze nähert.

Ich muß geſtehn, den ſauern mag ich nicht,
Gebt mir ein Glas vom echten ſüßen!

Mephiſtopheles bohrt.

Euch ſoll ſogleich Tokayer fließen.

Altmayer.

Nein, Herren, ſeht mir in's Geſicht!
Ich ſeh' es ein, ihr habt uns nur zum Beſten.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ei! Ei! Mit ſolchen edlen Gäſten
Wär' es ein bißchen viel gewagt.
Geſchwind! Nur g'rad' heraus geſagt!
Mit welchem Weine kann ich dienen?

Altmayer.

Mit jedem. Nur nicht lang gefragt.

Nachdem die Löcher alle gebohrt und verſtopft ſind,

Mephiſtopheles mit ſeltſamen Gebärden.

Trauben trägt der Weinſtock!
Hörner der Ziegenbock;

Der Wein iſt ſaftig, Holz die Reben,
Der hölzerne Tiſch kann Wein auch geben.
Ein tiefer Blick in die Natur!
Hier iſt ein Wunder, glaubet nur!
Nun zieht die Pfropfen und genießt! 2290

Alle

indem ſie die Pfropfen ziehen, und jedem der verlangte Wein in's Glas läuft.

O ſchöner Brunnen, der uns fließt!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nur hütet euch, daß ihr mir nichts vergießt!

Sie trinken wiederholt.

Alle ſingen.

Uns iſt ganz kannibaliſch wohl,
Als wie fünfhundert Säuen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Das Volk iſt frei, ſeht an, wie wohl's ihm geht! 2295

Fauſt.

Ich hätte Luſt nun abzufahren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gib nur erſt Acht, die Beſtialität
Wird ſich gar herrlich offenbaren.

Siebel.

trinkt unvorſichtig, der Wein fließt auf die Erde und wird zur Flamme.

Helft! Feuer! Helft! Die Hölle brennt!

Mephiſtopheles die Flamme beſprechend.
Sei ruhig, freundlich Element!
Zu dem Geſellen.
Für dießmal war es nur ein Tropfen Fegefeuer.

Siebel.
Was ſoll das ſein? Wart'! Ihr bezahlt es theuer!
Es ſcheinet, daß ihr uns nicht kennt.

Froſch.
Laß Er uns das zum zweitenmale bleiben!

Altmayer.
Ich dächt', wir hießen ihn ganz ſachte ſeitwärts gehn.

Siebel.
Was Herr? Er will ſich unterſtehn,
Und hier ſein Hocuspocus treiben?

Mephiſtopheles.
Still, altes Weinfaß!

Siebel.
Beſenſtiel!
Du willſt uns gar noch grob begegnen?

Brander.
Wart' nur! Es ſollen Schläge regnen!

Altmayer
zieht einen Pfropf aus dem Tiſch, es ſpringt ihm Feuer entgegen.
Ich brenne! ich brenne!

Siebel.
Zauberei!
Stoßt zu! der Kerl iſt vogelfrei!
Sie ziehen die Meſſer und gehen auf Mephiſtopheles los.

Mephiſtopheles mit ernſthafter Gebärde.

Falſch Gebild und Wort
Verändern Sinn und Ort!
Seid hier und dort! 2315

Sie ſtehn erſtaunt und ſehn einander an.

Altmayer.

Wo bin ich? Welches ſchöne Land!

Froſch.

Weinberge! Seh' ich recht?

Siebel.

Und Trauben gleich zur Hand!

Brander.

Hier unter dieſem grünen Laube,
Seht, welch ein Stock! Seht, welche Traube!

Er faßt Siebeln bei der Naſe. Die andern thun es wechſelſeitig und heben die Meſſer.

Mephiſtopheles wie oben.

Irrthum, laß los der Augen Band! 2320
Und merkt euch wie der Teufel ſpaße.

Er verſchwindet mit **Fauſt**, die Geſellen fahren aus einander.

Siebel.

Was gibt's?

Altmayer.

Wie?

Froſch.

War das deine Naſe?

Brander zu Siebel.

Und deine hab' ich in der Hand!

Altmayer.

Es war ein Schlag, der ging durch alle Glieder!
Schafft einen Stuhl, ich ſinke nieder!

Froſch.

Nein, ſagt mir nur, was iſt geſchehn?

Siebel.

Wo iſt der Kerl? Wenn ich ihn ſpüre,
Er ſoll mir nicht lebendig gehn!

Altmayer.

Ich hab' ihn ſelbſt hinaus zur Kellerthüre —
Auf einem Faſſe reiten ſehn —
Es liegt mir bleiſchwer in den Füßen.

Sich nach dem Tiſche wendend.

Mein! Sollte wohl der Wein noch fließen?

Siebel.

Betrug war alles, Lug und Schein.

Froſch.

Mir däuchte doch als tränk' ich Wein.

Brander.

Aber wie war es mit den Trauben?

Altmayer.

Nun ſag' mir eins, man ſoll kein Wunder glauben!

Hexenküche.

Auf einem niedrigen Herde ſteht ein großer Keſſel über dem Feuer. In dem Dampfe, der davon in die Höhe ſteigt, zeigen ſich verſchiedene Geſtalten. Eine Meerkatze ſitzt bei dem Keſſel und ſchäumt ihn, und ſorgt daß er nicht überläuft. Der Meerkater mit den Jungen ſitzt darneben und wärmt ſich. Wände und Decke ſind mit dem ſeltſamſten Hexenhausrath ausgeſchmückt.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Mir widerſteht das tolle Zauberweſen;
Verſprichſt du mir, ich ſoll geneſen,
In dieſem Wuſt von Raſerei?
Verlang' ich Rath von einem alten Weibe?
Und ſchafft die Sudelköcherei
Wohl dreißig Jahre mir vom Leibe?
Weh mir, wenn du nichts Beſſers weißt!
Schon iſt die Hoffnung mir verſchwunden.
Hat die Natur und hat ein edler Geiſt
Nicht irgend einen Balſam ausgefunden?

Mephiſtopheles.

Mein Freund, nun ſprichſt du wieder klug!
Dich zu verjüngen gibt's auch ein natürlich Mittel;
Allein es ſteht in einem andern Buch,
Und iſt ein wunderlich Capitel.

Fauſt.

Ich will es wiſſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gut! Ein Mittel, ohne Geld
Und Arzt und Zauberei zu haben:
Begib dich gleich hinaus auf's Feld,
Fang' an zu hacken und zu graben,
Erhalte dich und deinen Sinn
In einem ganz beſchränkten Kreiſe,
Ernähre dich mit ungemiſchter Speiſe,
Leb' mit dem Vieh als Vieh, und acht' es nicht für Raub,
Den Acker, den du ernteſt, ſelbſt zu düngen;
Das iſt das beſte Mittel, glaub',
Auf achtzig Jahr dich zu verjüngen!

Fauſt.

Das bin ich nicht gewöhnt, ich kann mich nicht bequemen,
Den Spaten in die Hand zu nehmen.
Das enge Leben ſteht mir gar nicht an.

Mephiſtopheles.

So muß denn doch die Hexe dran.

Fauſt.

Warum denn juſt das alte Weib!
Kannſt du den Trank nicht ſelber brauen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Das wär' ein ſchöner Zeitvertreib!
Ich wollt' indeß wohl tauſend Brücken bauen.
Nicht Kunſt und Wiſſenſchaft allein,
Geduld will bei dem Werke ſein.

Ein ſtiller Geiſt iſt Jahre lang geſchäftig;
Die Zeit nur macht die feine Gährung kräftig.
Und alles was dazu gehört,
Es ſind gar wunderbare Sachen! 2375
Der Teufel hat ſie's zwar gelehrt;
Allein der Teufel kann's nicht machen.

Die Thiere erblickend.

Sieh, welch ein zierliches Geſchlecht!
Das iſt die Magd! das iſt der Knecht!

Zu den Thieren.

Es ſcheint, die Frau iſt nicht zu Hauſe? 2380

Die Thiere.

Bei'm Schmauſe,
Aus dem Haus
Zum Schornſtein hinaus!

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie lange pflegt ſie wohl zu ſchwärmen?

Die Thiere.

So lange wir uns die Pfoten wärmen. 2385

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.

Wie findeſt du die zarten Thiere?

Fauſt.

So abgeſchmackt als ich nur jemand ſah!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nein, ein Discours wie dieſer da
Iſt g'rade der den ich am liebſten führe!

Zu den Thieren.
So ſagt mir doch, verfluchte Puppen,
Was quirlt ihr in dem Brei herum?

Thiere.
Wir kochen breite Bettelſuppen.

Mephiſtopheles.
Da habt ihr ein groß Publicum.

Der Kater
macht ſich herbei und ſchmeichelt dem Mephiſtopheles.
O würfle nur gleich,
Und mache mich reich,
Und laß mich gewinnen!
Gar ſchlecht iſt's beſtellt,
Und wär' ich bei Geld,
So wär' ich bei Sinnen.

Mephiſtopheles.
Wie glücklich würde ſich der Affe ſchätzen,
Könnt' er nur auch in's Lotto ſetzen!

Indeſſen haben die jungen Meerkätzchen mit einer großen Kugel geſpielt und rollen ſie hervor.

Der Kater.
Das iſt die Welt;
Sie ſteigt und fällt
Und rollt beſtändig;
Sie klingt wie Glas;
Wie bald bricht das!
Iſt hohl inwendig.
Hier glänzt ſie ſehr,
Und hier noch mehr,

Ich bin lebendig! 2410
Mein lieber Sohn,
Halt' dich davon!
Du mußt ſterben!
Sie iſt von Thon,
Es gibt Scherben. 2415

Mephiſtopheles.

Was ſoll das Sieb?

Der Kater holt es herunter.

Wärſt du ein Dieb,
Wollt' ich dich gleich erkennen.

Er läuft zur Kätzin und läßt ſie durchſehen.

Sieh durch das Sieb!
Erkennſt du den Dieb, 2420
Und darfſt ihn nicht nennen?

Mephiſtopheles ſich dem Feuer nähernd.

Und dieſer Topf?

Kater und Kätzin.

Der alberne Tropf!
Er kennt nicht den Topf,
Er kennt nicht den Keſſel! 2425

Mephiſtopheles.

Unhöfliches Thier!

Der Kater.

Den Wedel nimm hier,
Und ſetz' dich in Seſſel!

Er nöthigt den Mephiſtopheles zu ſitzen.

Fauſt

welcher dieſe Zeit über vor einem Spiegel geſtanden, ſich ihm bald genähert, bald ſich von ihm entfernt hat.

Was ſeh' ich? Welch ein himmliſch Bild
2430 Zeigt ſich in dieſem Zauberſpiegel!
O Liebe, leihe mir den ſchnellſten deiner Flügel,
Und führe mich in ihr Gefild!
Ach wenn ich nicht auf dieſer Stelle bleibe,
Wenn ich es wage nah zu gehn,
2435 Kann ich ſie nur als wie im Nebel ſehn!
Das ſchönſte Bild von einem Weibe!
Iſt's möglich, iſt das Weib ſo ſchön?
Muß ich an dieſem hingeſtreckten Leibe
Den Inbegriff von allen Himmeln ſehn?
2440 So etwas findet ſich auf Erden?

Mephiſtopheles.

Natürlich, wenn ein Gott ſich erſt ſechs Tage plagt,
Und ſelbſt am Ende bravo ſagt,
Da muß es was Geſcheidtes werden.
Für dießmal ſieh dich immer ſatt;
2445 Ich weiß dir ſo ein Schätzchen auszuſpüren,
Und ſelig wer das gute Schickſal hat,
Als Bräutigam ſie heim zu führen!

Fauſt ſieht immerfort in den Spiegel. Mephiſtopheles, ſich in dem Seſſel dehnend und mit dem Wedel ſpielend, fährt fort zu ſprechen.

Hier ſitz' ich wie der König auf dem Throne,
Den Scepter halt' ich hier, es fehlt nur noch die Krone.

Die Thiere

welche bisher allerlei wunderliche Bewegungen durch einander gemacht haben, bringen dem Mephiſtopheles eine Krone mit großem Geſchrei.

O ſei doch ſo gut,
Mit Schweiß und mit Blut
Die Krone zu leimen!

Sie gehn ungeſchickt mit der Krone um und zerbrechen ſie in zwei Stücke mit welchen ſie herumſpringen.

Nun iſt es geſchehn!
Wir reden und ſehn,
Wir hören und reimen;

Fauſt gegen den Spiegel.

Weh mir! ich werde ſchier verrückt.

Mephiſtopheles auf die Thiere deutend.

Nun fängt mir an faſt ſelbſt der Kopf zu ſchwanken.

Die Thiere.

Und wenn es uns glückt,
Und wenn es ſich ſchickt,
So ſind es Gedanken!

Fauſt wie oben.

Mein Buſen fängt mir an zu brennen!
Entfernen wir uns nur geſchwind!

Mephiſtopheles in obiger Stellung.

Nun, wenigſtens muß man bekennen,
Daß es aufrichtige Poeten ſind.

Der Keſſel, welchen die Kätzin bisher außer Acht gelaſſen, fängt an überzulaufen; es entſteht eine große Flamme, welche zum Schornſtein hinaus ſchlägt. **Die Hexe** kommt durch die Flamme mit entſetzlichem Geſchrei herunter gefahren.

Die Hexe.

Au! Au! Au! Au!
Verdammtes Thier! Verfluchte Sau!

Verſäumſt den Keſſel, verſengſt die Frau!
Verfluchtes Thier!

Fauſt und Mephiſtopheles erblickend.

Was iſt das hier?
2470 Wer ſeid ihr hier?
Was wollt ihr da?
Wer ſchlich ſich ein?
Die Feuerpein
Euch in's Gebein!

Sie fährt mit dem Schaumlöffel in den Keſſel und ſpritzt Flammen nach Fauſt, Mephiſtopheles und den Thieren. Die Thiere winſeln.

Mephiſtopheles

welcher den Wedel, den er in der Hand hält, umkehrt und unter die Gläſer und Töpfe ſchlägt.

2475 Entzwei! entzwei!
Da liegt der Brei!
Da liegt das Glas!
Es iſt nur Spaß,
Der Tact, du Aas,
2480 Zu deiner Melodei.

Indem die Hexe voll Grimm und Entſetzen zurücktritt.

Erkennſt du mich? Gerippe! Scheuſal du!
Erkennſt du deinen Herrn und Meiſter?
Was hält mich ab, ſo ſchlag' ich zu,
Zerſchmettre dich und deine Katzen-Geiſter!
2485 Haſt du vor'm rothen Wamms nicht mehr Reſpect?
Kannſt du die Hahnenfeder nicht erkennen?
Hab' ich dieß Angeſicht verſteckt?
Soll ich mich etwa ſelber nennen?

Die Hexe.
O Herr, verzeiht den rohen Gruß!
Seh' ich doch keinen Pferdefuß. 2490
Wo ſind denn eure beiden Raben?

Mephiſtopheles.
Für dießmal kommſt du ſo davon;
Denn freilich iſt es eine Weile ſchon,
Daß wir uns nicht geſehen haben.
Auch die Cultur, die alle Welt beleckt, 2495
Hat auf den Teufel ſich erſtreckt.
Das nordiſche Phantom iſt nun nicht mehr zu ſchauen;
Wo ſiehſt du Hörner, Schweif und Klauen?
Und was den Fuß betrifft, den ich nicht miſſen kann,
Der würde mir bei Leuten ſchaden; 2500
Darum bedien' ich mich, wie mancher junge Mann,
Seit vielen Jahren falſcher Waden.

Die Hexe tanzend.
Sinn und Verſtand verlier' ich ſchier,
Seh' ich den Junker Satan wieder hier!

Mephiſtopheles.
Den Namen, Weib, verbitt' ich mir! 2505

Die Hexe.
Warum? Was hat er euch gethan?

Mephiſtopheles.
Er iſt ſchon lang in's Fabelbuch geſchrieben;
Allein die Menſchen ſind nichts beſſer dran.
Den Böſen ſind ſie los, die Böſen ſind geblieben.
Du nennſt mich Herr Baron, ſo iſt die Sache gut; 2510
Ich bin ein Cavalier, wie andre Cavaliere.

Du zweifelſt nicht an meinem edlen Blut;
Sieh her, das iſt das Wappen, das ich führe!
Er macht eine unanſtändige Gebärde.

Die Hexe lacht unmäßig.

Ha! Ha! Das iſt in eurer Art!
Ihr ſeid ein Schelm, wie ihr nur immer wart.

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.

Mein Freund, das lerne wohl verſtehn!
Dieß iſt die Art mit Hexen umzugehn.

Die Hexe.

Nun ſagt, ihr Herren, was ihr ſchafft.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ein gutes Glas von dem bekannten Saft,
Doch muß ich euch um's ält'ſte bitten;
Die Jahre doppeln ſeine Kraft.

Die Hexe.

Gar gern! Hier hab' ich eine Flaſche,
Aus der ich ſelbſt zuweilen naſche,
Die auch nicht mehr im mind'ſten ſtinkt;
Ich will euch gern ein Gläschen geben.
Leiſe.
Doch wenn es dieſer Mann unvorbereitet trinkt,
So kann er, wißt ihr wohl, nicht eine Stunde leben.

Mephiſtopheles.

Es iſt ein guter Freund, dem es gedeihen ſoll;
Ich gönn' ihm gern das Beſte deiner Küche.
Zieh deinen Kreis, ſprich deine Sprüche,
Und gib ihm eine Taſſe voll!

Die Hexe, mit ſeltſamen Gebärden, zieht einen Kreis und ſtellt wunderbare Sachen hinein; indeſſen fangen die Gläſer an zu klingen, die Keſſel zu tönen, und machen Muſik. Zuletzt bringt ſie ein großes Buch, ſtellt die Meerkatzen in den Kreis, die ihr zum Pult dienen und die Fackel halten müſſen. Sie winkt Fauſten, zu ihr zu treten.

Fauſt zu Mephiſtopheles.

Nein, ſage mir, was ſoll das werden?
Das tolle Zeug, die raſenden Gebärden,
Der abgeſchmackteſte Betrug,
Sind mir bekannt, verhaßt genug. 2535

Mephiſtopheles.

Ei, Poſſen! Das iſt nur zum Lachen;
Sei nur nicht ein ſo ſtrenger Mann!
Sie muß als Arzt ein Hocuspocus machen,
Damit der Saft dir wohl gedeihen kann.

Er nöthigt Fauſten in den Kreis zu treten.

Die Hexe
mit großer Emphaſe fängt an aus dem Buche zu declamiren.

Du mußt verſtehn! 2540
Aus Eins mach' Zehn,
Und Zwei laß gehn,
Und Drei mach' gleich,
So biſt du reich.
Verlier' die Vier! 2545
Aus Fünf und Sechs,
So ſagt die Hex',
Mach' Sieben und Acht,
So iſt's vollbracht:
Und neun iſt Eins, 2550
Und Zehn iſt keins.
Das iſt das Hexen-Einmal-Eins!

Fauſt.

Mich dünkt, die Alte ſpricht im Fieber.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das iſt noch lange nicht vorüber,
Ich kenn' es wohl, ſo klingt das ganze Buch;
Ich habe manche Zeit damit verloren,
Denn ein vollkommner Widerſpruch
Bleibt gleich geheimnißvoll für Kluge wie für Thoren.
Mein Freund, die Kunſt iſt alt und neu.
Es war die Art zu allen Zeiten,
Durch Drei und Eins, und Eins und Drei
Irrthum ſtatt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.
So ſchwätzt und lehrt man ungeſtört;
Wer will ſich mit den Narrn befaſſen?
Gewöhnlich glaubt der Menſch, wenn er nur Worte hört,
Es müſſe ſich dabei doch auch was denken laſſen.

Die Hexe fährt fort.

Die hohe Kraft
Der Wiſſenſchaft,
Der ganzen Welt verborgen!
Und wer nicht denkt,
Dem wird ſie geſchenkt,
Er hat ſie ohne Sorgen.

Fauſt.

Was ſagt ſie uns für Unſinn vor?
Es wird mir gleich der Kopf zerbrechen.
Mich dünkt, ich hör' ein ganzes Chor
Von hunderttauſend Narren ſprechen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Genug, genug, o treffliche Sibylle!
Gib deinen Trank herbei, und fülle

Die Schale raſch bis an den Rand hinan;
Denn meinem Freund wird dieſer Trunk nicht ſchaden. 2580
Er iſt ein Mann von vielen Graden,
Der manchen guten Schluck gethan.

Die Hexe mit vielen Ceremonien, ſchenkt den Trank in eine Schale; wie ſie Fauſt an den Mund bringt, entſteht eine leichte Flamme.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nur friſch hinunter! Immer zu!
Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfreuen.
Biſt mit dem Teufel du und du, 2585
Und willſt dich vor der Flamme ſcheuen?

Die Hexe löſ't den Kreis. Fauſt tritt heraus.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun friſch hinaus! Du darfſt nicht ruhn.

Die Hexe.

Mög' euch das Schlückchen wohl behagen!

Mephiſtopheles zur Hexe.

Und kann ich dir was zu Gefallen thun,
So darfſt du mir's nur auf Walpurgis ſagen. 2590

Die Hexe.

Hier iſt ein Lied! wenn ihr's zuweilen ſingt,
So werdet ihr beſondre Wirkung ſpüren.

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.

Komm nur geſchwind und laß dich führen;
Du mußt nothwendig transſpiriren,
Damit die Kraft durch Inn- und Äußres dringt. 2595
Den edlen Müßiggang lehr' ich hernach dich ſchätzen,
Und bald empfindeſt du mit innigem Ergetzen,
Wie ſich Cupido regt und hin und wieder ſpringt.

Fauſt.

Laß mich nur ſchnell noch in den Spiegel ſchauen!
2600 Das Frauenbild war gar zu ſchön!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nein! Nein! Du ſollſt das Muſter aller Frauen
Nun bald leibhaftig vor dir ſehn.

Leiſe.

Du ſiehſt, mit dieſem Trank im Leibe,
Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe.

Straße.

Fauſt. Margarete vorüber gehend.

Fauſt.
Mein ſchönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,
Meinen Arm und Geleit Ihr anzutragen?

Margarete.
Bin weder Fräulein, weder ſchön,
Kann ungeleitet nach Hauſe gehn.
Sie macht ſich los und ab.

Fauſt.
Bei'm Himmel, dieſes Kind iſt ſchön!
So etwas hab' ich nie geſehn.
Sie iſt ſo ſitt- und tugendreich,
Und etwas ſchnippiſch doch zugleich.
Der Lippe Roth, der Wange Licht,
Die Tage der Welt vergeſſ' ich's nicht!
Wie ſie die Augen niederſchlägt,
Hat tief ſich in mein Herz geprägt!
Wie ſie kurz angebunden war,
Das iſt nun zum Entzücken gar!
Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Fauſt.
Hör', du mußt mir die Dirne ſchaffen!

Mephiſtopheles.
Nun, welche?

Fauſt.
Sie ging juſt vorbei.

Mephiſtopheles.
Da die? Sie kam von ihrem Pfaffen,
Der ſprach ſie aller Sünden frei;
Ich ſchlich mich hart am Stuhl vorbei,
Es iſt ein gar unſchuldig Ding,
Das eben für nichts zur Beichte ging;
Über die hab' ich keine Gewalt.

Fauſt.
Iſt über vierzehn Jahr doch alt.

Mephiſtopheles.
Du ſprichſt ja wie Hans Liederlich,
Der begehrt jede liebe Blum' für ſich,
Und dünkelt ihm es wär' kein' Ehr'
Und Gunſt die nicht zu pflücken wär';
Geht aber doch nicht immer an.

Fauſt.
Mein Herr Magiſter Lobeſan,
Laß Er mich mit dem Geſetz in Frieden!
Und das ſag' ich Ihm kurz und gut,
Wenn nicht das ſüße junge Blut
Heut Nacht in meinen Armen ruht,
So ſind wir um Mitternacht geſchieden.

Mephiſtopheles.
Bedenkt was gehn und ſtehen mag!

Ich brauche wenigſtens vierzehn Tag, 2640
Nur die Gelegenheit auszuſpüren.

Fauſt.

Hätt' ich nur ſieben Stunden Ruh,
Brauchte den Teufel nicht dazu,
So ein Geſchöpfchen zu verführen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ihr ſprecht ſchon faſt wie ein Franzos; 2645
Doch bitt ich', laßt's euch nicht verdrießen:
Was hilft's nur grade zu genießen?
Die Freud' iſt lange nicht ſo groß,
Als wenn ihr erſt herauf, herum,
Durch allerei Brimborium, 2650
Das Püppchen geknetet und zugericht't,
Wie's lehret manche wälſche Geſchicht'.

Fauſt.

Hab' Appetit auch ohne das.

Mephiſtopheles.

Jetzt ohne Schimpf und ohne Spaß.
Ich ſag' euch, mit dem ſchönen Kind 2655
Geht's ein= für allemal nicht geſchwind.
Mit Sturm iſt da nichts einzunehmen;
Wir müſſen uns zur Liſt bequemen.

Fauſt.

Schaff' mir etwas vom Engelsſchatz!
Führ' mich an ihren Ruheplatz! 2660
Schaff mir ein Halstuch von ihrer Bruſt,
Ein Strumpfband meiner Liebesluſt!

Mephiſtopheles.
Damit ihr ſeht, daß ich eurer Pein
Will förderlich und dienſtlich ſein;
Wollen wir keinen Augenblick verlieren,
Will euch noch heut in ihr Zimmer führen.

Fauſt.
Und ſoll ſie ſehn? ſie haben?

Mephiſtopheles.
Nein!
Sie wird bei einer Nachbarin ſein.
Indeſſen könnt ihr ganz allein
An aller Hoffnung künft'ger Freuden
In ihrem Dunſtkreis ſatt euch weiden.

Fauſt.
Können wir hin?

Mephiſtopheles.
Es iſt noch zu früh.

Fauſt.
Sorg' du mir für ein Geſchenk für ſie!
Ab.

Mephiſtopheles.
Gleich ſchenken? Das iſt brav! Da wird er reüſſiren!
Ich kenne manchen ſchönen Platz
Und manchen alt vergrabnen Schatz;
Ich muß ein bißchen revidiren.
Ab.

Abend.

Ein kleines reinliches Zimmer.

Margarete ihre Zöpfe flechtend und aufbindend.

Margarete.

Ich gäb' was drum, wenn ich nur wüßt'
Wer heut der Herr geweſen iſt!
Er ſah gewiß recht wacker aus,
Und iſt aus einem edlen Haus;
Das konnt' ich ihm an der Stirne leſen —
Er wär' auch ſonſt nicht ſo keck geweſen.

Ab.

Mephiſtopheles. Fauſt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Herein, ganz leiſe, nur herein!

Fauſt nach einigem Stillſchweigen.

Ich bitte dich, laß mich allein!

Mephiſtopheles herumſpürend.

Nicht jedes Mädchen hält ſo rein.

Ab.

Fauſt rings aufſchauend.

Willkommen ſüßer Dämmerſchein!
Der du dies Heiligthum durchwebſt.
Ergreif' mein Herz, du ſüße Liebespein!

Die du vom Thau der Hoffnung ſchmachtend lebſt.
Wie athmet rings Gefühl der Stille,
Der Ordnung, der Zufriedenheit!
In dieſer Armuth welche Fülle!
In dieſem Kerker welche Seligkeit!

Er wirft ſich auf den ledernen Seſſel am Bette.

O nimm mich auf! der du die Vorwelt ſchon
Bei Freud' und Schmerz im offnen Arm empfangen!
Wie oft, ach! hat an dieſem Väter=Thron
Schon eine Schaar von Kindern rings gehangen!
Vielleicht hat, dankbar für den heil'gen Chriſt,
Mein Liebchen hier, mit vollen Kinderwangen,
Dem Ahnherrn fromm die welke Hand geküßt.
Ich fühl', o Mädchen, deinen Geiſt
Der Füll' und Ordnung um mich ſäuſeln,
Der mütterlich dich täglich unterweiſ't,
Den Teppich auf den Tiſch dich reinlich breiten heißt,
Sogar den Sand zu deinen Füßen kräuſeln.
O liebe Hand! ſo göttergleich!
Die Hütte wird durch dich ein Himmelreich.
Und hier!

Er hebt einen Bettvorhang auf.

Was faßt mich für ein Wonnegraus!
Hier möcht' ich volle Stunden ſäumen.
Natur! Hier bildeteſt in leichten Träumen
Den eingebornen Engel aus;
Hier lag das Kind! mit warmem Leben
Den zarten Buſen angefüllt,
Und hier mit heilig reinem Weben
Entwirkte ſich das Götterbild!

Und du! Was hat dich hergeführt?
Wie innig fühl' ich mich gerührt!
Was willſt du hier? Was wird das Herz dir ſchwer?
Armſel'ger Fauſt! ich kenne dich nicht mehr.

Umgibt mich hier ein Zauberduft?
Mich drang's ſo g'rade zu genießen,
Und fühle mich in Liebestraum zerfließen!
Sind wir ein Spiel von jedem Druck der Luft?

Und träte ſie den Augenblick herein,
Wie würdeſt du für deinen Frevel büßen!
Der große Hans, ach wie ſo klein!
Läg', hingeſchmolzen, ihr zu Füßen.

Mephiſtopheles kommt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Geſchwind! Ich ſeh' ſie unten kommen.

Fauſt.

Fort! Fort! Ich kehre nimmermehr!

Mephiſtopheles.

Hier iſt ein Käſtchen leidlich ſchwer.
Ich hab's wo anders hergenommen.
Stellt's hier nur immer in den Schrein,
Ich ſchwör' euch, ihr vergehn die Sinnen;
Ich that euch Sächelchen hinein,
Um eine andre zu gewinnen.
Zwar Kind iſt Kind und Spiel iſt Spiel.

Fauſt.

Ich weiß nicht ſoll ich?

Mephiſtopheles.

Fragt ihr viel?
Meint ihr vielleicht den Schatz zu wahren?
Dann rath' ich eurer Lüſternheit,
Die liebe ſchöne Tageszeit
Und mir die weitre Müh zu ſparen.
Ich hoff' nicht daß ihr geizig ſeid!
Ich kratz' den Kopf, reib' an den Händen —

Er ſtellt das Käſtchen in den Schrein und drückt das Schloß wieder zu.

Nur fort! geſchwind! —
Um euch das ſüße junge Kind
Nach Herzens Wunſch und Will' zu wenden;
Und ihr ſeht drein,
Als ſolltet ihr in den Hörſaal hinein,
Als ſtünden grau leibhaftig vor euch da
Phyſik und Metaphyſica!
Nur fort!

Ab.

Margarete mit einer Lampe.

Margarete.

Es iſt ſo ſchwül, ſo dumpfig hie

Sie macht das Fenſter auf.

Und iſt doch eben ſo warm nicht drauß'.
Es wird mir ſo, ich weiß nicht wie —
Ich wollt', die Mutter käm' nach Haus.
Mir läuft ein Schauer über'n ganzen Leib —
Bin doch ein thöricht furchtſam Weib!

Sie fängt an zu ſingen, indem ſie ſich auszieht.

Es war ein König in Thule
Gar treu bis an das Grab,

Dem ſterbend ſeine Buhle
Einen goldnen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu ſterben,
Zählt' er ſeine Städt' im Reich,
Gönnt' alles ſeinem Erben,
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er ſaß bei'm Königsmahle,
Die Ritter um ihn her,
Auf hohem Väter-Saale,
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort ſtand der alte Zecher,
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,
Und warf den heiligen Becher
Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er ſah ihn ſtürzen, trinken
Und ſinken tief in's Meer,
Die Augen thäten ihm ſinken,
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

Sie eröffnet den Schrein, ihre Kleider einzuräumen, und erblickt das Schmuckkäſtchen.

Wie kommt das ſchöne Käſtchen hier herein?
Ich ſchloß doch ganz gewiß den Schrein.

Es iſt doch wunderbar! Was mag wohl drinne ſein?
Vielleicht bracht's jemand als ein Pfand,
Und meine Mutter lieh darauf.
Da hängt ein Schlüſſelchen am Band,
Ich denke wohl ich mach' es auf!
Was iſt das? Gott im Himmel! Schau',
So was hab' ich mein' Tage nicht geſehn!
Ein Schmuck! Mit dem könnt' eine Edelfrau
Am höchſten Feiertage gehn.
Wie ſollte mir die Kette ſtehn?
Wem mag die Herrlichkeit gehören?

Sie putzt ſich damit auf und tritt vor den Spiegel

Wenn nur die Ohrring' meine wären!
Man ſieht doch gleich ganz anders drein.
Was hilft euch Schönheit, junges Blut?
Das iſt wohl alles ſchön und gut,
Allein man läßt's auch alles ſein;
Man lobt euch halb mit Erbarmen.
Nach Golde drängt,
Am Golde hängt
Doch alles. Ach wir Armen!

Spaziergang.

Fauſt in Gedanken auf und ab gehend. Zu ihm Mephiſtopheles.

Mephiſtopheles.

Bei aller verſchmähten Liebe! Bei'm hölliſchen Elemente! 2805
Ich wollt' ich wüßte was Ärgers, daß ich's fluchen könnte!

Fauſt.

Was haſt? was kneipt dich denn ſo ſehr?
So kein Geſicht ſah ich in meinem Leben!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich möcht' mich gleich dem Teufel übergeben,
Wenn ich nur ſelbſt kein Teufel wär'! 2810

Fauſt.

Hat ſich dir was im Kopf verſchoben?
Dich kleidet's, wie ein Raſender zu toben!

Mephiſtopheles.

Denkt nur, den Schmuck für Gretchen angeſchafft,
Den hat ein Pfaff hinweggerafft! —
Die Mutter kriegt das Ding zu ſchauen, 2815
Gleich fängt's ihr heimlich an zu grauen:
Die Frau hat gar einen feinen Geruch,
Schnuffelt immer im Gebetbuch,

Und riecht's einem jeden Möbel an,
Ob das Ding heilig iſt oder profan;
Und an dem Schmuck da ſpürt ſie's klar,
Daß dabei nicht viel Segen war.
Mein Kind, rief ſie, ungerechtes Gut
Befängt die Seele, zehrt auf das Blut;
Wollen's der Mutter Gottes weihen,
Wird uns mit Himmels-Manna erfreuen!
Margretlein zog ein ſchiefes Maul,
Iſt halt, dacht' ſie, ein geſchenkter Gaul,
Und wahrlich! gottlos iſt nicht der,
Der ihn ſo fein gebracht hierher.
Die Mutter ließ einen Pfaffen kommen;
Der hatte kaum den Spaß vernommen,
Ließ ſich den Anblick wohl behagen.
Er ſprach: So iſt man recht geſinnt!
Wer überwindet der gewinnt.
Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen,
Hat ganze Länder aufgefreſſen,
Und doch noch nie ſich übergeſſen;
Die Kirch' allein, meine lieben Frauen,
Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen.

Fauſt.

Das iſt ein allgemeiner Brauch,
Ein Jud' und König kann es auch.

Mephiſtopheles.

Strich drauf ein Spange, Kett' und Ring',
Als wären's eben Pfifferling',
Dankt' nicht weniger und nicht mehr,
Als ob's ein Korb voll Nüſſe wär',

Verſprach ihnen allen himmliſchen Lohn —
Und ſie waren ſehr erbaut davon.

Fauſt.

Und Gretchen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Sitzt nun unruhvoll,
Weiß weder was ſie will noch ſoll, 2850
Denkt an's Geſchmeide Tag und Nacht,
Noch mehr an den der's ihr gebracht.

Fauſt.

Des Liebchens Kummer thut mir leid.
Schaff' du ihr gleich ein neu Geſchmeid'!
(Am erſten war ja ſo nicht viel.) 2855

Mephiſtopheles.

O ja, dem Herrn iſt alles Kinderſpiel!

Fauſt.

Und mach', und richt's nach meinem Sinn,
Häng' dich an ihre Nachbarin!
Sei Teufel doch nur nicht wie Brei,
Und ſchaff' einen neuen Schmuck herbei! 2860

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, gnäd'ger Herr, von Herzen gerne.

Fauſt ab.

Mephiſtopheles.

So ein verliebter Thor verpufft
Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne
Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft.

Ab.

Der Nachbarin Haus.

Marthe allein.

Marthe.

Gott verzeih's meinem lieben Mann,
Er hat an mir nicht wohl gethan!
Geht da ſtracks in die Welt hinein,
Und läßt mich auf dem Stroh allein.
Thät ihn doch wahrlich nicht betrüben,
Thät ihn, weiß Gott, recht herzlich lieben.
Sie weint.
Vielleicht iſt er gar todt! — O Pein!
Hätt' ich nur einen Todtenſchein!
Margarete kommt.

Margarete.

Frau Marthe!

Marthe.

Gretelchen, was ſoll's?

Margarete.

Faſt ſinken mir die Kniee nieder!
Da find' ich ſo ein Käſtchen wieder
In meinem Schrein, von Ebenholz,
Und Sachen herrlich ganz und gar,
Weit reicher als das erſte war.

Marthe.
Das muß Sie nicht der Mutter ſagen;
Thät's wieder gleich zur Beichte tragen.

Margarete.
Ach ſeh' Sie nur! ach ſchau' Sie nur!

Marthe putzt ſie auf.
O du glückſel'ge Creatur!

Margarete.
Darf mich, leider, nicht auf der Gaſſen,
Noch in der Kirche mit ſehen laſſen.

Marthe.
Komm du nur oft zu mir herüber,
Und leg' den Schmuck hier heimlich an;
Spazier' ein Stündchen lang dem Spiegelglas vorüber,
Wir haben unſre Freude dran;
Und dann gibt's einen Anlaß, gibt's ein Feſt,
Wo man's ſo nach und nach den Leuten ſehen läßt.
Ein Kettchen erſt, die Perle dann in's Ohr;
Die Mutter ſieht's wohl nicht, man macht ihr auch was vor.

Margarete.
Wer konnte nur die beiden Käſtchen bringen?
Es geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen!
Es klopft.

Margarete.
Ach Gott! mag das meine Mutter ſein?

Marthe durch's Vorhängel guckend.
Es iſt ein fremder Herr — Herein!
Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Bin ſo frei g'rad' herein zu treten,
Muß bei den Frauen Verzeihn erbeten.
Tritt ehrerbietig vor Margareten zurück.
Wollte nach Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein fragen!

Marthe.

Ich bin's, was hat der Herr zu ſagen?

Mephiſtopheles *leiſe zu ihr.*

Ich kenne Sie jetzt, mir iſt das genug;
Sie hat da gar vornehmen Beſuch.
Verzeiht die Freiheit die ich genommen!
Will Nachmittage wieder kommen.

Marthe *laut.*

Denk', Kind, um alles in der Welt!
Der Herr dich für ein Fräulein hält.

Margarete.

Ich bin ein armes junges Blut;
Ach Gott! der Herr iſt gar zu gut:
Schmuck und Geſchmeide ſind nicht mein.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ach, es iſt nicht der Schmuck allein;
Sie hat ein Weſen, einen Blick ſo ſcharf!
Wie freut mich's daß ich bleiben darf.

Marthe.

Was bringt Er denn? Verlange ſehr —

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich wollt' ich hätt' eine frohere Mähr'!

Ich hoffe Sie läßt mich's drum nicht büßen:
Ihr Mann iſt todt und läßt Sie grüßen.

Marthe.

Iſt todt? das treue Herz! O weh!
Mein Mann iſt todt! Ach ich vergeh'!

Margarete.

Ach! liebe Frau, verzweifelt nicht!

Mephiſtopheles.

So hört die traurige Geſchicht'!

Margarete.

Ich möchte drum mein' Tag' nicht lieben;
Würde mich Verluſt zu Tode betrüben.

Mephiſtopheles.

Freud' muß Leid, Leid muß Freude haben.

Marthe.

Erzählt mir ſeines Lebens Schluß!

Mephiſtopheles.

Er liegt in Padua begraben
Bei'm heiligen Antonius,
An einer wohlgeweihten Stätte
Zum ewig kühlen Ruhebette.

Marthe.

Habt ihr ſonſt nichts an mich zu bringen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, eine Bitte, groß und ſchwer;
Laſſ' Sie doch ja für ihn dreihundert Meſſen ſingen!
Im übrigen ſind meine Taſchen leer.

Marthe.

Was! Nicht ein Schauſtück? Kein Geſchmeid'?
Was jeder Handwerksburſch im Grund des Säckels ſpart,
Zum Angedenken aufbewahrt,
Und lieber hungert, lieber bettelt!

Mephiſtopheles.

Madam, es thut mir herzlich leid;
Allein er hat ſein Geld wahrhaftig nicht verzettelt.
Auch er bereute ſeine Fehler ſehr,
Ja, und bejammerte ſein Unglück noch viel mehr.

Margarete.

Ach! daß die Menſchen ſo unglücklich ſind!
Gewiß ich will für ihn manch Requiem noch beten.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ihr wäret werth, gleich in die Eh zu treten:
Ihr ſeid ein liebenswürdig Kind.

Margarete.

Ach nein, das geht jetzt noch nicht an.

Mephiſtopheles.

Iſt's nicht ein Mann, ſei's derweil' ein Galan.
'S iſt eine der größten Himmelsgaben,
So ein lieb Ding im Arm zu haben.

Margarete.

Das iſt des Landes nicht der Brauch.

Mephiſtopheles.

Brauch oder nicht! Es gibt ſich auch.

Marthe.

Erzählt mir doch!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich ſtand an ſeinem Sterbebette,
Es war was beſſer als von Miſt,
Von halbgefaultem Stroh; allein er ſtarb als Chriſt,
Und fand daß er weit mehr noch auf der Zeche hätte.
Wie, rief er, muß ich mich von Grund aus haſſen, 2955
So mein Gewerb, mein Weib ſo zu verlaſſen!
Ach! die Erinnrung tödtet mich.
Vergäb' ſie mir nur noch in dieſem Leben! —

Marthe weinend.

Der gute Mann! ich hab' ihm längſt vergeben.

Mephiſtopheles.

Allein, weiß Gott! ſie war mehr Schuld als ich. 2960

Marthe.

Das lügt er! Was! am Rand des Grabs zu lügen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Er fabelte gewiß in letzten Zügen,
Wenn ich nur halb ein Kenner bin.
Ich hatte, ſprach er, nicht zum Zeitvertreib zu gaffen,
Erſt Kinder, und dann Brot für ſie zu ſchaffen, 2965
Und Brot im allerweit'ſten Sinn,
Und konnte nicht einmal mein Theil in Frieden eſſen.

Marthe.

Hat er ſo aller Treu', ſo aller Lieb' vergeſſen,
Der Plackerei bei Tag und Nacht!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nicht doch, er hat euch herzlich dran gedacht.
Er ſprach: Als ich nun weg von Malta ging,
Da betet' ich für Frau und Kinder brünſtig;
Uns war denn auch der Himmel günſtig,
Daß unſer Schiff ein türkiſch Fahrzeug fing,
Das einen Schatz des großen Sultans führte.
Da ward der Tapferkeit ihr Lohn,
Und ich empfing denn auch, wie ſich gebührte,
Mein wohlgemeſſ'nes Theil davon.

Marthe.

Ei wie? Ei wo? Hat er's vielleicht vergraben?

Mephiſtopheles.

Wer weiß, wo nun es die vier Winde haben.
Ein ſchönes Fräulein nahm ſich ſeiner an,
Als er in Napel fremd umherſpazierte;
Sie hat an ihm viel Liebs und Treus gethan,
Daß er's bis an ſein ſelig Ende ſpürte.

Marthe.

Der Schelm! der Dieb an ſeinen Kindern!
Auch alles Elend, alle Noth
Konnt' nicht ſein ſchändlich Leben hindern!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja ſeht! dafür iſt er nun todt.
Wär' ich nun jetzt an eurem Platze,
Betraurt' ich ihn ein züchtig Jahr,
Viſirte dann unterweil' nach einem neuen Schatze.

Marthe.

Ach Gott! wie doch mein erſter war,
Find' ich nicht leicht auf dieſer Welt den andern!
Es konnte kaum ein herziger Närrchen ſein.
Er liebte nur das allzuviele Wandern,
Und fremde Weiber, und fremden Wein,
Und das verfluchte Würfelſpiel.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun, nun, ſo konnt' es gehn und ſtehen,
Wenn er euch ungefähr ſo viel
Von ſeiner Seite nachgeſehen.
Ich ſchwör' euch zu, mit dem Beding
Wechſelt' ich ſelbſt mit euch den Ring!

Marthe.

O es beliebt dem Herrn zu ſcherzen!

Mephiſtopheles für ſich.

Nun mach' ich mich bei Zeiten fort!
Die hielte wohl den Teufel ſelbſt bei'm Wort.
Zu Gretchen.
Wie ſteht es denn mit Ihrem Herzen?

Margarete.

Was meint der Herr damit?

Mephiſtopheles für ſich.

Du guts unſchuldigs Kind!
Laut.
Lebt wohl ihr Fraun!

Margarete.

Lebt wohl!

Marthe.

O ſagt mir doch geſchwind!
Ich möchte gern ein Zeugniß haben,
Wo, wie und wann mein Schatz geſtorben und begraben.
Ich bin von je der Ordnung Freund geweſen,
Möcht' ihn auch todt im Wochenblättchen leſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, gute Frau, durch zweier Zeugen Mund
Wird allerwegs die Wahrheit kund;
Habe noch gar einen feinen Geſellen,
Den will ich euch vor den Richter ſtellen.
Ich bring' ihn her.

Marthe.

O thut das ja!

Mephiſtopheles.

Und hier die Jungfrau iſt auch da? —
Ein braver Knab'! iſt viel gereiſ't,
Fräuleins alle Höflichkeit erweiſ't.

Margarete.

Müßte vor dem Herren ſchamroth werden.

Mephiſtopheles.

Vor keinem Könige der Erden.

Marthe.

Da hinter'm Haus in meinem Garten
Wollen wir der Herrn heut Abend warten.

Straße.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.
Wie iſt's? Will's fördern? Will's bald gehn?

Mephiſtopheles.
Ah bravo! Find' ich euch in Feuer?
In kurzer Zeit iſt Gretchen euer.
Heut Abend ſollt ihr ſie bei Nachbar' Marthen ſehn:
Das iſt ein Weib wie auserleſen
Zum Kuppler- und Zigeunerweſen!

Fauſt.
So recht!

Mephiſtopheles.
Doch wird auch was von uns begehrt.

Fauſt.
Ein Dienſt iſt wohl des andern werth.

Mephiſtopheles.
Wir legen nur ein gültig Zeugniß nieder,
Daß ihres Ehherrn ausgereckte Glieder
In Padua an heil'ger Stätte ruhn.

Fauſt.
Sehr klug! Wir werden erſt die Reiſe machen müſſen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Sancta Simplicitas! darum iſt's nicht zu thun;
Bezeugt nur ohne viel zu wiſſen.

Fauſt.

Wenn Er nichts Beſſers hat, ſo iſt der Plan zerriſſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

O heil'ger Mann! Da wärt ihr's nun!
Iſt es das erſtemal in eurem Leben,
Daß ihr falſch Zeugniß abgelegt?
Habt ihr von Gott, der Welt und was ſich drin bewegt,
Vom Menſchen, was ſich ihm in Kopf und Herzen regt,
Definitionen nicht mit großer Kraft gegeben?
Mit frecher Stirne, kühner Bruſt?
Und wollt ihr recht in's Innre gehen,
Habt ihr davon, ihr müßt es g'rad' geſtehen,
So viel als von Herrn Schwerdtleins Tod gewußt!

Fauſt.

Du biſt und bleibſt ein Lügner, ein Sophiſte.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, wenn man's nicht ein bißchen tiefer wüßte.
Denn morgen wirſt, in allen Ehren,
Das arme Gretchen nicht bethören,
Und alle Seelenlieb' ihr ſchwören?

Fauſt.

Und zwar von Herzen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gut und ſchön!
Dann wird von ewiger Treu' und Liebe,

Von einzig überallmächt'gem Triebe —
Wird das auch ſo von Herzen gehn?

Fauſt.

Laß das! Es wird! — Wenn ich empfinde,
Für das Gefühl, für das Gewühl
Nach Namen ſuche, keinen finde,
Dann durch die Welt mit allen Sinnen ſchweife,
Nach allen höchſten Worten greife,
Und dieſe Gluth, von der ich brenne,
Unendlich, ewig, ewig nenne,
Iſt das ein teufliſch Lügenſpiel?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich hab' doch Recht!

Fauſt.

Hör'! merk' dir dieß —
Ich bitte dich, und ſchone meine Lunge —
Wer Recht behalten will und hat nur eine Zunge,
Behält's gewiß.
Und komm, ich hab' des Schwätzens Überdruß,
Denn du haſt Recht, vorzüglich weil ich muß.

Garten.

Margarete an Fauſtens Arm, Marthe mit Mephiſtopheles auf und ab ſpazierend.

Margarete.

Ich fühl' es wohl, daß mich der Herr nur ſchont,
Herab ſich läßt, mich zu beſchämen.
Ein Reiſender iſt ſo gewohnt
Aus Gütigkeit fürlieb zu nehmen;
Ich weiß zu gut, daß ſolch erfahrnen Mann
Mein arm Geſpräch nicht unterhalten kann.

Fauſt.

Ein Blick von dir, Ein Wort mehr unterhält,
Als alle Weisheit dieſer Welt.

Er küßt ihre Hand.

Margarete.

Incommodirt euch nicht! Wie könnt ihr ſie nur küſſen?
Sie iſt ſo garſtig, iſt ſo rauh!
Was hab' ich nicht ſchon alles ſchaffen müſſen!
Die Mutter iſt gar zu genau.

Gehn vorüber.

Marthe.

Und ihr, mein Herr, ihr reiſ't ſo immer fort?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ach, daß Gewerb' und Pflicht uns dazu treiben!
Mit wie viel Schmerz verläßt man manchen Ort,
Und darf doch nun einmal nicht bleiben!

Marthe.

In raſchen Jahren geht's wohl an,
So um und um frei durch die Welt zu ſtreifen;
Doch kömmt die böſe Zeit heran,
Und ſich als Hageſtolz allein zum Grab zu ſchleifen,
Das hat noch keinem wohl gethan.

Mephiſtopheles.

Mit Grauſen ſeh' ich das von weiten.

Marthe.

Drum, werther Herr, berathet euch in Zeiten.

Gehn vorüber.

Margarete.

Ja, aus den Augen, aus dem Sinn!
Die Höflichkeit iſt euch geläufig;
Allein ihr habt der Freunde häufig,
Sie ſind verſtändiger als ich bin.

Fauſt.

O Beſte! glaube, was man ſo verſtändig nennt,
Iſt oft mehr Eitelkeit und Kurzſinn.

Margarete.

Wie?

Fauſt.

Ach, daß die Einfalt, daß die Unſchuld nie
Sich ſelbſt und ihren heil'gen Werth erkennt!
Daß Demuth, Niedrigkeit, die höchſten Gaben
3105 Der liebevoll austheilenden Natur —

Margarete.

Denkt ihr an mich ein Augenblickchen nur,
Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben.

Fauſt.

Ihr ſeid wohl viel allein?

Margarete.

Ja, unſre Wirthſchaft iſt nur klein,
3110 Und doch will ſie verſehen ſein.
Wir haben keine Magd; muß kochen, fegen, ſtricken
Und nähn, und laufen früh und ſpat;
Und meine Mutter iſt in allen Stücken
So accurat!
3115 Nicht daß ſie juſt ſo ſehr ſich einzuſchränken hat;
Wir könnten uns weit eh'r als andre regen:
Mein Vater hinterließ ein hübſch Vermögen,
Ein Häuschen und ein Gärtchen vor der Stadt.
Doch hab' ich jetzt ſo ziemlich ſtille Tage;
3120 Mein Bruder iſt Soldat,
Mein Schweſterchen iſt todt.
Ich hatte mit dem Kind wohl meine liebe Noth;
Doch übernähm' ich gern noch einmal alle Plage,
So lieb war mir das Kind.

Fauſt.

Ein Engel, wenn dir's glich.

Margarete.

Ich zog es auf, und herzlich liebt' es mich.
Es war nach meines Vaters Tod geboren.
Die Mutter gaben wir verloren,
So elend wie ſie damals lag,
Und ſie erholte ſich ſehr langſam, nach und nach.
Da konnte ſie nun nicht dran denken
Das arme Würmchen ſelbſt zu tränken,
Und ſo erzog ich's ganz allein,
Mit Milch und Waſſer; ſo ward's mein.
Auf meinem Arm, in meinem Schoos
War's freundlich, zappelte, ward groß.

Fauſt.

Du haſt gewiß das reinſte Glück empfunden.

Margarete.

Doch auch gewiß gar manche ſchwere Stunden.
Des Kleinen Wiege ſtand zu Nacht
An meinem Bett, es durfte kaum ſich regen,
War ich erwacht;
Bald mußt' ich's tränken, bald es zu mir legen,
Bald, wenn's nicht ſchwieg, vom Bett aufſtehn,
Und tänzelnd in der Kammer auf und nieder gehn,
Und früh am Tage ſchon am Waſchtrog ſtehn;
Dann auf dem Markt und an dem Herde ſorgen,
Und immer fort wie heut ſo morgen.
Da geht's, mein Herr, nicht immer muthig zu;
Doch ſchmeckt dafür das Eſſen, ſchmeckt die Ruh.

Gehn vorüber.

Marthe.

Die armen Weiber ſind doch übel dran:
Ein Hageſtolz iſt ſchwerlich zu bekehren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Es käme nur auf Euresgleichen an,
Mich (eines Beſſern) zu belehren.

Marthe.

Sagt g'rad', mein Herr, habt ihr noch nichts gefunden?
Hat ſich das Herz nicht irgendwo gebunden?

Mephiſtopheles.

Das Sprichwort ſagt: Ein eigner Herd,
Ein braves Weib, ſind Gold und Perlen werth.

Marthe.

Ich meine, ob ihr niemals Luſt bekommen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Man hat mich überall recht höflich aufgenommen.

Marthe.

Ich wollte ſagen: ward's nie Ernſt in eurem Herzen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Mit Frauen ſoll man ſich nie unterſtehn zu ſcherzen.

Marthe.

Ach, ihr verſteht mich nicht!

Mephiſtopheles.

                    Das thut mir herzlich leid!
Doch ich verſteh' — daß ihr ſehr gütig ſeid.

Gehn vorüber.

Fauſt.

Du kannteſt mich, o kleiner Engel, wieder,
Gleich als ich in den Garten kam?

Margarete.

Saht ihr es nicht? ich ſchlug die Augen nieder. 3165

Fauſt.

Und du verzeihſt die Freiheit, die ich nahm,
Was ſich die Frechheit unterfangen,
Als du jüngſt aus dem Dom gegangen?

Margarete.

Ich war beſtürzt, mir war das nie geſchehn;
Es konnte niemand von mir Übels ſagen. 3170
Ach, dacht' ich, hat er in deinem Betragen
Was Freches, Unanſtändiges geſehn?
Es ſchien ihn gleich nur anzuwandeln,
Mit dieſer Dirne g'rade hin zu handeln.
Geſteh' ich's doch! Ich wußte nicht was ſich 3175
Zu eurem Vortheil hier zu regen gleich begonnte;
Allein gewiß, ich war recht böſ' auf mich,
Daß ich auf euch nicht böſer werden konnte.

Fauſt.

Süß Liebchen!

Margarete.

Laßt einmal!

Sie pflückt eine Sternblume und zupft die Blätter ab, eins nach dem andern.

Fauſt.

Was ſoll das? Einen Strauß?

Margarete.

Nein, es ſoll nur ein Spiel.

Fauſt.

Wie?

Margarete.

Geht, ihr lacht mich aus.

Sie rupft und murmelt.

Fauſt.

Was murmelſt du?

Margarete halb laut.

Er liebt mich — liebt mich nicht.

Fauſt.

Du holdes Himmels-Angeſicht!

Margarete fährt fort.

Liebt mich — Nicht — Liebt mich — Nicht —

Das letzte Blatt ausrupfend, mit holder Freude.

Er liebt mich!

Fauſt

Ja, mein Kind! Laß dieſes Blumenwort
Dir Götterausſpruch ſein. Er liebt dich!
Verſtehſt du, was das heißt? Er liebt dich!

Er faßt ihre beiden Hände.

Margarete.

Mich überläuft's!

Fauſt.

O ſchaudre nicht! Laß dieſen Blick,
Laß dieſen Händedruck dir ſagen,

Was unausſprechlich iſt:
Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
Zu fühlen, die ewig ſein muß!
Ewig! — Ihr Ende würde Verzweiflung ſein.
Nein, kein Ende! Kein Ende!

Margarete drückt ihm die Hände, macht ſich los und läuft weg. Er ſteht einen Augenblick in Gedanken, dann folgt er ihr.

Marthe kommend.

Die Nacht bricht an.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ja, und wir wollen fort.

Marthe.

Ich bät' euch länger hier zu bleiben,
Allein es iſt ein gar zu böſer Ort.
Es iſt als hätte niemand nichts zu treiben
Und nichts zu ſchaffen,
Als auf des Nachbarn Schritt und Tritt zu gaffen,
Und man kommt in's Gered', wie man ſich immer ſtellt.
Und unſer Pärchen?

Mephiſtopheles.

Iſt den Gang dort aufgeflogen.
Muthwill'ge Sommervögel!

Marthe.

Er ſcheint ihr gewogen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Und ſie ihm auch. Das iſt der Lauf der Welt.

Ein Gartenhäuschen.

Margarete ſpringt herein, ſteckt ſich hinter die Thür, hält die Fingerſpitze an die Lippen und guckt durch die Ritze.

Margarete.

Er kommt!

Fauſt kommt.

Fauſt.

Ach, Schelm, ſo neckſt du mich!
Treff' ich dich!

Er küßt ſie.

Margarete ihn faſſend und den Kuß zurückgebend.

Beſter Mann! von Herzen lieb' ich dich!

Mephiſtopheles klopft an.

Fauſt ſtampfend.

Wer da?

Mephiſtopheles.

Gut Freund!

Fauſt.

Ein Thier!

Mephiſtopheles.

Es iſt wohl Zeit zu ſcheiden.

Marthe kommt.

Marthe.

Ja, es iſt ſpät, mein Herr.

Fauſt.

Darf ich euch nicht geleiten?

Margarete.

Die Mutter würde mich — Lebt wohl!

Fauſt.

Muß ich denn gehn?
Lebt wohl!

Marthe.

Ade!

Margarete.

Auf baldig Wiederſehn! 3210

Fauſt und Mephiſtopheles ab.

Margarete.

Du lieber Gott! was ſo ein Mann
Nicht alles, alles denken kann!
Beſchämt nur ſteh' ich vor ihm da,
Und ſag' zu allen Sachen ja.
Bin doch ein arm unwiſſend Kind, 3215
Begreife nicht was er an mir find't.

Ab.

Wald und Höhle.

Fauſt allein.

Fauſt.

Erhabner Geiſt, du gabſt mir, gabſt mir alles,
Warum ich bat. Du haſt mir nicht umſonſt
Dein Angeſicht im Feuer zugewendet.
Gabſt mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, ſie zu fühlen, zu genießen. Nicht
Kalt ſtaunenden Beſuch erlaubſt du nur,
Vergönneſt mir in ihre tiefe Bruſt
Wie in den Buſen eines Freunds zu ſchauen.
Du führſt die Reihe der Lebendigen
Vor mir vorbei, und lehrſt mich meine Brüder
Im ſtillen Buſch, in Luft und Waſſer kennen.
Und wenn der Sturm im Walde brauſ't und knarrt,
Die Rieſenfichte ſtürzend Nachbaräſte
Und Nachbarſtämme quetſchend nieder ſtreift,
Und ihrem Fall dumpf hohl der Hügel donnert;
Dann führſt du mich zur ſichern Höhle, zeigſt
Mich dann mir ſelbſt, und meiner eignen Bruſt
Geheime tiefe Wunder öffnen ſich.
Und ſteigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond
Beſänftigend herüber: ſchweben mir
Von Felſenwänden, aus dem feuchten Buſch,

Der Vorwelt ſilberne Geſtalten auf,
Und lindern der Betrachtung ſtrenge Luſt.

O daß dem Menſchen nichts Vollkommnes wird,
Empfind' ich nun. Du gabſt zu dieſer Wonne,
Die mich den Göttern nah und näher bringt,
Mir den Gefährten, den ich ſchon nicht mehr
Entbehren kann, wenn er gleich, kalt und frech,
Mich vor mir ſelbſt erniedrigt, und zu nichts,
Mit einem Worthauch, deine Gaben wandelt.
Er facht in meiner Bruſt ein wildes Feuer
Nach jenem ſchönen Bild geſchäftig an.
So tauml' ich von Begierde zu Genuß,
Und im Genuß verſchmacht' ich nach Begierde.

Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Habt ihr nun bald das Leben g'nug geführt?
Wie kann's euch in die Länge freuen?
Es iſt wohl gut, daß man's einmal probirt;
Dann aber wieder zu was Neuen!

Fauſt.

Ich wollt', du hätteſt mehr zu thun,
Als mich am guten Tag zu plagen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun nun! ich laſſ' dich gerne ruhn,
Du darfſt mir's nicht im Ernſte ſagen.
An dir Geſellen unhold, barſch und toll,
Iſt wahrlich wenig zu verlieren.
Den ganzen Tag hat man die Hände voll!

Was ihm gefällt und was man laſſen ſoll,
Kann man dem Herrn nie an der Naſe ſpüren.

Fauſt.

Das iſt ſo juſt der rechte Ton!
Er will noch Dank, daß er mich ennuyirt.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie hätt'ſt du, armer Erdenſohn,
Dein Leben ohne mich geführt?
Vom Kribskrabs der Imagination
Hab' ich dich doch auf Zeiten lang curirt;
Und wär' ich nicht, ſo wärſt du ſchon
Von dieſem Erdball abſpaziert.
Was haſt du da in Höhlen, Felſenritzen
Dich wie ein Schuhu zu verſitzen?
Was ſchlurfſt aus dumpfem Moos und triefendem Geſtein,
Wie eine Kröte Nahrung ein?
Ein ſchöner ſüßer Zeitvertreib!
Dir ſteckt der Doctor noch im Leib.

Fauſt.

Verſtehſt du, was für neue Lebenskraft
Mir dieſer Wandel in der Öde ſchafft?
Ja, würdeſt du es ahnen können,
Du wäreſt Teufel g'nug mein Glück mir nicht zu gönnen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ein überirdiſches Vergnügen!
In Nacht und Thau auf den Gebirgen liegen,
Und Erd' und Himmel wonniglich umfaſſen,
Zu einer Gottheit ſich aufſchwellen laſſen,
Der Erde Mark mit Ahnungsdrang durchwühlen,

Alle ſechs Tagewerk' im Buſen fühlen,
In ſtolzer Kraft ich weiß nicht was genießen,
Bald liebewonniglich in alles überfließen,
Verſchwunden ganz der Erdenſohn, 3290
Und dann die hohe Intuition —

Mit einer Gebärde.

Ich darf nicht ſagen wie — zu ſchließen!

Fauſt.

Pfui über dich!

Mephiſtopheles.

Das will euch nicht behagen;
Ihr habt das Recht geſittet pfui zu ſagen.
Man darf das nicht vor keuſchen Ohren nennen, 3295
Was keuſche Herzen nicht entbehren können.
Und kurz und gut, ich gönn' Ihm das Vergnügen,
Gelegentlich ſich etwas vorzulügen;
Doch lange hält Er das nicht aus.
Du biſt ſchon wieder abgetrieben, 3300
Und, währt es länger, aufgerieben
In Tollheit oder Angſt und Graus.
Genug damit! Dein Liebchen ſitzt dadrinne
Und alles wird ihr eng und trüb.
Du kommſt ihr gar nicht aus dem Sinne, 3305
Sie hat dich übermächtig lieb.
Erſt kam deine Liebeswuth übergefloſſen,
Wie vom geſchmolznen Schnee ein Bächlein überſteigt;
Du haſt ſie ihr in's Herz gegoſſen;
Nun iſt dein Bächlein wieder ſeicht. 3310
Mich dünkt, anſtatt in Wäldern zu thronen,
Ließ' es dem großen Herren gut,

Das arme affenjunge Blut
Für ſeine Liebe zu belohnen.
Die Zeit wird ihr erbärmlich lang;
Sie ſteht am Fenſter, ſieht die Wolken ziehn
Über die alte Stadtmauer hin.
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'! ſo geht ihr Geſang
Tagelang, halbe Nächte lang.
Einmal iſt ſie munter, meiſt betrübt,
Einmal recht ausgeweint,
Dann wieder ruhig, wie's ſcheint,
Und immer verliebt.

Fauſt.

Schlange! Schlange!

Mephiſtopheles für ſich.

Gelt! daß ich dich fange!

Fauſt.

Verruchter! hebe dich von hinnen,
Und nenne nicht das ſchöne Weib!
Bring' die Begier zu ihrem ſüßen Leib
Nicht wieder vor die halbverrückten Sinnen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Was ſoll es denn? Sie meint, du ſeiſt entflohn,
Und halb und halb biſt du es ſchon.

Fauſt.

Ich bin ihr nah, und wär' ich noch ſo fern,
Ich kann ſie nie vergeſſen, nie verlieren;
Ja ich beneide ſchon den Leib des Herrn,
Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indeß berühren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Gar wohl, mein Freund! Ich hab' euch oft beneidet
Um's Zwillingspaar, das unter Roſen weidet.

Fauſt.

Entfliehe, Kuppler!

Mephiſtopheles.

Schön! Ihr ſchimpft und ich muß lachen.
Der Gott, der Bub- und Mädchen ſchuf,
Erkannte gleich den edelſten Beruf,
Auch ſelbſt Gelegenheit zu machen.
Nur fort, es iſt ein großer Jammer!
Ihr ſollt in eures Liebchens Kammer,
Nicht etwa in den Tod!

Fauſt.

Was iſt die Himmelsfreud' in ihren Armen?
Laß mich an ihrer Bruſt erwarmen!
Fühl' ich nicht immer ihre Noth?
Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht? der Unbehauſ'te?
Der Unmenſch ohne Zweck und Ruh,
Der wie ein Waſſerſturz von Fels zu Felſen brauſ'te,
Begierig wüthend nach dem Abgrund zu?
Und ſeitwärts ſie, mit kindlich dumpfen Sinnen,
Im Hüttchen auf dem kleinen Alpenfeld,
Und all ihr häusliches Beginnen
Umfangen in der kleinen Welt.
Und ich, der Gottverhaßte,
Hatte nicht genug,
Daß ich die Felſen faßte
Und ſie zu Trümmern ſchlug!
Sie, ihren Frieden mußt' ich untergraben!

Du, Hölle, mußteſt dieſes Opfer haben!
Hilf, Teufel, mir die Zeit der Angſt verkürzen!
Was muß geſchehn, mag's gleich geſchehn!
Mag ihr Geſchick auf mich zuſammenſtürzen
Und ſie mit mir zu Grunde gehn.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wie's wieder ſiedet, wieder glüht!
Geh ein und tröſte ſie, du Thor!
Wo ſo ein Köpfchen keinen Ausgang ſieht,
Stellt er ſich gleich das Ende vor.
Es lebe wer ſich tapfer hält!
Du biſt doch ſonſt ſo ziemlich eingeteufelt,
Nichts Abgeſchmackters find' ich auf der Welt,
Als einen Teufel der verzweifelt.

Gretchens Stube.

Gretchen am Spinnrade allein.

Gretchen.

Meine Ruh iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Iſt mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Iſt mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Iſt mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Iſt mir zerſtückt.

Meine Ruh iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur ſchau' ich
Zum Fenſter hinaus,

Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Geſtalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und ſeiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach ſein Kuß!

Meine Ruh iſt hin,
Mein Herz iſt ſchwer;
Ich finde ſie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Buſen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich faſſen
Und halten ihn,

Und küſſen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An ſeinen Küſſen
Vergehen ſollt'!

Marthens Garten.

Margarete. Fauſt.

Margarete.

Verſprich mir, Heinrich!

Fauſt.

Was ich kann!

Margarete.

Nun ſag', wie haſt du's mit der Religion?
Du biſt ein herzlich guter Mann,
Allein ich glaub', du hält'ſt nicht viel davon.

Fauſt.

Laß das, mein Kind! Du fühlſt ich bin dir gut;
Für meine Lieben ließ' ich Leib und Blut,
Will niemand ſein Gefühl und ſeine Kirche rauben.

Margarete.

Das iſt nicht recht, man muß dran glauben!

Fauſt.

Muß man?

Margarete.

Ach! wenn ich etwas auf dich könnte!
Du ehrſt auch nicht die heil'gen Sacramente.

Fauſt.

Ich ehre ſie.

Margarete.

Doch ohne Verlangen.
Zur Meſſe, zur Beichte biſt du lange nicht gegangen.
Glaubſt du an Gott?

Fauſt.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf ſagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magſt Prieſter oder Weiſe fragen,
Und ihre Antwort ſcheint nur Spott
Über den Frager zu ſein.

Margarete.

So glaubſt du nicht?

Fauſt.

Mißhör' mich nicht, du holdes Angeſicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen?
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn?
Wer empfinden
Und ſich unterwinden
Zu ſagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfaſſer,
Der Allerhalter,
Faßt und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, ſich ſelbſt?
Wölbt ſich der Himmel nicht dadroben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hierunten feſt?

Und ſteigen freundlich blickend
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf? 3445
Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir,
Und drängt nicht alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen dir,
Und webt in ewigem Geheimniß
Unſichtbar ſichtbar neben dir? 3450
Erfüll' davon dein Herz, ſo groß es iſt,
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle ſelig biſt,
Nenn' es dann wie du willſt,
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!
Ich habe keinen Namen 3455
Dafür! Gefühl iſt alles;
Name iſt Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.

Margarete.

Das iſt alles recht ſchön und gut;
Ungefähr ſagt das der Pfarrer auch, 3460
Nur mit ein bißchen andern Worten.

Fauſt.

Es ſagen's aller Orten
Alle Herzen unter dem himmliſchen Tage,
Jedes in ſeiner Sprache;
Warum nicht ich in der meinen? 3465

Margarete.

Wenn man's ſo hört, möcht's leidlich ſcheinen,
Steht aber doch immer ſchief darum;
Denn du haſt kein Chriſtenthum.

Fauſt.

Liebs Kind!

Margarete.

Es thut mir lang ſchon weh,
3470 Daß ich dich in der Geſellſchaft ſeh'.

Fauſt.

Wie ſo?

Margarete.

Der Menſch, den du da bei dir haſt,
Iſt mir in tiefer innrer Seele verhaßt;
Es hat mir in meinem Leben
So nichts einen Stich in's Herz gegeben,
3475 Als des Menſchen widrig Geſicht.

Fauſt.

Liebe Puppe, fürcht' ihn nicht!

Margarete.

Seine Gegenwart bewegt mir das Blut.
Ich bin ſonſt allen Menſchen gut;
Aber, wie ich mich ſehne dich zu ſchauen,
3480 Hab' ich vor dem Menſchen ein heimlich Grauen,
Und halt' ihn für einen Schelm dazu!
Gott verzeih mir's, wenn ich ihm Unrecht thu'!

Fauſt.

Es muß auch ſolche Käuze geben.

Margarete.

Wollte nicht mit Seinesgleichen leben!
3485 Kommt er einmal zur Thür herein,
Sieht er immer ſo ſpöttiſch drein,

Und halb ergrimmt;
Man ſieht, daß er an nichts keinen Antheil nimmt;
Es ſteht ihm an der Stirn' geſchrieben,
Daß er nicht mag eine Seele lieben. 3490
Mir wird's ſo wohl in deinem Arm,
So frei, ſo hingegeben warm,
Und ſeine Gegenwart ſchnürt mir das Innre zu.

Fauſt.

Du ahnungsvoller Engel du!

Margarete.

Das übermannt mich ſo ſehr, 3495
Daß, wo er nur mag zu uns treten,
Mein' ich ſogar, ich liebte dich nicht mehr.
Auch wenn er da iſt, könnt' ich nimmer beten,
Und das frißt mir in's Herz hinein;
Dir, Heinrich, muß es auch ſo ſein. 3500

Fauſt.

Du haſt nun die Antipathie!

Margarete.

Ich muß nun fort.

Fauſt.

Ach kann ich nie
Ein Stündchen ruhig dir am Buſen hängen,
Und Bruſt an Bruſt und Seel' in Seele drängen?

Margarete.

Ach wenn ich nur alleine ſchlief'! 3505
Ich ließ' dir gern heut Nacht den Riegel offen;

Doch meine Mutter ſchläft nicht tief:
Und würden wir von ihr betroffen,
Ich wär' gleich auf der Stelle todt!

Fauſt.

Du Engel, das hat keine Noth.
Hier iſt ein Fläſchchen! Drei Tropfen nur
In ihren Trank umhüllen
Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig die Natur.

Margarete.

Was thu' ich nicht um deinetwillen?
Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht ſchaden!

Fauſt.

Würd' ich ſonſt, Liebchen, dir es rathen?

Margarete.

Seh' ich dich, beſter Mann, nur an,
Weiß nicht was mich nach deinem Willen treibt;
Ich habe ſchon ſo viel für dich gethan,
Daß mir zu thun faſt nichts mehr übrig bleibt.
Ab.

Mephiſtopheles tritt auf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Der Grasaff'! iſt er weg?

Fauſt.

Haſt wieder ſpionirt?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich hab's ausführlich wohl vernommen,
Herr Doctor wurden da katechiſirt;

Hoff' es ſoll Ihnen wohl bekommen.
Die Mädels ſind doch ſehr intereſſirt,
Ob einer fromm und ſchlicht nach altem Brauch.
Sie denken, duckt er da, folgt er uns eben auch.

Fauſt.

Du Ungeheuer ſiehſt nicht ein,
Wie dieſe treue liebe Seele
Von ihrem Glauben voll,
Der ganz allein
Ihr ſelig machend iſt, ſich heilig quäle,
Daß ſie den liebſten Mann verloren halten ſoll.

Mephiſtopheles.

Du überſinnlicher ſinnlicher Freier,
Ein Mägdelein nasführet dich.

Fauſt.

Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer!

Mephiſtopheles.

Und die Phyſiognomie verſteht ſie meiſterlich.
In meiner Gegenwart wird's ihr ſie weiß nicht wie,
Mein Mäskchen da weisſagt verborgnen Sinn;
Sie fühlt, daß ich ganz ſicher ein Genie,
Vielleicht wohl gar der Teufel bin.
Nun heute Nacht —?

Fauſt.

Was geht dich's an?

Mephiſtopheles.

Hab' ich doch meine Freude dran!

Am Brunnen.

Gretchen und Lieschen mit Krügen.

Lieschen.

Haſt nichts von Bärbelchen gehört?

Gretchen.

3545 Kein Wort. Ich komm' gar wenig unter Leute.

Lieschen.

Gewiß, Sibylle ſagt' mir's heute!
Die hat ſich endlich auch bethört.
Das iſt das Vornehmthun!

Gretchen.

Wie ſo?

Lieschen.

Es ſtinkt!
Sie füttert zwei, wenn ſie nun ißt und trinkt.

Gretchen.

3550 Ach!

Lieschen.

So iſt's ihr endlich recht ergangen.
Wie lange hat ſie an dem Kerl gehangen!
Das war ein Spazieren,

Auf Dorf und Tanzplatz Führen,
Mußt' überall die Erſte ſein,
Curteſirt' ihr immer mit Paſtetchen und Wein;
Bild't' ſich was auf ihre Schönheit ein,
War doch ſo ehrlos ſich nicht zu ſchämen
Geſchenke von ihm anzunehmen.
War ein Gekoſ' und ein Geſchleck';
Da iſt denn auch das Blümchen weg!

Gretchen.

Das arme Ding!

Lieschen.

Bedauerſt ſie noch gar!
Wenn unſer eins am Spinnen war,
Uns Nachts die Mutter nicht hinunterließ,
Stand ſie bei ihrem Buhlen ſüß,
Auf der Thürbank und im dunkeln Gang
Ward ihnen keine Stunde zu lang.
Da mag ſie denn ſich ducken nun,
Im Sünderhemdchen Kirchbuß' thun!

Gretchen.

Er nimmt ſie gewiß zu ſeiner Frau.

Lieschen.

Er wär' ein Narr! Ein flinker Jung'
Hat anderwärts noch Luft genung.
Er iſt auch fort.

Gretchen.

Das iſt nicht ſchön!

Lieschen.

Kriegt ſie ihn, ſoll's ihr übel gehn.

Das Kränzel reißen die Buben ihr,
Und Häckerling ſtreuen wir vor die Thür!

Ab.

Gretchen nach Hauſe gehend.

Wie konnt' ich ſonſt ſo tapfer ſchmählen,
Wenn thät ein armes Mägdlein fehlen!
Wie konnt' ich über andrer Sünden
Nicht Worte g'nug der Zunge finden!
Wie ſchien mir's ſchwarz, und ſchwärzt's noch gar,
Mir's immer doch nicht ſchwarz g'nug war,
Und ſegnet' mich und that ſo groß,
Und bin nun ſelbſt der Sünde bloß!
Doch — alles was dazu mich trieb,
Gott! war ſo gut! ach war ſo lieb!

Zwinger.

In der Mauerhöhle ein Andachtsbild der Mater dolorosa, Blumenkrüge davor. Gretchen ſteckt friſche Blumen in die Krüge.

Gretchen.

Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tauſend Schmerzen
Blickſt auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.

Zum Vater blickſt du,
Und Seufzer ſchickſt du
Hinauf um ſein' und deine Noth.

Wer fühlet,
Wie wühlet
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
Was es zittert, was verlanget,
Weißt nur du, nur du allein!

Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe

Wird mir im Buſen hier!
Ich bin ach kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Fenſter
Bethaut' ich mit Thränen, ach!
Als ich am frühen Morgen
Dir dieſe Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Kammer
Die Sonne früh herauf,
Saß ich in allem Jammer
In meinem Bett ſchon auf.

Hilf! rette mich von Schmach und Tod!
Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Noth!

Nacht.

Straße vor Gretchens Thüre.

Valentin Soldat, Gretchens Bruder.

Valentin.

Wenn ich ſo ſaß bei einem Gelag,
Wo mancher ſich berühmen mag,
Und die Geſellen mir den Flor
Der Mägdlein laut geprieſen vor,
Mit vollem Glas das Lob verſchwemmt,
Den Ellenbogen aufgeſtemmt
Saß ich in meiner ſichern Ruh,
Hört' all dem Schwadroniren zu,
Und ſtreiche lächelnd meinen Bart,
Und kriege das volle Glas zur Hand
Und ſage: alles nach ſeiner Art!
Aber iſt Eine im ganzen Land,
Die meiner trauten Gretel gleicht,
Die meiner Schweſter das Waſſer reicht?
Top! Top! Kling! Klang! das ging herum;
Die einen ſchrieen: er hat Recht,
Sie iſt die Zier vom ganzen Geſchlecht!
Da ſaßen alle die Lober ſtumm.
Und nun! — um 's Haar ſich auszuraufen
Und an den Wänden hinauf zu laufen! —
Mit Stichelreden, Naſerümpfen
Soll jeder Schurke mich beſchimpfen!

Soll wie ein böſer Schuldner ſitzen,
Bei jedem Zufallswörtchen ſchwitzen!
Und möcht' ich ſie zuſammenſchmeißen;
Könnt' ich ſie doch nicht Lügner heißen.

Was kommt heran! Was ſchleicht herbei?
Irr' ich nicht, es ſind ihrer zwei.
Iſt er's, gleich pack' ich ihn bei'm Felle!
Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle!

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Wie von dem Fenſter dort der Sacriſtei
Aufwärts der Schein des ew'gen Lämpchens flämmert
Und ſchwach und ſchwächer ſeitwärts dämmert,
Und Finſterniß drängt ringsum bei!
So ſieht's in meinem Buſen nächtig.

Mephiſtopheles.

Und mir iſt's wie dem Kätzlein ſchmächtig,
Das an den Feuerleitern ſchleicht,
Sich leiſ' dann um die Mauern ſtreicht;
Mir iſt's ganz tugendlich dabei,
Ein bißchen Diebsgelüſt, ein bißchen Rammelei.
So ſpukt mir ſchon durch alle Glieder
Die herrliche Walpurgisnacht.
Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder,
Da weiß man doch warum man wacht.

Fauſt.

Rückt wohl der Schatz indeſſen in die Höh',
Den ich dorthinten flimmern ſeh'?

Mephiſtopheles.

Du kannſt die Freude bald erleben,
Das Keſſelchen herauszuheben.
Ich ſchielte neulich ſo hinein,
Sind herrliche Löwenthaler drein.

Fauſt.

Nicht ein Geſchmeide, nicht ein Ring,
Meine liebe Buhle damit zu zieren?

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich ſah dabei wohl ſo ein Ding
Als wie eine Art von Perlenſchnüren.

Fauſt.

So iſt es recht! Mir thut es weh,
Wenn ich ohne Geſchenke zu ihr geh'.

Mephiſtopheles.

Es ſollt' euch eben nicht verdrießen
Umſonſt auch etwas zu genießen.
Jetzt da der Himmel voller Sterne glüht,
Sollt ihr ein wahres Kunſtſtück hören:
Ich ſing' ihr ein moraliſch Lied,
Um ſie gewiſſer zu bethören.

Singt zur Cither.

Was machſt du mir
Vor Liebchens Thür,
Kathrinchen, hier
Bei frühem Tagesblicke?
Laß, laß es ſein!
Er läßt dich ein

Als Mädchen ein,
Als Mädchen nicht zurücke.

Nehmt euch in Acht!
Iſt es vollbracht,
Dann gute Nacht
Ihr armen, armen Dinger!
Habt ihr euch lieb,
Thut keinem Dieb
Nur nichts zu Lieb',
Als mit dem Ring am Finger.

Valentin tritt vor.

Wen lockſt du hier? bei'm Element!
Vermaledeiter Rattenfänger!
Zum Teufel erſt das Inſtrument!
Zum Teufel hinterdrein den Sänger!

Mephiſtopheles.

Die Cither iſt entzwei! an der iſt nichts zu halten.

Valentin.

Nun ſoll es an ein Schädelſpalten!

Mephiſtopheles zu **Fauſt**.

Herr Doctor nicht gewichen! Friſch!
Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe.
Heraus mit eurem Flederwiſch!
Nur zugeſtoßen! Ich parire.

Valentin.

Parire den!

Mephiſtopheles.

Warum denn nicht?

Valentin.

Auch den!

Mephiſtopheles.

Gewiß!

Valentin.

Ich glaub', der Teufel ficht!

Was iſt denn das? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm. 3710

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.

Stoß' zu!

Valentin fällt.

O weh!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun iſt der Lümmel zahm!

Nun aber fort! Wir müſſen gleich verſchwinden

Denn ſchon entſteht ein mörderlich Geſchrei.

Ich weiß mich trefflich mit der Policei,

Doch mit dem Blutbann ſchlecht mich abzufinden. 3715

Marthe am Fenſter.

Heraus! Heraus!

Gretchen am Fenſter.

Herbei ein Licht!

Marthe wie oben.

Man ſchilt und rauft, man ſchreit und ficht.

Volk.

Da liegt ſchon einer todt!

Marthe heraustretend.

Die Mörder ſind ſie denn entflohn?

Gretchen heraustretend.

Wer liegt hier?

Volk.

Deiner Mutter Sohn.

Gretchen.

Allmächtiger! welche Noth!

Valentin.

Ich ſterbe! das iſt bald geſagt
Und bälder noch gethan.
Was ſteht ihr Weiber, heult und klagt?
Kommt her und hört mich an!

Alle treten um ihn.

Mein Gretchen ſieh! du biſt noch jung,
Biſt gar noch nicht geſcheidt genung,
Machſt deine Sachen ſchlecht.
Ich ſag' dir's im Vertrauen nur:
Du biſt doch nun einmal eine Hur';
So ſei's auch eben recht.

Gretchen.

Mein Bruder! Gott! Was ſoll mir das?

Valentin.

Laß unſern Herr Gott aus dem Spaß.
Geſchehn iſt leider nun geſchehn,
Und wie es gehn kann, ſo wird's gehn.
Du fingſt mit Einem heimlich an,

Bald kommen ihrer mehre dran,
Und wenn dich erſt ein Dutzend hat,
So hat dich auch die ganze Stadt.

Wenn erſt die Schande wird geboren,
Wird ſie heimlich zur Welt gebracht,
Und man zieht den Schleier der Nacht
Ihr über Kopf und Ohren;
Ja, man möchte ſie gern ermorden.
Wäch'ſt ſie aber und macht ſich groß,
Dann geht ſie auch bei Tage bloß,
Und iſt doch nicht ſchöner geworden.
Je häßlicher wird ihr Geſicht,
Je mehr ſucht ſie des Tages Licht.

Ich ſeh' wahrhaftig ſchon die Zeit,
Daß alle brave Bürgersleut',
Wie von einer angeſteckten Leichen,
Von dir, du Metze! ſeitab weichen.
Dir ſoll das Herz im Leib verzagen,
Wenn ſie dir in die Augen ſehn!
Sollſt keine goldne Kette mehr tragen!
In der Kirche nicht mehr am Altar ſtehn!
In einem ſchönen Spitzenkragen
Dich nicht bei'm Tanze wohlbehagen!
In eine finſtre Jammerecken
Unter Bettler und Krüppel dich verſtecken,
Und wenn dir denn auch Gott verzeiht,
Auf Erden ſein vermaledeit!

Marthe.

Befehlt eure Seele Gott zu Gnaden!
Wollt ihr noch Läſtrung auf euch laden?

Valentin.

Könnt' ich dir nur an den dürren Leib,
Du ſchändlich kuppleriſches Weib!
Da hofft' ich aller meiner Sünden
Vergebung reiche Maß zu finden.

Gretchen.

Mein Bruder! Welche Höllenpein!

Valentin.

Ich ſage, laß die Thränen ſein!
Da du dich ſprachſt der Ehre los,
Gabſt mir den ſchwerſten Herzensſtoß.
Ich gehe durch den Todesſchlaf
Zu Gott ein als Soldat und brav.

Stirbt.

Dom.

Amt, Orgel und Geſang.

Gretchen unter vielem Volke. Böſer Geiſt hinter Gretchen.

Böſer Geiſt.

Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's,
Als du noch voll Unſchuld
Hier zum Altar trat'ſt,
Aus dem vergriffnen Büchelchen
Gebete lallteſt,
Halb Kinderſpiele,
Halb Gott im Herzen!
Gretchen!
Wo ſteht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen
Welche Miſſethat?
Bet'ſt du für deiner Mutter Seele, die
Durch dich zur langen, langen Pein hinüberſchlief?
Auf deiner Schwelle weſſen Blut?
— Und unter deinem Herzen
Regt ſich's nicht quillend ſchon,
Und ängſtet dich und ſich
Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

Gretchen.

Weh! Weh!
Wär' ich der Gedanken los,
Die mir herüber und hinüber gehen
Wider mich!

Chor.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla.

Orgelton.

Böſer Geiſt.

Grimm faßt dich!
Die Poſaune tönt!
Die Gräber beben!
Und dein Herz,
Aus Aſchenruh
Zu Flammenqualen
Wieder aufgeſchaffen,
Bebt auf!

Gretchen.

Wär' ich hier weg!
Mir iſt als ob die Orgel mir
Den Athem verſetzte,
Geſang mein Herz
Im Tiefſten löſ'te.

Chor.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Gretchen.

Mir wird ſo eng!
Die Mauern-Pfeiler
Befangen mich!
Das Gewölbe
Drängt mich! — Luft!

Böſer Geiſt.

Verbirg dich! Sünd' und Schande
Bleibt nicht verborgen.
Luft? Licht?
Weh dir!

Chor.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Böſer Geiſt.

Ihr Antlitz wenden
Verklärte von dir ab.
Die Hände dir zu reichen,
Schauert's den Reinen.
Weh!

Chor.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Gretchen.

Nachbarin! Euer Fläſchchen! —

Sie fällt in Ohnmacht.

Walpurgisnacht.

Harzgebirg. Gegend von Schierke und Elend.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Mephiſtopheles.

Verlangſt du nicht nach einem Beſenſtiele?
Ich wünſchte mir den allerderbſten Bock.
Auf dieſem Weg ſind wir noch weit vom Ziele.

Fauſt.

So lang ich mich noch friſch auf meinen Beinen fühle,
Genügt mir dieſer Knotenſtock.
Was hilft's daß man den Weg verkürzt! —
Im Labyrinth der Thäler hinzuſchleichen,
Dann dieſen Felſen zu erſteigen,
Von dem der Quell ſich ewig ſprudelnd ſtürzt,
Das iſt die Luſt, die ſolche Pfade würzt!
Der Frühling webt ſchon in den Birken
Und ſelbſt die Fichte fühlt ihn ſchon;
Sollt' er nicht auch auf unſre Glieder wirken?

Mephiſtopheles.

Fürwahr ich ſpüre nichts davon!
Mir iſt es winterlich im Leibe;

Ich wünſchte Schnee und Froſt auf meiner Bahn.
Wie traurig ſteigt die unvollkommne Scheibe
Des rothen Monds mit ſpäter Gluth heran,
Und leuchtet ſchlecht, daß man bei jedem Schritte,
Vor einen Baum, vor einen Felſen rennt!
Erlaub' daß ich ein Irrlicht bitte!
Dort ſeh' ich eins, das eben luſtig brennt.
He da! mein Freund! Darf ich dich zu uns fodern?
Was willſt du ſo vergebens lodern?
Sei doch ſo gut und leucht' uns da hinauf!

Irrlicht.

Aus Ehrfurcht, hoff' ich, ſoll es mir gelingen,
Mein leichtes Naturell zu zwingen;
Nur zickzack geht gewöhnlich unſer Lauf.

Mephiſtopheles.

Ei! Ei! Er denkt's den Menſchen nachzuahmen.
Geh' Er nur g'rad', in's Teufels Namen!
Sonſt blaſ' ich Ihm Sein Flacker-Leben aus.

Irrlicht.

Ich merke wohl, ihr ſeid der Herr vom Haus,
Und will mich gern nach euch bequemen.
Allein bedenkt! der Berg iſt heute zaubertoll,
Und wenn ein Irrlicht euch die Wege weiſen ſoll,
So müßt ihr's ſo genau nicht nehmen.

Fauſt, Mephiſtopheles, Irrlicht im Wechſelgeſang.

In die Traum- und Zauberſphäre
Sind wir, ſcheint es, eingegangen.
Führ' uns gut und mach' dir Ehre!

Daß wir vorwärts bald gelangen,
In den weiten öden Räumen.

Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen,
Wie ſie ſchnell vorüber rücken,
Und die Klippen, die ſich bücken,
Und die langen Felſennaſen,
Wie ſie ſchnarchen, wie ſie blaſen!

Durch die Steine, durch den Raſen
Eilet Bach und Bächlein nieder.
Hör' ich Rauſchen? hör' ich Lieder?
Hör' ich holde Liebesklage,
Stimmen jener Himmelstage?
Was wir hoffen, was wir lieben!
Und das Echo, wie die Sage
Alter Zeiten, hallet wider.

Uhu! Schuhu! tönt es näher,
Kauz und Kibitz und der Häher,
Sind ſie alle wach geblieben?
Sind das Molche durch's Geſträuche?
Lange Beine, dicke Bäuche!
Und die Wurzeln, wie die Schlangen,
Winden ſich aus Fels und Sande,
Strecken wunderliche Bande,
Uns zu ſchrecken, uns zu fangen;
Aus belebten derben Maſern
Strecken ſie Polypenfaſern
Nach dem Wandrer. Und die Mäuſe

Tauſendfärbig, ſchaarenweiſe,
Durch das Moos und durch die Heide!
Und die Funkenwürmer fliegen,
Mit gedrängten Schwärme-Zügen,
Zum verwirrenden Geleite.

Aber ſag' mir ob wir ſtehen,
Oder ob wir weiter gehen?
Alles, alles ſcheint zu drehen,
Fels und Bäume, die Geſichter
Schneiden, und die irren Lichter,
Die ſich mehren, die ſich blähen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Faſſe wacker meinen Zipfel!
Hier iſt ſo ein Mittelgipfel,
Wo man mit Erſtaunen ſieht,
Wie im Berg der Mammon glüht.

Fauſt.

Wie ſeltſam glimmert durch die Gründe
Ein morgenröthlich trüber Schein!
Und ſelbſt bis in die tiefen Schlünde
Des Abgrunds wittert er hinein.
Da ſteigt ein Dampf, dort ziehen Schwaden,
Hier leuchtet Gluth aus Dunſt und Flor,
Dann ſchleicht ſie wie ein zarter Faden,
Dann bricht ſie wie ein Quell hervor.
Hier ſchlingt ſie eine ganze Strecke,
Mit hundert Adern, ſich durch's Thal,
Und hier in der gedrängten Ecke

Vereinzelt ſie ſich auf einmal.
Da ſprühen Funken in der Nähe,
Wie ausgeſtreuter goldner Sand.
Doch ſchau'! in ihrer ganzen Höhe
Entzündet ſich die Felſenwand.

Mephiſtopheles.

Erleuchtet nicht zu dieſem Feſte
Herr Mammon prächtig den Palaſt?
Ein Glück daß du's geſehen haſt;
Ich ſpüre ſchon die ungeſtümen Gäſte.

Fauſt.

Wie raſ't die Windsbraut durch die Luft!
Mit welchen Schlägen trifft ſie meinen Nacken!

Mephiſtopheles.

Du mußt des Felſens alte Rippen packen,
Sonſt ſtürzt ſie dich hinab in dieſer Schlünde Gruft.
Ein Nebel verdichtet die Nacht.
Höre wie's durch die Wälder kracht!
Aufgeſcheucht fliegen die Eulen.
Hör', es ſplittern die Säulen
Ewig grüner Paläſte.
Girren und Brechen der Äſte!
Der Stämme mächtiges Dröhnen!
Der Wurzeln Knarren und Gähnen!
Im fürchterlich verworrenen Falle
Über einander krachen ſie alle,
Und durch die übertrümmerten Klüfte
Ziſchen und heulen die Lüfte.

Hörſt du Stimmen in der Höhe?
In der Ferne, in der Nähe?
Ja, den ganzen Berg entlang
Strömt ein wüthender Zaubergeſang!

Hexen im Chor.

Die Hexen zu dem Brocken ziehn,
Die Stoppel iſt gelb, die Saat iſt grün.
Dort ſammelt ſich der große Hauf,
Herr Urian ſitzt oben auf.
So geht es über Stein und Stock,
Es f—t die Hexe, es ſt—t der Bock.

Stimme.

Die alte Baubo kommt allein;
Sie reitet auf einem Mutterſchwein.

Chor.

So Ehre denn, wem Ehre gebührt!
Frau Baubo vor! und angeführt!
Ein tüchtig Schwein und Mutter drauf,
Da folgt der ganze Hexenhauf.

Stimme.

Welchen Weg kommſt du her?

Stimme.

Über'n Ilſenſtein!
Da guckt' ich der Eule in's Neſt hinein.
Die macht' ein Paar Augen!

Stimme.

O fahre zur Hölle.
Was reit'ſt du ſo ſchnelle!

Stimme.

Mich hat ſie geſchunden,
Da ſieh nur die Wunden!

Hexen. Chor.

Der Weg iſt breit, der Weg iſt lang,
Was iſt das für ein toller Drang?
Die Gabel ſticht, der Beſen kratzt,
Das Kind erſtickt, die Mutter platzt.

Hexenmeiſter. Halbes Chor.

Wir ſchleichen wie die Schneck' im Haus,
Die Weiber alle ſind voraus.
Denn, geht es zu des Böſen Haus,
Das Weib hat tauſend Schritt voraus.

Andre Hälfte.

Wir nehmen das nicht ſo genau,
Mit tauſend Schritten macht's die Frau;
Doch, wie ſie auch ſich eilen kann,
Mit Einem Sprunge macht's der Mann.

Stimme oben.

Kommt mit, kommt mit, vom Felſenſee!

Stimmen von unten.

Wir möchten gern mit in die Höh.
Wir waſchen und blank ſind wir ganz und gar;
Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar.

Beide Chöre.

Es ſchweigt der Wind, es flieht der Stern,
Der trübe Mond verbirgt ſich gern.

Im Sauſen ſprüht das Zauber=Chor
Viel tauſend Feuerfunken hervor.

Stimme von unten.

Halte! Halte!

Stimme von oben.

Wer ruft da aus der Felſenſpalte? 3995

Stimme unten.

Nehmt mich mit! Nehmt mich mit!
Ich ſteige ſchon dreihundert Jahr,
Und kann den Gipfel nicht erreichen.
Ich wäre gern bei Meinesgleichen.

Beide Chöre.

Es trägt der Beſen, trägt der Stock, 4000
Die Gabel trägt, es trägt der Bock;
Wer heute ſich nicht heben kann,
Iſt ewig ein verlorner Mann.

Halbhexe unten.

Ich tripple nach, ſo lange Zeit;
Wie ſind die andern ſchon ſo weit! 4005
Ich hab' zu Hauſe keine Ruh,
Und komme hier doch nicht dazu.

Chor der Hexen.

Die Salbe gibt den Hexen Muth,
Ein Lumpen iſt zum Segel gut,
Ein gutes Schiff iſt jeder Trog; 4010
Der flieget nie, der heut nicht flog.

Beide Chöre.

Und wenn wir um den Gipfel ziehn,
So ſtreichet an dem Boden hin,
Und deckt die Heide weit und breit
Mit eurem Schwarm der Hexenheit.

Sie laſſen ſich nieder.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das drängt und ſtößt, das ruſcht und klappert!
Das ziſcht und quirlt, das zieht und plappert!
Das leuchtet, ſprüht und ſtinkt und brennt!
Ein wahres Hexenelement!
Nur feſt an mir! ſonſt ſind wir gleich getrennt.
Wo biſt du?

Fauſt in der Ferne.

Hier!

Mephiſtopheles.

Was! dort ſchon hingeriſſen?
Da werd' ich Hausrecht brauchen müſſen.
Platz! Junker Voland kommt. Platz! ſüßer Pöbel, Platz!
Hier, Doctor, faſſe mich! und nun, in Einem Satz,
Laß uns aus dem Gedräng' entweichen;
Es iſt zu toll, ſogar für Meinesgleichen.
Dort neben leuchtet was mit ganz beſondrem Schein,
Es zieht mich was nach jenen Sträuchen.
Komm, komm! wir ſchlupfen da hinein.

Fauſt.

Du Geiſt des Widerſpruchs! Nur zu! du magſt mich führen.
Ich denke doch, das war recht klug gemacht;

Zum Brocken wandeln wir in der Walpurgisnacht,
Um uns beliebig nun hieſelbſt zu iſoliren.

Mephiſtopheles.

Da ſieh nur welche bunten Flammen!
Es iſt ein muntrer Club beiſammen.
Im Kleinen iſt man nicht allein.

Fauſt.

Doch droben möcht' ich lieber ſein!
Schon ſeh' ich Gluth und Wirbelrauch.
Dort ſtrömt die Menge zu dem Böſen;
Da muß ſich manches Räthſel löſen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Doch manches Räthſel knüpft ſich auch.
Laß du die große Welt nur ſauſen,
Wir wollen hier im Stillen hauſen.
Es iſt doch lange hergebracht,
Daß in der großen Welt man kleine Welten macht.
Da ſeh' ich junge Hexchen nackt und bloß,
Und alte die ſich klug verhüllen.
Seid freundlich, nur um meinetwillen;
Die Müh iſt klein, der Spaß iſt groß.
Ich höre was von Inſtrumenten tönen!
Verflucht Geſchnarr! Man muß ſich dran gewöhnen.
Komm mit! Komm mit! Es kann nicht anders ſein,
Ich tret' heran und führe dich herein,
Und ich verbinde dich auf's neue.
Was ſagſt du, Freund? das iſt kein kleiner Raum.
Da ſieh nur hin! du ſiehſt das Ende kaum.
Ein Hundert Feuer brennen in der Reihe;

Man tanzt, man ſchwatzt, man kocht, man trinkt, man liebt;
Nun ſage mir, wo es was Beſſers gibt?

Fauſt.

Willſt du dich nun, um uns hier einzuführen,
Als Zaubrer oder Teufel produciren?

Mephiſtopheles.

Zwar bin ich ſehr gewohnt incognito zu gehn,
Doch läßt am Galatag man ſeinen Orden ſehn.
Ein Knieband zeichnet mich nicht aus,
Doch iſt der Pferdefuß hier ehrenvoll zu Haus.
Siehſt du die Schnecke da? Sie kommt herangekrochen;
Mit ihrem taſtenden Geſicht
Hat ſie mir ſchon was abgerochen.
Wenn ich auch will, verläugn' ich hier mich nicht.
Komm nur! von Feuer gehen wir zu Feuer,
Ich bin der Werber und du biſt der Freier.

Zu einigen, die um verglimmende Kohlen ſitzen.

Ihr alten Herrn, was macht ihr hier am Ende?
Ich lobt' euch, wenn ich euch hübſch in der Mitte fände,
Von Saus umzirkt und Jugendbraus;
Genug allein iſt jeder ja zu Haus.

General.

Wer mag auf Nationen trauen!
Man habe noch ſo viel für ſie gethan;
Denn bei dem Volk, wie bei den Frauen,
Steht immerfort die Jugend oben an.

Miniſter.

Jetzt iſt man von dem Rechten allzuweit,
Ich lobe mir die guten Alten;

Denn freilich, da wir alles galten,
Da war die rechte goldne Zeit.

Parvenu.

Wir waren wahrlich auch nicht dumm,
Und thaten oft was wir nicht ſollten; 4085
Doch jetzo kehrt ſich alles um und um,
Und eben da wir's feſt erhalten wollten.

Autor.

Wer mag wohl überhaupt jetzt eine Schrift
Von mäßig klugem Inhalt leſen!
Und was das liebe junge Volk betrifft, 4090
Das iſt noch nie ſo naſeweis geweſen.

Mephiſtopheles der auf einmal ſehr alt erſcheint.

Zum jüngſten Tag fühl' ich das Volk gereift,
Da ich zum letztenmal den Hexenberg erſteige,
Und, weil mein Fäßchen trübe läuft,
So iſt die Welt auch auf der Neige. 4095

Trödelhexe.

Ihr Herren geht nicht ſo vorbei!
Laßt die Gelegenheit nicht fahren!
Aufmerkſam blickt nach meinen Waaren;
Es ſteht dahier gar mancherlei.
Und doch iſt nichts in meinem Laden, 4100
Dem keiner auf der Erde gleicht,
Das nicht einmal zum tücht'gen Schaden
Der Menſchen und der Welt gereicht.
Kein Dolch iſt hier, von dem nicht Blut gefloſſen,
Kein Kelch, aus dem ſich nicht, in ganz geſunden Leib, 4105

Verzehrend heißes Gift ergoſſen,
Kein Schmuck, der nicht ein liebenswürdig Weib
Verführt, kein Schwert, das nicht den Bund gebrochen,
Nicht etwa hinterrücks den Gegenmann durchſtochen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Frau Muhme! Sie verſteht mir ſchlecht die Zeiten,
Gethan geſchehn! Geſchehn gethan!
Verleg' Sie ſich auf Neuigkeiten!
Nur Neuigkeiten ziehn uns an.

Fauſt.

Daß ich mich nur nicht ſelbſt vergeſſe!
Heiß' ich mir das doch eine Meſſe!

Mephiſtopheles.

Der ganze Strudel ſtrebt nach oben;
Du glaubſt zu ſchieben und du wirſt geſchoben.

Fauſt.

Wer iſt denn das?

Mephiſtopheles.

Betrachte ſie genau!
Lilith iſt das.

Fauſt.

Wer?

Mephiſtopheles.

Adam's erſte Frau.
Nimm dich in Acht vor ihren ſchönen Haaren,
Vor dieſem Schmuck, mit dem ſie einzig prangt.
Wenn ſie damit den jungen Mann erlangt,
So läßt ſie ihn ſobald nicht wieder fahren.

Fauſt.

Da ſitzen zwei, die Alte mit der Jungen;
Die haben ſchon was Rechts geſprungen!

Mephiſtopheles.

Das hat nun heute keine Ruh.
Es geht zum neuen Tanz; nun komm! wir greifen zu.

Fauſt mit der Jungen tanzend.

Einſt hatt' ich einen ſchönen Traum;
Da ſah ich einen Apfelbaum,
Zwei ſchöne Äpfel glänzten dran,
Sie reizten mich, ich ſtieg hinan.

Die Schöne.

Der Äpfelchen begehrt ihr ſehr
Und ſchon vom Paradieſe her.
Von Freuden fühl' ich mich bewegt,
Daß auch mein Garten ſolche trägt.

Mephiſtopheles mit der Alten.

Einſt hatt' ich einen wüſten Traum;
Da ſah ich einen geſpaltnen Baum,
Der hatt' ein — — —;
So — es war, gefiel mir's doch.

Die Alte.

Ich biete meinen beſten Gruß
Dem Ritter mit dem Pferdefuß!
Halt' Er einen — — bereit,
Wenn Er — — — nicht ſcheut.

Proktophantasmiſt.

Verfluchtes Volk! was unterſteht ihr euch?

4145 Hat man euch lange nicht bewieſen,
Ein Geiſt ſteht nie auf ordentlichen Füßen?
Nun tanzt ihr gar, uns andern Menſchen gleich!

Die Schöne tanzend.

Was will denn der auf unſerm Ball?

Fauſt tanzend.

Ei! der iſt eben überall.
4150 Was andre tanzen muß er ſchätzen.
Kann er nicht jeden Schritt beſchwätzen,
So iſt der Schritt ſo gut als nicht geſchehn.
Am meiſten ärgert ihn, ſobald wir vorwärts gehn.
Wenn ihr euch ſo im Kreiſe drehen wolltet,
4155 Wie er's in ſeiner alten Mühle thut,
Das hieß' er allenfalls noch gut;
Beſonders wenn ihr ihn darum begrüßen ſolltet.

Proktophantasmiſt.

Ihr ſeid noch immer da! Nein das iſt unerhört.
Verſchwindet doch! Wir haben ja aufgeklärt!
4160 Das Teufelspack es fragt nach keiner Regel.
Wir ſind ſo klug und dennoch ſpukt's in Tegel.
Wie lange hab' ich nicht am Wahn hinausgekehrt
Und nie wird's rein, das iſt doch unerhört!

Die Schöne.

So hört doch auf uns hier zu ennuyiren!

Proktophantasmiſt.

4165 Ich ſag's euch Geiſtern in's Geſicht,
Den Geiſtesdespotismus leid' ich nicht;
Mein Geiſt kann ihn nicht exerciren.

Es wird fortgetanzt.

Heut, ſeh' ich, will mir nichts gelingen;
Doch eine Reiſe nehm' ich immer mit
Und hoffe noch, vor meinem letzten Schritt, 4170
Die Teufel und die Dichter zu bezwingen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Er wird ſich gleich in eine Pfütze ſetzen,
Das iſt die Art wie er ſich ſoulagirt,
Und wenn Blutegel ſich an ſeinem Steiß ergetzen,
Iſt er von Geiſtern und von Geiſt curirt. 4175

Zu Fauſt, der aus dem Tanz getreten iſt.

Was läſſeſt du das ſchöne Mädchen fahren,
Das dir zum Tanz ſo lieblich ſang?

Fauſt.

Ach! mitten im Geſange ſprang
Ein rothes Mäuschen ihr aus dem Munde.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das iſt was Rechts! Das nimmt man nicht genau; 4180
Genug die Maus war doch nicht grau.
Wer fragt danach in einer Schäferſtunde?

Fauſt.

Dann ſah ich —

Mephiſtopheles.

Was?

Fauſt.

Mephiſto, ſiehſt du dort
Ein blaſſes ſchönes Kind allein und ferne ſtehen?
Sie ſchiebt ſich langſam nur vom Ort, 4185
Sie ſcheint mit geſchloſſ'nen Füßen zu gehen.

Ich muß bekennen, daß mir däucht,
Daß ſie dem guten Gretchen gleicht.

Mephiſtopheles.

Laß das nur ſtehn! Dabei wird's niemand wohl.
Es iſt ein Zauberbild, iſt leblos, ein Idol.
Ihm zu begegnen iſt nicht gut;
Vom ſtarren Blick erſtarrt des Menſchen Blut,
Und er wird faſt in Stein verkehrt,
Von der Meduſe haſt du ja gehört.

Fauſt.

Fürwahr es ſind die Augen einer Todten,
Die eine liebende Hand nicht ſchloß.
Das iſt die Bruſt, die Gretchen mir geboten,
Das iſt der ſüße Leib, den ich genoß.

Mephiſtopheles.

Das iſt die Zauberei, du leicht verführter Thor!
Denn jedem kommt ſie wie ſein Liebchen vor.

Fauſt.

Welch eine Wonne! welch ein Leiden!
Ich kann von dieſem Blick nicht ſcheiden.
Wie ſonderbar muß dieſen ſchönen Hals
Ein einzig rothes Schnürchen ſchmücken,
Nicht breiter als ein Meſſerrücken!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ganz recht! ich ſeh' es ebenfalls.
Sie kann das Haupt auch unter'm Arme tragen;
Denn Perſeus hat's ihr abgeſchlagen. —
Nur immer dieſe Luſt zum Wahn!

Komm doch das Hügelchen heran,
Hier iſt's ſo luſtig wie im Prater;
Und hat man mir's nicht angethan,
So ſeh' ich wahrlich ein Theater.
Was gibt's denn da?

Servibilis.

Gleich fängt man wieder an.
Ein neues Stück, das letzte Stück von ſieben;
Soviel zu geben iſt allhier der Brauch.
Ein Dilettant hat es geſchrieben,
Und Dilettanten ſpielen's auch.
Verzeiht ihr Herrn, wenn ich verſchwinde;
Mich dilettirt's den Vorhang aufzuziehn.

Mephiſtopheles.

Wenn ich euch auf dem Blocksberg finde,
Das find' ich gut; denn da gehört ihr hin.

Walpurgisnachtstraum

oder

Oberons und Titanias Goldne Hochzeit.

Intermezzo.

Theatermeiſter.

Heute ruhen wir einmal
Miedings wackre Söhne.
Alter Berg und feuchtes Thal,
Das iſt die ganze Scene!

Herold.

Daß die Hochzeit golden ſei
Soll'n funfzig Jahr ſein vorüber;
Aber iſt der Streit vorbei,
Das golden iſt mir lieber.

Oberon.

Seid ihr Geiſter wo ich bin,
So zeigt's in dieſen Stunden;
König und die Königin,
Sie ſind auf's neu verbunden.

Puck.

Kommt der Puck und dreht ſich quer
Und ſchleift den Fuß im Reihen;

Hundert kommen hinterher
Sich auch mit ihm zu freuen.

Ariel.

Ariel bewegt den Sang
In himmliſch reinen Tönen;
Viele Fratzen lockt ſein Klang,
Doch lockt er auch die Schönen.

Oberon.

Gatten, die ſich vertragen wollen,
Lernen's von uns beiden!
Wenn ſich zweie lieben ſollen,
Braucht man ſie nur zu ſcheiden.

Titania.

Schmollt der Mann und grillt die Frau,
So faßt ſie nur behende,
Führt mir nach dem Mittag Sie,
Und Ihn an Nordens Ende.

Orcheſter Tutti.

Fortissimo.

Fliegenſchnauz' und Mückennaſ'
Mit ihren Anverwandten,
Froſch im Laub und Grill' im Gras
Das ſind die Muſikanten!

Solo.

Seht da kommt der Dudelſack!
Es iſt die Seifenblaſe.
Hört den Schneckeſchnickeſchnack
Durch ſeine ſtumpfe Naſe.

Geiſt der ſich erſt bildet.

Spinnenfuß und Krötenbauch
Und Flügelchen dem Wichtchen!
Zwar ein Thierchen gibt es nicht,
Doch gibt es ein Gedichtchen.

Ein Pärchen.

Kleiner Schritt und hoher Sprung
Durch Honigthau und Düfte;
Zwar du trippelſt mir genung,
Doch geht's nicht in die Lüfte.

Neugieriger Reiſender.

Iſt das nicht Maskeraden-Spott?
Soll ich den Augen trauen,
Oberon den ſchönen Gott
Auch heute hier zu ſchauen?

Orthodox.

Keine Klauen, keinen Schwanz!
Doch bleibt es außer Zweifel,
So wie die Götter Griechenlands,
So iſt auch er ein Teufel.

Nordiſcher Künſtler.

Was ich ergreife das iſt heut
Fürwahr nur ſkizzenweiſe;
Doch ich bereite mich bei Zeit
Zur italiän'ſchen Reiſe.

Puriſt.

Ach! mein Unglück führt mich her:
Wie wird nicht hier geludert!

Und von dem ganzen Hexenheer
Sind zweie nur gepudert!

Junge Hexe.

Der Puder iſt ſowie der Rock
Für alt' und graue Weibchen;
Drum ſitz' ich nackt auf meinem Bock 4285
Und zeig' ein derbes Leibchen.

Matrone.

Wir haben zu viel Lebensart,
Um hier mit euch zu maulen;
Doch hoff' ich, ſollt ihr jung und zart,
So wie ihr ſeid, verfaulen. 4290

Capellmeiſter.

Fliegenſchnauz' und Mückennaſ'
Umſchwärmt mir nicht die Nackte!
Froſch im Laub und Grill' im Gras,
So bleibt doch auch im Tacte!

Windfahne nach der einen Seite.

Geſellſchaft wie man wünſchen kann. 4295
Wahrhaftig lauter Bräute!
Und Junggeſellen, Mann für Mann!
Die hoffnungsvollſten Leute.

Windfahne nach der andern Seite.

Und thut ſich nicht der Boden auf
Sie alle zu verſchlingen, 4300
So will ich mit behendem Lauf
Gleich in die Hölle ſpringen.

Xenien.

Als Inſecten ſind wir da,
Mit kleinen ſcharfen Scheren,
Satan, unſern Herrn Papa,
Nach Würden zu verehren.

Hennings.

Seht! wie ſie in gedrängter Schaar
Naiv zuſammen ſcherzen.
Am Ende ſagen ſie noch gar,
Sie hätten gute Herzen.

Muſaget.

Ich mag in dieſem Hexenheer
Mich gar zu gern verlieren;
Denn freilich dieſe wüßt' ich eh'r,
Als Muſen anzuführen.

Ci-devant Genius der Zeit.

Mit rechten Leuten wird man was.
Komm, faſſe meinen Zipfel!
Der Blocksberg, wie der deutſche Parnaß,
Hat gar einen breiten Gipfel.

Neugieriger Reiſender.

Sagt wie heißt der ſteife Mann?
Er geht mit ſtolzen Schritten.
Er ſchnopert was er ſchnopern kann.
„Er ſpürt nach Jeſuiten.“

Kranich.

In dem Klaren mag ich gern
Und auch im Trüben fiſchen;

Darum ſeht ihr den frommen Herrn
Sich auch mit Teufeln miſchen.

Weltkind.

Ja für die Frommen, glaubet mir,
Iſt alles ein Vehikel;
Sie bilden auf dem Blocksberg hier
Gar manches Conventikel.

Tänzer.

Da kommt ja wohl ein neues Chor?
Ich höre ferne Trommeln.
Nur ungeſtört! es ſind im Rohr
Die uniſonen Dommeln.

Tanzmeiſter.

Wie jeder doch die Beine lupft!
Sich wie er kann herauszieht!
Der Krumme ſpringt, der Plumpe hupft
Und fragt nicht wie es ausſieht.

Fideler.

Das haßt ſich ſchwer das Lumpenpack
Und gäb' ſich gern das Reſtchen;
Es eint ſie hier der Dudelſack,
Wie Orpheus Leier die Beſtjen.

Dogmatiker.

Ich laſſe mich nicht irre ſchrein,
Nicht durch Kritik noch Zweifel.
Der Teufel muß doch etwas ſein;
Wie gäb's denn ſonſt auch Teufel?

Idealiſt.

Die Phantaſie in meinem Sinn
Iſt dießmal gar zu herriſch.
Fürwahr, wenn ich das alles bin,
So bin ich heute närriſch.

Realiſt.

Das Weſen iſt mir recht zur Qual
Und muß mich baß verdrießen;
Ich ſtehe hier zum erſtenmal
Nicht feſt auf meinen Füßen.

Supernaturaliſt.

Mit viel Vergnügen bin ich da
Und freue mich mit dieſen;
Denn von den Teufeln kann ich ja
Auf gute Geiſter ſchließen.

Skeptiker.

Sie gehn den Flämmchen auf der Spur,
Und glaub'n ſich nah dem Schatze.
Auf Teufel reimt der Zweifel nur;
Da bin ich recht am Platze.

Capellmeiſter.

Froſch im Laub und Grill' im Gras
Verfluchte Dilettanten!
Fliegenſchnauz' und Mückennaſ'
Ihr ſeid doch Muſikanten!

Die Gewandten.

Sansſouci ſo heißt das Heer
Von luſtigen Geſchöpfen,

Auf den Füßen geht's nicht mehr,
Drum gehn wir auf den Köpfen.

Die Unbehülflichen.

Sonſt haben wir manchen Biſſen erſchranzt,
Nun aber Gott befohlen!
Unſere Schuhe ſind durchgetanzt,
Wir laufen auf nackten Sohlen.

Irrlichter.

Von dem Sumpfe kommen wir,
Woraus wir erſt entſtanden;
Doch ſind wir gleich im Reihen hier
Die glänzenden Galanten.

(Sternſchnuppe.)

Aus der Höhe ſchoß ich her
Im Stern- und Feuerſcheine,
Liege nun im Graſe quer,
Wer hilft mir auf die Beine?

Die Maſſiven.

Platz und Platz! und ringsherum!
So gehn die Gräschen nieder,
Geiſter kommen, Geiſter auch
Sie haben plumpe Glieder.

Puck.

Tretet nicht ſo maſtig auf
Wie Elephantenkälber,
Und der plumpſt' an dieſem Tag
Sei Puck der derbe ſelber.

Ariel.

Gab die liebende Natur
Gab der Geiſt euch Flügel,
Folget meiner leichten Spur.
Auf zum Roſenhügel!

Orcheſter.

Pianissimo.

4395 Wolkenzug und Nebelflor
Erhellen ſich von oben.
Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr
Und alles iſt zerſtoben.

Trüber Tag.

Feld.

Fauſt. Mephiſtopheles.

Fauſt.

Im Elend! Verzweifelnd! Erbärmlich auf der Erde lange verirrt und nun gefangen! Als Miſſethäterin im Kerker zu entſetzlichen Qualen eingeſperrt das holde unſelige Geſchöpf! Bis dahin! dahin! — Verrätheriſcher nichtswürdiger Geiſt, und das haſt du mir verheimlicht! — Steh nur, ſteh! Wälze die teufliſchen Augen ingrimmend im Kopf herum! Steh und trutze mir durch deine unerträgliche Gegenwart! Gefangen! Im unwiederbringlichen Elend! Böſen Geiſtern übergeben und der richtenden gefühlloſen Menſchheit! Und mich wiegſt du indeß in abgeſchmackten Zerſtreuungen, verbirgſt mir ihren wachſenden Jammer und läſſeſt ſie hülflos verderben!

Mephiſtopheles.

Sie iſt die Erſte nicht.

Fauſt.

Hund! abſcheuliches Unthier! — Wandle ihn, du unendlicher Geiſt! wandle den Wurm wieder in ſeine Hundsgeſtalt, wie er ſich oft nächtlicher Weile gefiel vor mir herzutrotten, dem harmloſen Wandrer vor die Füße zu kollern und ſich dem niederſtürzenden auf die Schultern zu hängen. Wandl' ihn wieder in ſeine Lieblingsbildung, daß er vor mir im Sand auf dem

Bauch krieche, ich ihn mit Füßen trete, den verworfnen! — Die Erſte nicht! — Jammer! Jammer! von keiner Menſchenſeele zu faſſen, daß mehr als ein Geſchöpf in die Tiefe dieſes Elendes verſank, daß nicht das erſte genug that für die Schuld aller übrigen in ſeiner windenden Todesnoth vor den Augen des ewig Verzeihenden! Mir wühlt es Mark und Leben durch, das Elend dieſer Einzigen; du grinſeſt gelaſſen über das Schickſal von Tauſenden hin!

Mephiſtopheles.

Nun ſind wir ſchon wieder an der Grenze unſeres Witzes, da wo euch Menſchen der Sinn überſchnappt. Warum machſt du Gemeinſchaft mit uns, wenn du ſie nicht durchführen kannſt? Willſt fliegen und biſt vor'm Schwindel nicht ſicher? Drangen wir uns dir auf, oder du dich uns?

Fauſt.

Fletſche deine gefräßigen Zähne mir nicht ſo entgegen! Mir ekelt's! — Großer herrlicher Geiſt, der du mir zu erſcheinen würdigteſt, der du mein Herz kenneſt und meine Seele, warum an den Schandgeſellen mich ſchmieden, der ſich am Schaden weidet und am Verderben ſich letzt?

Mephiſtopheles.

Endigſt du?

Fauſt.

Rette ſie! oder weh dir! Den gräßlichſten Fluch über dich auf Jahrtauſende!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich kann die Bande des Rächers nicht löſen, ſeine Riegel nicht öffnen. — Rette ſie! — Wer war's, der ſie in's Verderben ſtürzte? Ich oder du?

Fauſt blickt wild umher.

Mephiſtopheles.

Greifſt du nach dem Donner? Wohl, daß er euch elenden Sterblichen nicht gegeben ward! Den unſchuldig Entgegnenden zu zerſchmettern, das iſt ſo Tyrannen-Art ſich in Verlegenheiten Luft zu machen.

Fauſt.

Bringe mich hin! Sie ſoll frei ſein!

Mephiſtopheles.

Und die Gefahr der du dich ausſetzeſt? Wiſſe, noch liegt auf der Stadt Blutſchuld von deiner Hand. Über des Erſchlagenen Stätte ſchweben rächende Geiſter und lauern auf den wiederkehrenden Mörder.

Fauſt.

Noch das von dir? Mord und Tod einer Welt über dich Ungeheuer! Führe mich hin, ſag' ich, und befrei' ſie!

Mephiſtopheles.

Ich führe dich und was ich thun kann, höre! Habe ich alle Macht im Himmel und auf Erden? Des Thürners Sinne will ich umnebeln, bemächtige dich der Schlüſſel und führe ſie heraus mit Menſchenhand. Ich wache! die Zauberpferde ſind bereit, ich entführe euch. Das vermag ich.

Fauſt.

Auf und davon!

Nacht.

Offen Feld.

Fauſt Mephiſtopheles, auf ſchwarzen Pferden daher brauſend.

Fauſt.

Was weben die dort um den Rabenſtein?

Mephiſtopheles.

4400 Weiß nicht was ſie kochen und ſchaffen.

Fauſt.

Schweben auf, ſchweben ab, neigen ſich, beugen ſich.

Mephiſtopheles.

Eine Hexenzunft.

Fauſt.

Sie ſtreuen und weihen.

Mephiſtopheles.

Vorbei! Vorbei!

Kerker.

Fauſt mit einem Bund Schlüſſel und einer Lampe, vor einem eiſernen Thürchen.

Fauſt.

Mich faßt ein längſt entwohnter Schauer, 4405
Der Menſchheit ganzer Jammer faßt mich an.
Hier wohnt ſie hinter dieſer feuchten Mauer,
Und ihr Verbrechen war ein guter Wahn!
Du zauderſt zu ihr zu gehen!
Du fürchteſt ſie wieder zu ſehen! 4410
Fort! Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran.

Er ergreift das Schloß. Es ſingt inwendig.

Meine Mutter, die Hur',
Die mich umgebracht hat!
Mein Vater, der Schelm,
Der mich geſſen hat! 4415
Mein Schweſterlein klein
Hub auf die Bein',
An einem kühlen Ort;
Da ward ich ein ſchönes Waldvögelein;
Fliege fort, fliege fort! 4420

Fauſt aufſchließend.

Sie ahnet nicht, daß der Geliebte lauſcht,
Die Ketten klirren hört, das Stroh, das rauſcht.

Er tritt ein.

Margarete ſich auf dem Lager verbergend.

Weh! Weh! Sie kommen. Bittrer Tod!

Fauſt leiſe.

Still! Still! Ich komme dich zu befreien.

Margarete ſich vor ihn hinwälzend.

Biſt du ein Menſch, ſo fühle meine Noth!

Fauſt.

Du wirſt die Wächter aus dem Schlafe ſchreien!
Er faßt die Ketten, ſie aufzuſchließen.

Margarete auf den Knieen.

Wer hat dir Henker dieſe Macht
Über mich gegeben!
Du holſt mich ſchon um Mitternacht.
Erbarme dich und laß mich leben!
Iſt's morgen früh nicht zeitig genung?
Sie ſteht auf.
Bin ich doch noch ſo jung, ſo jung!
Und ſoll ſchon ſterben!
Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben.
Nah war der Freund, nun iſt er weit;
Zerriſſen liegt der Kranz, die Blumen zerſtreut.
Faſſe mich nicht ſo gewaltſam an!
Schone mich! Was hab' ich dir gethan?
Laß mich nicht vergebens flehen,
Hab' ich dich doch mein' Tage nicht geſehen!

Fauſt.

Werd' ich den Jammer überſtehen!

Margarete.

Ich bin nun ganz in deiner Macht.
Laß mich nur erſt das Kind noch tränken.
Ich herzt' es dieſe ganze Nacht;
Sie nahmen mir's, um mich zu kränken 4445
Und ſagen nun, ich hätt' es umgebracht.
Und niemals werd' ich wieder froh.
Sie ſingen Lieder auf mich! Es iſt bös von den Leuten!
Ein altes Mährchen endigt ſo,
Wer heißt ſie's deuten? 4450

Fauſt wirft ſich nieder.

Ein Liebender liegt dir zu Füßen
Die Jammerknechtſchaft aufzuſchließen.

Margarete wirft ſich zu ihm.

O laß uns knien die Heil'gen anzurufen!
Sieh! unter dieſen Stufen,
Unter der Schwelle 4455
Siedet die Hölle!
Der Böſe,
Mit furchtbarem Grimme,
Macht ein Getöſe!

Fauſt laut.

Gretchen! Gretchen! 4460

Margarete aufmerkſam.

Das war des Freundes Stimme!

Sie ſpringt auf. Die Ketten fallen ab.

Wo iſt er? Ich hab' ihn rufen hören.
Ich bin frei! Mir ſoll niemand wehren.

An ſeinen Hals will ich fliegen,
An ſeinem Buſen liegen!
Er rief Gretchen! Er ſtand auf der Schwelle.
Mitten durch's Heulen und Klappen der Hölle,
Durch den grimmigen teufliſchen Hohn,
Erkannt' ich den ſüßen, den liebenden Ton.

Fauſt.

Ich bin's!

Margarete.

Du biſt's! O ſag' es noch einmal!
Ihn faſſend.
Er iſt's! Er iſt's! Wohin iſt alle Qual?
Wohin die Angſt des Kerkers? der Ketten?
Du biſt's! Kommſt mich zu retten!
Ich bin gerettet! —
Schon iſt die Straße wieder da,
Auf der ich dich zum erſtenmale ſah,
Und der heitere Garten,
Wo ich und Marthe deiner warten.

Fauſt *fortſtrebend.*

Komm mit! Komm mit!

Margarete.

O weile!
Weil' ich doch ſo gern wo du weileſt!
Liebkoſend.

Fauſt.

Eile!
Wenn du nicht eileſt,
Werden wir's theuer büßen müſſen.

Margarete.

Wie? du kannſt nicht mehr küſſen?
Mein Freund, ſo kurz von mir entfernt, 4485
Und haſt 's Küſſen verlernt?
Warum wird mir an deinem Halſe ſo bang?
Wenn ſonſt von deinen Worten, deinen Blicken
Ein ganzer Himmel mich überdrang,
Und du mich küßteſt als wollteſt du mich erſticken. 4490
Küſſe mich!
Sonſt küſſ' ich dich!

Sie umfaßt ihn.

O weh! deine Lippen ſind kalt,
Sind ſtumm.
Wo iſt dein Lieben 4495
Geblieben?
Wer brachte mich drum?

Sie wendet ſich von ihm.

Fauſt.

Komm! Folge mir! Liebchen, faſſe Muth!
Ich herze dich mit tauſendfacher Gluth;
Nur folge mir! Ich bitte dich nur dieß! 4500

Margarete zu ihm gewendet.

Und biſt du's denn? Und biſt du's auch gewiß?

Fauſt.

Ich bin's! Komm mit!

Margarete.

Du machſt die Feſſeln los,
Nimmſt wieder mich in deinen Schoos.

Wie kommt es, daß du dich vor mir nicht ſcheuſt? —
Und weißt du denn, mein Freund, wen du befreiſt?

Fauſt.

Komm! komm! Schon weicht die tiefe Nacht.

Margarete.

Meine Mutter hab' ich umgebracht,
Mein Kind hab' ich ertränkt.
War es nicht dir und mir geſchenkt?
Dir auch. — Du biſt's! ich glaub' es kaum.
Gib deine Hand! Es iſt kein Traum!
Deine liebe Hand! — Ach aber ſie iſt feucht!
Wiſche ſie ab! Wie mich däucht
Iſt Blut dran.
Ach Gott! Was haſt du gethan!
Stecke den Degen ein;
Ich bitte dich drum!

Fauſt.

Laß das Vergangne vergangen ſein,
Du bringſt mich um.

Margarete.

Nein, du mußt übrig bleiben!
Ich will dir die Gräber beſchreiben.
Für die mußt du ſorgen
Gleich morgen;
Der Mutter den beſten Platz geben,
Meinen Bruder ſogleich darneben,
Mich ein wenig bei Seit',
Nur nicht gar zu weit!

Und das Kleine mir an die rechte Bruſt.
Niemand wird ſonſt bei mir liegen! —
Mich an deine Seite zu ſchmiegen 4530
Das war ein ſüßes, ein holdes Glück!
Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen;
Mir iſt's als müßt' ich mich zu dir zwingen,
Als ſtießeſt du mich von dir zurück;
Und doch biſt du's und blickſt ſo gut, ſo fromm. 4535

Fauſt.

Fühlſt du daß ich es bin, ſo komm!

Margarete.

Dahinaus?

Fauſt.

In's Freie.

Margarete.

Iſt das Grab drauß',
Lauert der Tod, ſo komm!
Von hier in's ewige Ruhebett 4540
Und weiter keinen Schritt —
Du gehſt nun fort? O Heinrich, könnt' ich mit!

Fauſt.

Du kannſt! So wolle nur! Die Thür ſteht offen.

Margarete.

Ich darf nicht fort; für mich iſt nichts zu hoffen.
Was hilft es fliehn? Sie lauern doch mir auf. 4545
Es iſt ſo elend betteln zu müſſen,
Und noch dazu mit böſem Gewiſſen!
Es iſt ſo elend in der Fremde ſchweifen,
Und ſie werden mich doch ergreifen!

Fauſt.

Ich bleibe bei dir.

Margarete.

Geſchwind! Geſchwind!
Rette dein armes Kind.
Fort! Immer den Weg
Am Bach hinauf,
Über den Steg,
In den Wald hinein,
Links wo die Planke ſteht,
Im Teich.
Faß' es nur gleich!
Es will ſich heben,
Es zappelt noch!
Rette! Rette!

Fauſt.

Beſinne dich doch!
Nur Einen Schritt, ſo biſt du frei!

Margarete.

Wären wir nur den Berg vorbei!
Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Es faßt mich kalt bei'm Schopfe!
Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein
Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe;
Sie winkt nicht, ſie nickt nicht, der Kopf iſt ihr ſchwer,
Sie ſchlief ſo lange, ſie wacht nicht mehr.
Sie ſchlief, damit wir uns freuten,
Es waren glückliche Zeiten!

Fauſt.

Hilft hier kein Flehen, hilft kein Sagen;
So wag' ich's dich hinweg zu tragen. 4575

Margarete.

Laß mich! Nein, ich leide keine Gewalt!
Faſſe mich nicht ſo mörderiſch an!
Sonſt hab' ich dir ja alles zu Lieb' gethan.

Fauſt.

Der Tag graut! Liebchen! Liebchen!

Margarete.

Tag! Ja es wird Tag! der letzte Tag dringt herein; 4580
Mein Hochzeittag ſollt' es ſein!
Sag' niemand daß du ſchon bei Gretchen warſt.
Weh meinem Kranze!
Es iſt eben geſchehn!
Wir werden uns wiederſehn; 4585
Aber nicht bei'm Tanze.
Die Menge drängt ſich, man hört ſie nicht.
Der Platz, die Gaſſen
Können ſie nicht faſſen.
Die Glocke ruft, das Stäbchen bricht. 4590
Wie ſie mich binden und packen!
Zum Blutſtuhl bin ich ſchon entrückt.
Schon zuckt nach jedem Nacken
Die Schärfe die nach meinem zückt.
Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab! 4595

Fauſt.

O wär' ich nie geboren!

Mephiſtopheles erſcheint draußen.

Auf! oder ihr ſeid verloren.
Unnützes Zagen! Zaudern und Plaudern!
Meine Pferde ſchaudern,
Der Morgen dämmert auf.

Margarete.

Was ſteigt aus dem Boden herauf?
Der! der! Schick' ihn fort!
Was will der an dem heiligen Ort?
Er will mich!

Fauſt.

Du ſollſt leben!

Margarete.

Gericht Gottes! Dir hab' ich mich übergeben!

Mephiſtopheles zu **Fauſt.**

Komm! komm! Ich laſſe dich mit ihr im Stich.

Margarete.

Dein bin ich, Vater! Rette mich!
Ihr Engel! Ihr heiligen Schaaren,
Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren!
Heinrich! Mir graut's vor dir.

Mephiſtopheles.

Sie iſt gerichtet!

Stimme von oben.

Iſt gerettet!

Mephiſtopheles zu Fauſt.

Her zu mir!

Verſchwindet mit Fauſt.

Stimme von innen, verhallend.

Heinrich! Heinrich!

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Cf.	Compare, see.
C.M.	Christlich Meynenden Faust-book (Intr. p. xvii).
D.M.	Deutsche Mythologie (see under Grimm, Appendix I).
Fgm.	Fragment of 1790 (Intr. p. xliv).
G.-J.	Goethe-Jahrbuch.
Intr.	Introduction
l.	line.
p.	page.
Par.	Paralipomena (see under Strehlke, Appendix I).
U.	Urfaust, Göchhausen Faust (Intr. pp. xxxix, xl).
V. L.	Vierteljahrschrift für Litteraturgeschichte.
Wb.	Wörterbuch
Werke.	Goethe's Works, Weimar Edition (Intr. p. x, foot-note).
Werke H.	" " Hempel " " " "
=	equivalent to.
>	passing into, becoming.
+	ensuing stage-direction.

Other common abbreviations, including those of familiar grammatical and philological terms, books of the Bible, etc., do not require explanations. Where a work is referred to by the author's name only, consult the bibliographical list in Appendix I.

Zueignung.

THESE fine stanzas, written, as we now know from Goethe's diary, on the 24th of June, 1797, are in no sense a part of the drama of *Faust*, but simply an 'occasional' lyric. The poet, now in middle life, has determined to resume work upon *Faust*. In 'dedicating' himself to the task he gives expression to the feelings that come to him as he thinks of his youth when the work was begun. Cf. Intr. p. lix. The meter, a regular eight-line stanza with feminine rimes *a*, *c*, and masculine rimes *b*, combining according to the system *abababcc*, was a favorite one with Goethe in pensive, elegiac moods.

1. **ſchwankende Geſtalten,** 'wavering forms'; Faust, Mephistopheles, Gretchen, etc., conceived as air-phantoms. Goethe often alludes to his poetic musings under the image of communing with spirits. Cf. his *Tasso*, l. 562. In a letter to Schiller of July 1, 1797, he speaks of the 'air-phantoms of *Faust*.' — **Wieder,** 'again,' with allusion to their first approach in the poet's youth.

2. **trüben,** 'dim'; his early vision was not yet clear.

4. **Wahn;** not exactly 'illusion,' nor 'delusion,' but 'fantastic idea,' viz., the early project of dramatizing the Faust-legend. To the Goethe of 1797 this project, as he had long ago conceived it, appears quixotic, based on illusion. Cf. Intr. p. lix.

5. **mögt ihr walten,** 'you may have your way.'

6. **Wie ihr . . . . ſteigt.** At the noontide of his life the poet has reached a clear height, from which the youthful *Faust* and its mental associations present themselves as a region of 'foggy mist.' Cf. the letter to Schiller of June 22, 1797, where, as here, Dunſt und Nebel is a hendiadys for Nebeldunſt. From out this dim medium the 'forms' rise about him and mutely insist upon a renewal of the earlier comradeship. He resolves to yield to their importunity.

8. **umwittert.** The verb means 'to encompass' in the form of an atmospheric influence. The 'forms' are surrounded by a magic aura, at the touch of which the poet is thrilled with the old youthful agitation.

10. **Schatten**; visions of youthful friends now dead, or otherwise lost to view.

12. **erſte Lieb' und Freundſchaft.** If we attempt to think of any one in particular, which is not at all necessary, it should probably be of Friederike Brion and the friendships of 1772–1775. There had been earlier loves and friendships, but these were the 'first' of the awakened, liberated Goethe, the Goethe of *Faust*. Still, Schröer sees here an allusion to the Frankfurt Gretchen of *Werke*, XXVI., 266 ff. Cf. Intr. p. lxxxi. — The bad rime auf : herauf was probably deliberate. Rimes to auf are scarce in German. Vischer, G.-J., IV., 9, calls the apparent negligence unverbeſſerlich ſchön.

13. **Klage,** 'mourner's plaint.'

18. **Die Seelen .... ſang.** The friends from far and near to whom, in Frankfurt and later in Weimar, Goethe was wont to read his *Faust*. Cf. Intr. p. xxxviii.

21. **Leid.** The early *Faust* is conceived as a record of 'suffering,' a common image with Goethe for his poetic 'confessions.' Cf. Thomas's *Goethe's Tasso*, Intr. p. xlix ff. On the reading Lied cf. Appendix II. — **unbekannten Menge**; the general public, the 'unknown multitude,' who have read the printed Fragment of 1790, and will read the new scenes that are to be added. They may praise the art of the poem, but they will not feel for the 'suffering' that underlies it.

22. **macht .... bang,** 'makes my heart misgive me.' To an English ear the dat. sounds unnatural, but it is the historically correct construction — es iſt mir, thut mir, macht mir bang, just like es thut mir wohl. Ich bin bang, es macht mein Herz bang, are comparatively modern.

23. **was,** 'they who'; here, like the es in l. 24, of persons. This is a common use of the neut. sing. pronoun to refer to 'several persons in a general way' (Hart). Cf. Schiller's *Tell*, I, 3: Das ſchlendert wie die Schnecken, 'those fellows dawdle like snails.' — **Lied** refers to the early *Faust*, or perhaps to Goethe's youthful singing generally. With erfreuet supply hat, rather than hätte, taking ſonſt in the sense of 'formerly' rather than in that of 'else.'

26. **Geiſterreich**; the 'spirit-realm' of departed friends.

28. **liſpelnd Lied**; of this Dedication. As the poet surrenders himself to the memories of his youth, the rush of feeling overcomes him and the hitherto clear notes of his lyre die away in 'plaintive' (liſpelnd), 'uncertain' tones like those of an Æolian harp.

29. **Schauer**, 'feeling of awe.' — **Thräne folgt den Thränen**; *metri gratia* for Thräne folgt der Thräne. So in l. 4658 we find Wunſch um Wünſche, for Wunſch um Wunſch, 'wish after wish.'

Vorſpiel auf dem Theater.

The Prelude is a dialogue in which the function of the playwright is considered from three different points of view: that of the Manager, who wishes to draw the crowd and make money; that of the Comedian, who wishes to provide amusement for the young; and that of the Poet with his ideal notions of art for art's sake. The fiction, which makes no claim to naturalness, is this: A company of players have arrived in a German city, set up their temporary theater of boards, and announced a play. But, though the audience has already gathered, the play has not yet been composed; even its general character is quite undetermined. So the Manager and the 'Merry-Andrew,' the actor who takes the part of the funny man, advise the Poet how to go to work. At the end of the conference we must imagine the Poet to improvise the play of *Faust.* Of course the Poet is Goethe, but — so is the Manager and the Comedian. As director of the Weimar theater Goethe was quite familiar with the manager's point of view, while in his youth he had written several farces and satirical plays the chief aim of which was amusement 'for the present.' The Prelude is not meant to imply that *Faust* embodies only the austere views of the Poet, that he follows his own bent and pays no attention to the advice of the other two; the humorous point of the whole is that all three get their demands complied with. *Faust* is as full of action, as motley, as spectacular, as free-and-easy in its technique, as the Manager could wish; it contains enough humor and hocus-pocus to satisfy the Comedian, while it is after all a work of art, made not for the crowd or for the moment, but for the best and for the ages. It has been thought that the Prelude was suggested by the Hindu drama *Çākuntala*, a translation of which by Forster appeared in 1791 and greatly interested Goethe. The *Çākuntala* has a prelude in which the Director converses with an actress about the play that is to be given.

The meter of the Prelude is irregular (*vers irréguliers*, cf. Bartsch in G.-J., I., 131). It consists of rimed iambic lines of four or five feet, with occasional alexandrines. The rimes are either crossed or consecutive, and masculine rimes alternate with feminine. Consecutive pairs of the same gender do not occur. Alexandrines are lines 55, 104, 117, 119, 126, 129, 140, 148, 165, 180, 181 and 225. No special significance attaches to their use; that is, they are not employed deliberately for any specific effect.

The Prelude was probably written in June–July, 1797.

35. **in deutſchen Landen**; not to be taken as implying that the players come from abroad (an interpretation forbidden by the unſern of l. 231), but only as indicating that Goethe has in mind the specific conditions of Germany. As noted above, the fiction of the Prelude makes no pretence to being natural or realizable.

39. **Pfoſten**; the 'posts' supporting the stage. — Aufgeſchlagen, 'thrown up'; implying hasty or temporary construction.

41. **Augenbraunen.** The original and now usual form is **Augenbrauen**, which Goethe also uses.

43. **verſöhnt**, 'conciliates.'

48. **mit Bedeutung**, 'while having some significance,' 'while not trivial.'

51. **Wehen**, 'throes.' The spasmodic surgings of the crowd are likened to birth-pains. So at least Sanders Wb., *sub voce* Weh.

52. **enge Gnadenpforte**; in allusion to the 'strait (i. e. narrow) gate,' στενὴ πύλη, of Matt. vii, 13.

53. **vor Vieren**, 'before four o'clock.' The declined plu. Viere occurs only in certain set phrases, e. g., mit Vieren, 'with four horses'; auf allen Vieren, 'on all fours'; um Viere, 'at four o'clock.' The plays at Weimar usually began at six or half-past-five p. m.

55. The simile was suggested, no doubt, by what had lately been going

on in Paris. See Carlyle's *French Revolution*, bk. 6, the chapter "In Queue."

59-74. The Poet speaks at first in the stanza of the Zueignung. With the sentiment expressed cf. Goethe's *Tasso*, l. 454:

Die Menge macht den Künſtler irr' und ſcheu.

60. **uns .... entflieht,** 'our wit forsakes us.'

62. **Strudel,** 'vortex' of vulgarity.

63. **ſtillen Himmelsenge,** 'quiet, celestial nook' of personal affection and sympathy. The thought is that the best incentive to good work is the desire to please the friends whom one loves. Cf. Thomas's Goethe's *Tasso*, ll. 447–8, and the editor's note.

64. **Wo nur,** 'where alone,' the nur being *metri gratia* for allein. The phrase wo nur commonly means 'wherever.' Of course nur can not be taken with Dichter.

66. **Götterhand.** In compounds, Götter= is often used without polytheistic tinge in the sense of divine. — **Erpflegen** is a rare verb quoted in Grimm Wb. for this passage only and defined *curare*. The er= gives the force 'to nurse effectively,' 'nurse into health and vigor.'

68. **ſchüchtern vorgelallt,** 'timidly stammered out.' The poetic artist is thought of as 'timid' about entrusting the child of his love to the wild waves of contemporary opinion; his work is 'stammered forth' because he feels that it is an imperfect utterance of his thought.

69. **Mißrathen .... gelungen,** 'miscarrying now, and now perhaps succeeding,' according as the poet is more or less lucky in his attempt at utterance. On the force of the participles see Brandt, § 295.

70. **des .... Gewalt.** By the 'power of the wild moment' is meant the distracting interests of the time. These 'engulf' the poem, i. e., cause it to be overlooked or ignored for a season.

71–2. The thought is that a poet's work may be before the world for years before it is recognized for what it really is. No reference to the long incubation of the subject in the poet's mind.

79. **Gegenwart,** 'present,' not 'presence,' as Taylor has it. — **Braven Knaben,** 'lusty lad.'

80. **iſt immer .... was,** 'counts anyway for *something* also.' Immer is here a strengthening particle used to enforce an assertion in view of opposition. Cf. Goethe's immer ein ſchön Stück Arbeit, 'undeniably a

handsome piece of work'; immer ein hübſcher Burſche, 'a pretty fellow certainly.' Schon was, means 'at least something,' i. e., *something*, with emphasis.

81–4. Directed against the words of the Poet in ll. 59 ff. The thought is that a poet who knows how to please will not feel bitter toward 'the people.' On the contrary, he will prefer a large public that he may be more sure of producing a great effect.

83–4. **Er wünſcht .... erſchüttern**; less briefly expressed: Er wünſcht ſich einen großen viel mehr als einen kleinen Kreis, um ſeinen Kreis gewiſſer zu erſchüttern. The argument is not that among many there will be more to feel the poet's power, but rather that the small circle of intimate friends who know the poet in his daily walk are less likely to be thrilled through and through by his work.

85. **brav,** 'accommodating.' — **Muſterhaft,** 'exemplary' (from the speaker's point of view).

90. **Man kommt zu ſchaun.** Cf. the quotation from Lessing, Intr. p. xx.

93. **Habt .... gewonnen,** 'you have forthwith won in the world-at-large,' i. e., you are the idol of a great public. So Goethe speaks of persons zerſtreut in der Breite der Welt. Cf. Grimm Wb. *sub voce* Breite. Taylor's 'by sheer diffuseness' is wrong; that would require durch die Breite.

99. **gleich in Stücken,** 'right in pieces,' i. e., straightaway, without bothering about the harmony of the 'piece.'

100. **Ragout,** 'stew.'

102. **ein Ganzes,** 'an artistic whole.'

103. **zerpflücken,** 'pick to pieces'; not however in the sense of 'find fault with.' Each spectator will pick out, without regard to the poetic harmony of the whole, the separate parts that suit him best.

104. **ſei.** The subjunctive of indirect question, not now usual after a present tense, is common in Goethe. Cf. ll. 272, 1543, 2321, 3532.

106. **Der .... Pfuſcherei,** 'the botchwork of those nice fellows.' Die ſauberen Herren (ſauber of course sarcastic) are the popular playwrights who make sensational spectacular dramas of the kind just commended by the Manager. Perhaps Goethe may have thought of Kotzebue.

107. **Maxime,** 'sovereign rule' (Lat. *maxima regula*).

112. **ſeht .... hin;** i. e., at the assembled audience.

114. **übertiſchten Mahle,** ‘overloaded table.’ Tiſch comes from Lat. *discus* and meant at first ‘dish,’ whence tiſchen (but usually auftiſchen), ‘to serve, or set out dishes’ for a meal, and übertiſchen, ‘to supply dishes in excess.’ An übertiſchtes Mahl is thus ‘a feast over-supplied with dishes.’

115–6. The play-goer who has just been reading the papers is pre-occupied with the news of the day.

119. **zum Beſten geben,** ‘contribute.’ On this line the commentators quote Ovid’s *Ars Amatoria*, I., 99:

> Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae,

which may well have been in Goethe’s mind in view of his early fondness for Ovid.

120. **ſpielen .... mit,** ‘join in the play without wages.’ Fine toilets in the audience, as well as the acting upon the stage, draw the crowd and swell the profits.

122. **Was macht .... froh?** ‘Why does a full house make you glad?’ That is, do you proudly imagine that the crowd is here out of regard for high art?

131. **verwirren,** ‘bewilder.’

132. At the end of this line the Poet makes a sign of impatience.

136. **Menſchenrecht.** The poet’s ‘natural right,’ as appears from what follows, is his right to follow his artistic instinct for harmony.

139. **jedes Element,** ‘every element’; not of society, but of nature, as in l. 1278. The poet is a magician.

140–9. The ideal poet is here conceived as one who takes up into his own being the unharmonious facts of nature (zurückſchlingen, ‘devour,’ as in l. 8665), and gives them forth again in harmonious form. The whole passage will appear clearer from a comparison of *Tasso*, ll. 160 ff.

> Sein Ohr vernimmt den Einklang der Natur;
> Was die Geſchichte reicht, das Leben gibt,
> Sein Buſen nimmt es gleich und willig auf:
> Das weit Zerſtreute ſammelt ſein Gemüth
> Und ſein Gefühl belebt das Unbelebte.

The doings of nature are ‘monotonous’; she winds her endless thread upon the spindle, indifferent to the steady, unvarying hum. Or, her work is ‘discordant’; the totality of her creations make a universal ugly jangle. It is the Poet who measures off (theilt ab) this monotonous round, gives life to that which without him were lifeless (belebend; cf. the belebt das Unbelebte of *Tasso*), and imparts to the whole a rhythmic movement.

146. **die fließend immer gleiche Reihe** = die immer gleich fließende Reihe.

148. **Wer ruft . . . . Weihe,** 'who summons the isolated fact to the general solemnization?' Nature becomes through the poet a grand, solemn symphony, in which each single, separate fact is duly related to the whole and so made a note in the universal harmony.

150. **Wer läßt . . . . wüthen?** 'Who causes the tempest to rage to (the accompaniment of human) passions?' The poet leads us to see our own moods in the aspects of nature — passion in the storm and pensive calm in the sunset.

154. **Blätter;** the laurel wreath.

156. **Wer ſichert . . . . Götter?** 'Who assures Olympus and shows gods assembled?' The climax culminates here in the thought that we owe heaven itself to the poet. Goethe uses the terms of Greek polytheism, but his thought is of wider application. Not only has the poet a noble office in dealing with the highest interests of this world, being the interpreter of nature (ll. 146–51), the singer of love (ll. 152–3), and the herald of all meritorious achievement (ll. 154–55), but as seer, *vates*, he gives us a vision of divine things beyond. — **Sichert den Olymp** is to be taken in the sense of 'gives the assurance of heaven.' By the 'uniting' of the gods is not meant the reconciling of their discords, but more simply the poetic revelation of them as a divine assemblage, or Götterverein — such a revelation as Homer gives us.

158–83. The speaker will have the Poet take the evolution of an ordinary love-affair as a model in the conduct of his 'poetical business.' The love-affair begins accidentally, proceeds of itself, with little need of planning or artistic motivation, and consists of a rapid succession of interesting situations that appeal to the general sympathy — particularly of the young.

163. **wird es angefochten,** 'it is touched by adversity.'

167. **Greift . . . . hinein;** lit. 'thrust in your hand.' Changing the figure, one might say: Just plunge into the full current of human life.

168–69. The thought is: Every one lives 'the life of man,' but few have thought about it so as to know it objectively as it is. Hence, when real life is presented on the stage, it seems at once familiar and novel, and so is always interesting. — **Intereſſant** here with secondary accent on the antepenultima. Fr. *intéressant.*

170. **wenig**; apparently = ein wenig, rather than nur wenig.

180. **Noch**, 'as yet'; i. e., they are not too old.

181. **Schwung**, 'soaring flight' of feeling or imagination. — **Schein**, 'illusion.'

182. **Wer fertig iſt**, 'one who has done with growing'; in antithesis to the following **ein Werdender**.

184–97. In these lines the Poet is very evidently the middle-aged Goethe recalling his own youth.

188. Cf. **dem trüben Blick** in l. 2.

193. **Den Drang . . . . Trug**, 'the bent for truth and the fondness for illusion.' The contradiction is only apparent. 'Truth' is here used in the sense of 'fidelity to nature,' while 'illusion' refers especially to the counterfeit presentments of 'the boards that signify the world.'

206–13. The logic of the passage is this: Though youth may be necessary for the soldier, the lover, the athlete, the reveller (ll. 198–205), still (doch) it is not so for the poet as such. Even in riper years, when his harp has become an old story, he can yet by dint of resolution strike the familiar strings with spirit and sweetness. The flood of song may no longer well up spontaneously as in his youth (cf. ll. 186–7), but he can still set himself a poetic goal and move toward it, though slowly, perhaps, and with much digression. Nor will the world think less of him for his slow, meandering pace, or ascribe it to the weakness of age; since what people call the childishness of age is only a survival of real childhood. — The speaker here ignores the fiction that the audience is waiting. There is really no time for 'sauntering.' The lines may be taken as a quiet *pro domo* of Goethe in defence of his own leisurely gait in the composition of *Faust.*

209. **mit holdem Irren**, 'with winsome deviation.'

218. **Stimmung**, 'mood.' There has really been no talk of 'mood' in the Prelude, but one acquainted with Goethe will understand the question here asked. He knew very well what it was to make resolution do duty for the favor of the Muses. What the Manager says in ll. 218–30 is not mere Philistinism, and not altogether satire upon those who 'expect a poet to furnish verses to order' (Hart). There is, of course, a touch of humorous *brutalité* in the idea of 'commanding one's poetry' as if it were

a body of soldiers; but underneath the humor there is a true and serious side to what the Manager says. For, after all, a great poem is a matter of high resolve and long-continued, strenuous toil; and the poet has no better right than any other brain-worker to be the bond-slave of his mood.

224. **braut unverzüglich dran,** 'go at the brew without delay.'

228. **beim Schopfe faſſen,** 'seize by the forelock.' Cf. our 'take time by the forelock,' for 'go at a thing at once.'

229–30. The mere fact that one has begun is a strong incentive to continue.

231–2. The thought is: There are with us Germans no rigid dramatic standards to prevent one from experimenting *ad libitum.*

234. **Proſpecte,** 'scenery.'

235. **das groß' und kleine Himmelslicht;** the sun and moon.

238. **An Thier und Vögeln;** for an Thieren und Vögeln. The omission of the ending in the first of two words having the same ending and connected by **und** is a frequent license with Goethe.

242. **Vom Himmel .... Hölle.** This phrase merely explains what the Manager means by 'traversing the whole circle of creation.' He has a choice collection of stage properties for the representation of scenes earthly, celestial and infernal, and he wants to have them used for a grand spectacular variety-show. He does not mean to prescribe that the action shall begin in heaven and end in hell, but only that heaven and hell as well as earth shall be included in the spectacle. He has in mind the scope rather than the termini of the action. — Many years after the Prelude was written, namely, May 6, 1827, Goethe said to Eckermann: "People come and ask what idea I have embodied in my *Faust*. As if I knew myself and could express it! 'From heaven through the world to hell,' — that might answer if need were, only that is not an idea, but rather the course of the action." But here, too, the phrase Gang der Handlung can refer only to the scope, not to the goal, of the action; for the First Part, which alone existed in 1827, does not end in hell, nor does the Second Part as afterwards completed. Nor was there ever any thought of having it so end. Hell is however represented toward the end of the Second Part, and since the whole begins and ends in heaven, we see that the Manager's prescription is exactly complied with. — Loeper is hardly right in thinking that there is here an allusion to the old mystery-stage with its (fictitious) three stories representing heaven, earth and hell.

Prolog im Himmel.

This portion of the drama was also written, probably, in June–July, 1797. For a brief discussion of the Prologue in its relation to the general plan of *Faust*, see Intr. p. lxviii. Some of the extant puppet-plays begin with a prologue in hell, and if this was the case with the one, or ones, which Goethe saw in his youth, he may have got from that source the hint for a scene defining the relation of Faust's career to the supernatural world, though *his* plan clearly called for a prologue in heaven rather than in hell. There is, however, no positive evidence that the idea of the Prologue antedates the year 1797. On resuming *Faust* at that time, Goethe saw the need of foreshadowing the general character of his work in its ethical and theological aspect. The subject was a familiar one connected in the mind of the public with certain definite traditionary associations, but he proposed, while following the tradition in many details, to depart from it radically in the conception of Faust's character and final destiny. He had not indicated this purpose in the Fragment of 1790, nor would it appear at all clearly from the action of the First Part. Hence the need of a prologue which should serve to put the reader or spectator on the right track at the outset.

The chief interest of the Prologue, apart from the matchless poetry of the opening chants, centers in the mild Pelagian theology that is put into the mouth of the Lord. Cf. Intr. p. xxxvi. Faust is not looked on as at variance with his Maker; he is no doomed sinner needing to be saved by a miracle of grace, but a being who is passing through a natural course of development, like a young tree for whose flowers and fruit the gardener is willing to wait. In other words, he is a 'servant of the Lord'; and if his service is now somewhat 'confused,' he is going to see more clearly soon. This, taken in connection with what we subsequently learn of Faust's character, with the compact in ll. 1692–1706, and with the saying of the angels in ll. 11936–7:

„Wer immer ſtrebend ſich bemüht,
Den können wir erlöſen,“

can only mean that all 'striving,' i. e., all idealism that looks beyond the egoistic pleasure of the moment, is at bottom 'service of the Lord'; service which may be more or less 'clear' and so may occasion less or more of error, but will not fail of divine approval at the last. To accord with this conception, the devil must be an enemy of idealism. Mephistopheles is accordingly introduced in the Prologue as one of the spirits of negation, a humorous 'wag' whose divinely appointed office it is to spur men to activity for their own good, and thus unwittingly work out the Lord's purposes. His incentive is not greed for the souls of dead men, but the pleasure of leading men 'in his way' while they are alive. Hence he professes not to care for Faust's soul after death, though later, as legendary devil, he does manifest an interest in it.

The dramatic setting of the scene was suggested by the book of Job, in which we read (i. 6), that 'there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.' In the Hebrew poem the Lord calls attention to his 'servant Job, an upright man,' but Satan thinks that Job's uprightness is due to his prosperity. To test the matter, Satan is given permission to try to turn Job from the service of the Lord by means of affliction. Mephistopheles is to try the same experiment upon Faust by means of pleasure. In both poems the devil fails and the word of the Lord is verified. Cf. the address of J. Landsberger, *Das Buch Hiob und Goethe's Faust*, Darmstadt, 1882.

242+. **Die himmliſchen Heerſchaaren.** The Eng. 'heavenly host' of Luke ii. 13, cf. Acts vii. 42, translates the Gr. *στρατιά* 'army.' — **Mephiſtopheles.** The origin of the name is still a moot question. Its earliest known occurrence is in the first Faust-book of 1587, where it appears as Mephostophiles. Of course, however, the author of the Faust-book did not invent the name, but took it from an earlier learned tradition. Most likely the word is a Hebrew compound worked over under the influence of Greek words in *-φιλης*. Most plausible, perhaps, is Seydel's derivation (G.-J., V., 353) from Hebrew *mefiz-tofel*, 'destroyer-liar,' or, perhaps, 'forger of lies' (G.-J., VII., 310). That the word was originally a Greek compound *μη-φαυστο-φιλης* 'no friend of Faust,' or *μη-φωτο-φιλης* 'no friend of light,' is not probable: one who knew enough to write such Greek would know too much to write it. Little is to be said, too, for the derivation proposed by A. Rudolf (G.-J., I., 335), namely, Hephaistophiles, 'Hephaestus' friend,' 'devil's friend,' as antithesis to Theophilus, 'God's friend.' For yet other guesses see G.-J., III., 340, and IV., 432; also a learned Latin essay by A.

Hagemann: *Mephistophelis nomen unde ortum*, etc., Graudenz, 1872. Goethe discusses the word in a letter to Zelter of Nov. 20, 1829, giving it a 'fantastic origin contemporary with that of the Faust-legend.' In this letter he encloses an extract from *Faust's Höllenzwang* of 1612, in which are found some scores of spirit-names like Osphadiel, Dirachiel, Kirotiel, Mephistophiel. Unless these names are also capable of being explained from the Hebrew, it would seem possible that Goethe is exactly right in ascribing to the word a 'fantastic origin.' As to the form of the name, the earlier Faust-books and Pfitzer followed the original, though Marlowe changed it to Mephostophilis, with a vocative Mephosto, and Shakespeare made it Mephistophilus. The form Mephistopheles was used in the Christlich Meynenden Faust-book and became then the usual one with writers of the eighteenth century. — **Die drei Erzengel.** Raphael is not mentioned in the Bible, but appears in the apocrypha (Tobit xii. 15) as 'one of the seven holy angels which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One.' Gabriel is mentioned in Daniel and also in Luke i. 19 ('I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God'). Michael is mentioned in Daniel, Jude and Revelations, and he only is called an 'archangel' in the Bible (Jude 9). In the book of Enoch we hear of 'four great archangels,' viz., Gabriel, Michael, Uriel, and Suriel or Raphael. Die drei treten vor need not be taken as implying that there are just three archangels in heaven, but only that *the* three most illustrious ones, the three who are to take part in the scene, present themselves before the Lord.

243. **tönt,** 'makes music'; in allusion, probably, to the ancient Pythagorean doctrine of spheral harmonies produced by the motion of the heavenly bodies. Somewhat different is the biblical conception of stars singing for joy. Cf. Job xxxviii, 7, 'The morning stars sang together,' and Isaiah xliv. 23, 'Sing, O ye heavens.'

244. **Bruderſphären;** presumably the planets, rather than the fixed stars. The syntax is as if we had the compound Bruderſphären-Wettgeſang.

246. **Donnergang,** 'thunder-march.' The course of the sun through space is conceived as swift, majestic, and attended by a roar like that of thunder. Klopstock describes God as moving,

> Wenn er dem Ziele ſich naht, mit dem Donnergang der Entſcheidung.

247. **Ihr Anblick,** 'its aspect.'

248. **Wenn keiner .... mag,** 'though no one can fathom it.' By 'fathoming the sun,' is meant the comprehension of it as a phenomenon; **mag** in its original meaning of 'can.'

255. **Flüſſen;** not the waves nor the tides, but seething 'floods' into which the waves break and recoil as they are driven up against the rocks.

261–2. **bilden .... Wirkung,** 'form in their fury a chain of deepest effect.' The seaward and landward winds produce far-reaching consequences. Fichte shows in one of his lectures that if a grain of sand on the beach were to lie a few inches from where it does lie, the whole antecedent history of the world must have been different. So Emerson calls all Nature

> A subtle chain of countless rings.

263–4. **flammt .... vor.** Aside from the exigencies of meter there is a subtle, untranslatable difference between es flammt dem Pfade vor and es flammt vor dem Pfade. The compound gives a finer poetical effect.

265. **Doch.** The logic is this: Grand as are the phenomena of storm, thunder and lightning on earth, still it is the *gentle* movement of the day that most excites the reverence of the angels. **Boten** = *ἄγγελοι*, 'angels.'

268. **Da,** 'since.' Schröer thinks it concessive, like the corresponding wenn of l. 248, but that is hardly possible. Da is not once quoted in Grimm Wb. in the sense of wenn auch, though it is common in that of wenn, wenn vielleicht. Strehlke Wb. gives it the meaning of da wo. But the thought is rather, that *since* the Lord's nature is unfathomable, the contemplation of his works affords the angels an ever fresh source of strength. What one understands perfectly becomes in time an old story.

271. **nahſt.** Mephisto's buffoon humor expresses itself in the conceit that the Lord is a genial householder who appears now and then in the servants' quarters to inquire how things are going. In fact, the Lord does not 'approach,' but only permits an approach. For in view of the words der Himmel ſchließt, l. 349+, we must think of the Lord as occupying a 'most holy place' which is veiled from the celestial host, the veil being however drawn aside to admit the favored ones into the divine presence.

275. **hohe Worte machen,** 'make fine phrases,' as the archangels have just been doing.

277. **Mein Pathos,** 'pathos from me'; 'pathos' in the sense of serious feeling earnestly expressed.

280. **ſich**, 'themselves,' not 'one another.'

282. **Wunderlich**, 'singular.' Notice that l. 282 parodies ll. 250 and 270. — **Als wie** is a frequent pleonasm with Goethe. Cf. ll. 359, 2129, 2214, 2294.

285. **Vernunft**, 'reason.' When used in its philosophical sense, as here, or expressly contrasted with Verſtand, 'understanding,' 'sense,' Vernunft means the faculty by which we apprehend the 'connection of truths' (Wolff, as quoted by Sanders Wb.). In other words, it is the faculty with which we grasp general and abstract ideas. Thus Vernunft is, or was held by German philosophers to be, the attribute that distinguishes man from the lower animals, these having at best only Verſtand. (But when Vernunft is used popularly, or without thought of Verſtand, it may be ascribed to brutes. Cf. Schiller's *Tell*, I., 1: Das Thier hat auch Vernunft.) — In **nennt's**, the es = das ſcheinbar himmliſche Licht.

286. **Nur** merely strengthens allein, giving the sense of 'to no other end than.' But the collocation is very unusual. — The devil's theory is this: Man's 'reason' does nothing for him but give him an absurd conceit of himself, which leads him to plume himself on his superiority to the brutes that perish. When, therefore, he *does* act like the brutes, his conduct is worse than theirs, because they make no fine pretensions. They never talk of truth, beauty, righteousness, immortality, etc.

287. **mit Verlaub .... Gnaden**, 'with your Grace's permission.' Ew. is for Euer, historically a gen. plu. Euer Gnaden is a stereotyped form constant for all cases.

288. **Cicaden**, 'grasshoppers,' not 'cicadae.' On the point of the comparison, see Intr. p. lxxvi.

290. **gleich**, 'straightway.' The attempt to fly fails forthwith.

292. The meaning is: Not only can man not fly very high or very long, but when he sinks back to earth, he is not even content with the cleaner media of an animal existence.

298. **ſelbſt**; to be taken with ich, not with die armen.

300. **euch**. Ordinarily the change from du to Ihr is in the direction of greater respectfulness; here, since the Lord is addressed, it has the exactly opposite effect.

302. **Die Gährung**, 'the ferment' of his soul.

308. **verworren,** ‘confusedly’; like one wandering in the dark or in ‘misty fog.’

310. **grünt,** ‘shows signs of life.’

314. **meine Straße;** acc. of the way. Mephisto’s ‘way’ is that of egoistic pleasure.

315–6. The implication clearly is, that when Faust’s life on earth is over, Mephistopheles is to have no further right to trouble him.

318. **Da,** ‘there,’ i. e., so far as that restriction is concerned.

319. **Hab’ ich .... befangen,** ‘I have never cared to concern myself.’ For the use of befangen as = befaſſen, Grimm Wb. quotes only this case from Goethe, but several from Richter. As to Mephisto’s professed indifference to dead men, cf. Intr. p. lxxi–ii.

320. **lieb’ ich mir.** Lieben with reflexive dat. is much used by Goethe. It means ‘to like,’ ‘to have a fancy for.’

325. **erfaſſen,** ‘get hold of.’

327. Another intimation that Mephistopheles is to be baffled. He is to ‘stand abashed’ and ‘confess.’

328–9. **Ein guter .... bewußt,** ‘a good man in his vague striving is quite conscious of the right way.’ An important, difficult, and famous passage. Obviously ein guter Menſch can not mean ‘a good man’ in the ordinary sense. Of course a good man is ‘conscious of the right way’ and tries to follow it; that is the very nature of ‘goodness.’ Goethe uses guter in about the sense of tüchtiger or hochſtrebender, meaning one who is ‘good’ — for something; one who has ideals and tries to realize them; or, in different words, one who possesses that ‘good will’ which Goethe calls the ‘foundation in matters of right conduct.’ (Das Hauptfundament des Sittlichen iſt der gute Wille; *Werke*, H., XIX., 77.) For an exactly similar use of the phrase cf. *Werke*, H., VIII., 198:

> Denn was ein guter Menſch erreichen kann
> Iſt nicht im engen Raum des Lebens zu erreichen,

where it is applied to an artist and can, therefore, have nothing to do with conventional ‘goodness.’ — The phrase in ſeinem dunklen Drange is not easily translatable. Grimm Wb., defines Drang for this passage as Anreizung, innerer Trieb, *impetus*, *impulsus*. Dunklen means ‘not fully understood,’ hence ‘vague.’— The point involved is, at bottom, the old issue between the Augustinian and the Pelagian theology: the question whether a man, if he follows his natural bent, will surely and finally go wrong or not; whether he is of himself a helpless wanderer in the dark, requiring to be *put* upon the right way by a miracle of divine intervention, or whether he has that in him which will enable him to *find* the right way and follow it. Goethe takes the Pelagian view, but only on the supposition that the man is ein guter Menſch from the first. For Faust is by no means a representative of humanity, as he is sometimes called, but only of that portion of it who strive, whose will is good. — It may be noted, finally, that no formal confession of discomfiture, like that here foreshadowed, ever comes from Mephistopheles. He is, however, discomfited, for Faust's idealism proves invincible.

334–5. The allusion is to Genesis iii. 14, where God says to the serpent, 'dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' By 'eating dust with delight' the devil means being satisfied with egoistic pleasure.

336. **Du darfſt . . . . erſcheinen,** 'there too thou mayest act thy part quite unhindered'; auch da, in boasting over the Lord as well as in trying to lead Faust astray; nur with frei in the sense of 'not otherwise than,' 'quite.' Observe that erſcheinen does not mean 'to appear' = *videri*, which would call for ſcheinen, but 'to show one's self,' 'play one's part.'

339. **Schalk,** 'wag.' Mephistopheles is given this name as a being who acts in a spirit of cynical humor, — for the fun of the thing, so to speak. The Lord's work is to him a field for practical joking. Those other unnamed spirits which are more troublesome to the Lord would doubtless be such as carry on the work of negation, opposition and destruction in a spirit of bitter, malignant earnest. That Mephistopheles is here *a* spirit, but later (l. 1338) *the* spirit of negation, or (l. 2181) *the* devil, need occasion no surprise. *The* devil is a theological abstraction. What history gives us first is many devils of different national characters and different names, which names and characters were then blended in the conception of *the* devil. Cf. Intr. p. lxxv. Thus Goethe treats his Mephistopheles at pleasure either as one in a kindred hierarchy of devils, making e. g. the tempter of Genesis his 'cousin' (l. 335), or as a personification of a *part* of the negative principle of darkness that is at war with light (l. 1335), or again as *the* spirit of negation, *the* devil. The witch calls him Junker Satan (l. 2504). On the Brocken he calls himself Junker Voland (l. 4023), while the devil on the throne is Herr Urian (l. 3959). In

the puppet-plays *the* devil is sometimes called Pluto. In the original legend Mephistopheles is an envoy of Lucifer.

340–3. The doctrine is that men thrive by opposition. Cynical criticism and obstruction bring out our best qualities and incite us to work for the realization of our ideals.

341. **Er liebt ſich.** Cf. l. 320, note.

343. **Der reizt . . . . ſchaffen,** 'who stimulates, exerts influence and must, as devil (i. e., by virtue of his devilish nature), be doing.' But some take the last clause to mean 'must, though devil, produce'; i. e., though his work is destruction, by stimulating man to productive activity, he becomes in spite of himself a producer.

344 **Götterſöhne,** 'sons of God,' as in Genesis vi. 2, and Job i. 6. The reference is of course to the archangels. Cf. l. 66, note.

345–9. This passage defies translation and resists close logical analysis, but the general import is this: Mephistopheles is to go to earth to carry on his opposition to the Lord's purposes, but the angels are to remain at the center of creative power, beholding with joy and love the beautiful creation that is ever realizing itself about them, and seeing in every transient phenomenon a manifestation of the eternal thought of God. **Das Werdende,** 'the evolving world,' is creation considered not as a fact, but as a living process, the ever progressing realization of the divine plan. **Was in ſchwankender Erſcheinung ſchwebt,** 'what floats in unsteady phenomenal manifestation,' e. g., suns, planets, storms, man's earthly life — all things that come and go as parts of the phenomenal world. **Befeſtiget mit dauernden Gedanken,** 'fix, i. e., hold steadfast, with enduring thoughts.' But Strehlke Wb. gives befeſtigen as = ſtärken, ſichern. All that 'appears' is a manifestation of the Eternal Thought. The angels are invited to participate in this thought, or, in Spinozan phrase, to view the world *sub specie æternitatis.*

349+. **Der Himmel,** the 'most holy place.' Cf. l. 270, note.

350. **Den Alten,** 'the old man,' 'the governor.'

Nacht.

This scene, up to Wagner's exit, belongs to the oldest stratum of *Faust*. On its subjective side it is rooted in Goethe's youthful disgust with academic learning and in the fantastic feeling for 'nature' to which he had been led by his study of the alchemists and mystics, and by the influence of Herder. See Intr. pp. xxiii–xxxv. In beginning with a soliloquy of Faust, Goethe follows the puppet-plays (but see above, the general note upon the Prologue), which in turn follow Marlowe. In the puppet-plays, Faust's success in conjuring is always dependent on a certain book which is brought him by two or more students. In Goethe, Faust has the book of Nostradamus from the first, and nothing is said of its provenience. This book is conceived as possessing occult properties such that the mere contemplation of its symbols produces wonderful effects upon the beholder's mental state, while the appropriate 'utterance' of one of the symbols causes the corresponding spirit to appear in visible form.

In 1885 the late Wilhelm Scherer published an essay (G.-J. VI., 231), in which he drew attention to, and endeavored to account for, certain logical difficulties presented by ll. 354–521. The case is in brief this: The play begins with a passage [1], ll. 354–385, in which Faust describes his trouble and states that he has devoted himself to magic in the hope of relief. His tone toward the end is one of hope and confidence, so that we naturally expect him to proceed at once with his conjuring. Instead of that, however, he breaks out into a poetic strain of repining over his past misery, his impotence, and his 'unnatural' surroundings (passage [2], ll. 386–427). He gives us the impression that he is going to escape with his book into the open air, since 'dry meditation' in the study is futile. Then, when we are expecting him to seize the book and rush forth, he suddenly declares that there are spirits near him and implores them to answer if they hear. Then follows a passage [3], ll. 430–467, in which Faust looks at the symbols and describes their effect upon him. After this comes a passage [4], ll. 468–521, in which he evokes and converses with the Earth-Spirit, whom he addresses as erflehter Geiſt, though he has not yet 'implored' the Spirit at all.

Scherer further showed that these passages differ greatly in meter and style. In [1] we have soulless metrical prose. The rhythm is irregular, the language popular, and the technique clumsy, since Faust is made to tell *himself*, as in the puppet-plays, what he has been doing. On the other hand, [2] is all poetry. The rhythm is regular, the style noble, and the dramatic technique faultless. As a result of his study, Scherer was led to conjecture that Goethe wrote [1] having in mind a Faust who *has decided* to devote himself to magic, but has not yet the book needed for evoking spirits; that the poet's intention was to introduce a scene which should put Faust in possession of the book, the opening of which was then to be followed by the magic effects of [3]; after which was to come an unsuccessful attempt to evoke the Earth-Spirit, and then finally a renewed and successful attempt, with the dialogue as in [4]. As for [2], Scherer supposes that to have been written as a substitute for [1]; i. e., it was intended to begin the play, and to begin it on the assumption that Faust has the book but can do nothing with it in his study, and must therefore take it into the open air. Lastly, Scherer supposes that Goethe, after he had decided to retain the original opening, instead of rejecting [2] inserted it where we find it and bridged the awkward gap between [2] and [3] with the words:

Ihr ſchwebt, ihr Geiſter, neben mir;
Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört!

The argument of Scherer is ingenious and proves at any rate that the four passages did not proceed from a continuous creative impulse, but correspond, in part at least, to different moods and to different phases of poetic feeling and of artistic power. It is not proved, however, that the poet ever changed or forgot his fundamental presupposition with regard to the book, or the place of the conjuring, or that he ever intended to write, and then failed to write, any passages that are necessary to the logic of the action. We may well suppose that in Goethe's earliest musings on the Faust-theme, the *locus* of his hero's conjuring may have occasioned some thought, some balancing of alternatives; for in the Faust-books the conjuring takes place in the woods at night, whereas in the puppet-plays it takes place in Faust's study. But by the time that he began to write Goethe had settled the question in favor of the study. Nor did he have any occasion to explain dramatically the provenience of the book; for the 'two students' of the puppet-plays are at best but a clumsy device, being no less mysterious than the book they bring to Faust. They come and go; we hear no more of them, and never learn how they themselves came by the wonderful volume. It was just as well, therefore, simply to assume that Faust has the book from the outset.

On these suppositions the text can be explained as follows: In writing [1], Goethe had in mind a Faust who 'has devoted' himself to magic only in the sense that he has learned the rudiments of the art. He has not yet tried his hand at conjuring, but is just about to try it with the book of Nostradamus, of which he has high hopes. In accordance with this conception, Goethe first wrote in l. 379, as we now know, not würde but werde, giving the sense: 'I have devoted myself to magic to see whether many a secret *will* not be revealed to me.' We may now suppose an interval to have elapsed before [2] was composed. It need not be a long interval, nor presuppose a radically different Goethe, but only a different mood. During this time he conceives the idea of laying a little more stress upon Faust's *previous* studies of magic (studies carried on with other books than that of Nostradamus), and of representing the futility of these past studies as a part of his hero's general disappointment and pain. This idea, he sees, will permit him to give utterance to certain feelings of his own, respecting the folly of poring over books under the study-lamp instead of seeking illumination directly from Nature. He had also, for this feature of his plan, good legendary grounds. The narratives make Faust study magic books for some time before trying his first successful experiment. So the Schwiegerling puppet-play introduces Faust as having pondered upon magic for 'countless years' before the right book comes into his hands.

With this idea in mind Goethe composed passage [2], throwing into it the pathos of his own personal feeling, and so continuing as genuine poetry what he had begun as prosaic doggerel. He has in mind here a Faust who has spent long nights poring over magic books (l. 390, note); who has learned to recognize and imitate their symbols, and to know what to expect from each; who has tried to evoke spirits, tried to evoke the Earth-Spirit, but in vain, the reason being, of course, that he has not had the right book. In his own mind, however, the magician has framed a different theory to account for his failure, viz., that the symbols will not do their proper work amid the 'dust and mold' of the study, but need to be taken out into the open air. So he prepares to leave his study in the belief that the symbols of Nostradamus will prove as impotent there as the others have proved. Still, as magician he knows that there are spirits near him, and so, by way of giving them one final trial before rushing out into the night, he exclaims:

Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört!

He then opens the book, and this time, of course, the symbols do their work. What follows is then all in order.

Subsequently, in revising for the Fragment, Goethe noticed that the werde of l. 379 was not quite in harmony with his final conception, whence the change to würde, giving the sense: 'I have been devoting myself to magic (for some time) to see whether many a secret *would* not be revealed to me.'

Scherer's essay has provoked much discussion of which no account can be given here; cf. especially Schmidt, Introduction to the 3d edition of the Göchhausen *Faust;* Collin, *Goethe's Faust in seiner ältesten Gestalt*, and Niejahr in *Euphorion*, IV, 273. All these writers and more that might be named have each his own way of dealing with Scherer's difficulties. This of itself shows that the difficulties are real. The explanation offered above has not escaped criticism, but thus far (1898) no other has been proposed which seems to the editor less open to objection. Two things only are clear: First, the passage did not take shape *aus einem Gusse;* secondly, the evidence that has been adduced to prove it a patchwork of essentially different 'plans' is altogether inadequate.

354. **Habe.** Supply ich. The omission of the subject is colloquial and characteristic of the free-and-easy Hans Sachs style. In the older portions of *Faust* it is common in the sing., somewhat less so in the plu. — **Philoſophie**, 'philosophy,' but not in the strict technical sense. It is, rather, a broad term for the studies belonging to the 'philosophical faculty' of a university.

355. **Juriſterei**; contemptuous for Jurisprudenz.

356. **leider auch.** Faust is primarily a theologian (cf. l. 372–3), and in making him especially dissatisfied with theology, Goethe follows the legend. The 'science of God' is the study from which a seeker after ulti-

mate truth would naturally expect the most; whereas Faust has been led by it only to doubts that have destroyed his peace of mind. Cf. l. 370.

357. **Durchaus**; here = durch und durch, i. e., 'thoroughly.'

360. **Magiſter**, 'Master' of Arts; the second degree in the sequence bachelor, master, doctor. U. has here: Heiße Doctor und Profeſſor gar. The reason for the change is not quite obvious, since Faust is very certainly to be thought of as a professor. Was it because C. M. states expressly that Faust received the degree of 'Master' at Ingolstadt, or because the magician was popularly known as 'Doctor' Faust?

361. **ſchon**. As to Faust's age, cf. Intr. p. xlvii. — **An** is unaccented, i. e., does not go with ziehe, but with die zehen Jahr, to denote approximation; 'well-nigh these ten years.' — The older **zehen**, M. H. G. *zëhen* > *zên*, is often used by Goethe in his youth, even where no metrical considerations require it, e. g., *Briefe*, I., 133, 187. — **Jahr**; plu. with –e omitted, as it was very often omitted, in all sorts of words, in the South-German dialect of the youthful Goethe.

365. **Das .... verbrennen**, 'that (insight) is just about consuming my heart as with fire.' On will, cf. Brandt, § 267, 6. — **Schier** = 'all but,' 'just about'; not the Eng. 'sheer,' nor the ſchier of Luther's Bible, meaning 'soon.'

366. **Laffen**, 'ninnies'; used collectively of the classes mentioned in l. 367.

367. **Schreiber**, 'scribes,' or 'notaries,' learned in the law; not 'ecclesiastics,' nor 'students of theology.'

370. **Dafür**, 'as an offset to that,' 'on the other hand.' The thought is that Faust has won liberty at the expense of peace. This sense of dafür is not noted in Grimm or Strehlke, but is common in Goethe's early writings. Cf., e. g., *Briefe*, I., 181 (letter to Oeser): Die Cabinette hier ſind zwar klein, dafür ſind ſie häufig und ausgeſucht. Cf. also l. 2988.

371. **was Rechts**, 'anything worth while.' Cf. ll. 1879 and 4125.

374–5. This vulgar motive for Faust's study of magic does not appear in the oldest Faust-book, but is as old as Widman, who says (Cap. 13, Scheible, II., 359): Dieweil er weder geldt, koſt noch ſpeiß und andres habe, ſo hab er auch ſich fürnehmlich dem Teufel ergeben.

377. **Hab' .... ergeben.** On the import of the tense, see the introductory note above.

378. **Geiſtes .... Mund**; seemingly a hendiadys for durch den kräftigen Mund eines Geiſtes, 'through some mighty spirit-voice.' The omission of the article is peculiar but not unique in *Faust*. Cf. Bergeshöhle, l. 394, and Grabes Nacht, l. 747.

379. **würde**. U. has werde. See introductory note above.

380–1. Not that Faust now thinks to give up teaching if he succeeds as magician. He wishes to teach with better insight.

382–4. Faust wishes to comprehend the central power that sustains the order of nature, to gaze upon the formative energy that pervades the world, and to behold the primordial substances (Samen) out of which all things have grown. Take Samen as a plu. with alle repeated. The word is common in Welling (see Intr. p. xxvii). Believing the various forms of existence to be more or less interconvertible, the alchemists reached the conception of certain fundamental substances which are the basis of all things that are. These they called 'seeds.'

385. **thu' .... kramen**, 'do business.' The use of thun as a periphrastic auxiliary, like Eng. 'do,' is a South-German provincialism which is frequent in *Faust*; cf. ll. 2145, 2781, 2869 etc.; also Brandt, § 274, 6.

386. **Mondenſchein**; now usually Mondſchein or Mondesſchein, but the old weak decl., especially in composition, is common in the classics.

389. **herangewacht**; an intransitive used transitively. Sanders Wb. gives the meaning as ſo lange wachen, bis das Objekt erſcheint. But does it not rather mean 'to watch mounting' the sky? Cf. ſteigt heran in l. 3851–2, and ſteigt herüber in l. 3235–6.

390. **Büchern**. U. and Fgm. have Bücher. The change was made, seemingly, to bring out more clearly the thought intended, viz.: 'Thy beams have found me sitting here over my (magic) books and papers.' Kögel, V. L., I., 55, thinks the books and papers on the shelves are meant, and that the acc. is required. But in that case one can not realize the picture. The books and paper are not those of ll. 402, 405, but the tools with which Faust has been engaged in a futile study of magic (the 'paper' for drawing). Cf. the 'night-brooding magus' letter of Goethe, *Briefe*, I., 200, in which he speaks of himself as eingeſperrt, allein, Circkel, Papier, Feder und Dinte, und zwei Bücher, mein ganzes Rüſtzeug.

394. **Bergeshöhle**. The omission of the article is harsh. Cf. l. 378, note.

396. **Wiſſensqualm**, 'choke-damp of learning.'

397. **geſund . . . . baden**, 'bathe to health'; factitive predicate.

402. **Beſchränkt von**, 'bounded by'; pple. with Mauerloch.

403. **Würme**; the regular M. H. G. plu., familiar to Goethe from Luther's Bible. But he also uses the modern Würmer. Cf. l. 605.

405. **Ein . . . . umſteckt**; a curious expression that has been variously understood. Probably it refers to the strips of paper placed upon the shelves and hanging down over the books to prevent the dust from settling upon them. Cf. *Euphorion*, III, 476. U. has: Mit angeraucht Papier beſteckt, which was rejected on account of the undeclined dat. angeraucht.

408. **drein geſtopft**; acc. abs. with Hausrath. The three preceding pples., on the other hand, go with Mauerloch.

411. **Sich bang . . . . klemmt**, 'falters oppressed' (Taylor).

415. **Da Gott . . . . hinein**, 'whereinto God created men'; colloquial for in welche Gott die Menſchen hineinſchuf (Hart). For a similar 'whither' construction after a 'where' verb, cf. l. 943.

420. **Noſtradamus**; the Latin name of Michel de Notredame, a noted French astrologer and physician, born in 1503. His most famous work was a collection of rimed prophecies published in 1555 under the title of *Centuries*. He wrote no book of the kind here ascribed to him. Goethe uses his name as that of a representative astrologist contemporary with Faust, who *might* thus have a manuscript of his. See note. to l. 993 ff.

422. **Erkenneſt**; erkennen here = einſehen, begreifen.

424. **geht auf**, 'is revealed.'

426–9. On the logical connection, cf. the introductory note above.

429+. **Zeichen des Makrokosmus.** Macrocosm, from post-classical Gr. *μακρόκοσμος*, 'great world,' (lit. 'long world'), was a name given by medieval astrologers and philosophers to the universe-at-large, conceived as an ordered whole consisting of variously interrelated parts. The Gk.-Lat. *cosmus* is opposed to *chaos* and means 'order,' whence *macrocosmus* = 'great order,' or 'great harmony.' By the 'sign' of the macrocosm we are to understand a geometrical figure possessing the magic power to give Faust a beatific vision of the 'grand harmony.' It is not likely that Goethe was thinking of any particular figure, but pictures more or less like what he had in mind are found in Welling, pp. 9, 97, 171 etc. Cf. Intr. p. xxviii.

431. **Sinnen**; old weak plu. of Sinn, as in ll. 479, 1436, 1633; the usual strong plu. Sinne, in l. 611.

437. **Trieb**; here in about the sense of 'potency.'

440. **Zügen**, 'lines'; the traces of Nostradamus's pen in the pictures.

443–6. The quotation has not been identified beyond a doubt. Very likely it is only the thought that is quoted, the language being Goethe's own. The thought is, that no impassable barrier separates the spirit-world from the spirit of man. There is a revelation, and if we do not perceive it, it is because of the inertness of our faculties. Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 71 ff., argues that the 'wise man' is Herder. In Herder's *Älteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechts* we find a chapter headed 'Unterricht unter der Morgenröthe.' Herder here describes in rhapsodical language the effect of the dawn upon primitive races, especially the Hebrews. They saw in the dawn a direct and glorious revelation of divinity, and this revelation, he contends, we may still see and feel, if we will. One passage reads: 'Come forth, young man (cf. Schüler in l. 445), into the open fields and give heed. The most ancient, most glorious revelation of God appears to thee every morning as a fact.' More recently, however, the 'wise man' has been confidently identified with Swedenborg, whose jargon of the spirit-world and of man's relation to it is in places very similar to that here employed. Cf. E. Schmidt's Introduction to the Göchhausen *Faust*, p. xxxviii, where interesting quotations are given.

445. **Unverdroſſen**, 'undismayed,' i.e., undisturbed by any doubts or misgivings as to the reality of the revelation.

447–53. On Faust's mystical vision of the macrocosm, cf. Intr. p. xxviii; also Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 73 ff. and Collin, p. 36 ff. Faust sees the world as a manifestation of energy, unity, spirituality, and harmony. The parts of the macrocosm weave themselves into a whole. Nothing is isolated: one component lives and works in every other. This All is animated by 'celestial powers that ascend and descend, handing to one another the golden vessels.' These powers are conceived as angels with 'wings that exhale blessings'; at the same time, however, they are impersonal essences for they *permeate* the earth and fill it with an all-pervading music. The passage must not be taken too seriously, or its imagery scrutinized too closely, in the hope of getting out of it a clear, coherent mental picture. Still less should we, as do some of the commentators, think to find in this mystical jargon an adumbration of Goethe's maturer views respecting the evolution and interconnection of organic forms. It has, however, some striking resemblances to a jocose cosmogony found in Goethe's farce *Satyros*, act iv. The passage is as follows:

Wie ſich Haß und Lieb' gebar,
Und das All nun ein Ganzes war,
Und das Ganze klang
In lebend wirkendem Ebengeſang;
Sich thäte Kraft in Kraft verzehren,
Sich thäte Kraft in Kraft vermehren,
Und auf und ab ſich rollend ging,
Das all und ein' und ewig Ding,
Immer verändert, immer beſtändig

450. **Eimer.** The provenience of the conception has not been clearly made out. Düntzer is reminded of the Manichaean doctrine that angels transport the souls of the dead in golden vessels. More likely Goethe had in mind some, as yet unidentified, picture.

454 ff. The change of tone and meter, and the abrupt transition to a totally different order of thought and feeling, suggest that this passage was not composed continuously with the preceding, but corresponds to a different phase of the young Goethe's nature-sentiment. Cf. Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 74. Faust, who has just been likening himself to a god, turns impatiently from the object of his enthusiasm, because it is 'only a spectacle,' whereas he desires food for his soul, nourishment from the breasts of mother Nature. The biblical imagery of ll. 455–9, suggestive of supreme spiritual happiness (cf. Isaiah lxvi, 11–12), corresponds to the rapturous feeling for nature which meets us in *Werther*. Cf. the letters of May 10 and May 17, 1771, in which Werther speaks of all das wunderbare Gefühl, mit dem mein Herz die Natur umfaßt.

458. **welke Bruſt,** 'pining breast.'

459. **ihr tränkt,** 'ye give to drink,' i. e., ye have nourishment to offer.

459 +. **Erdgeiſtes.** The Earth-Spirit is an invention of Goethe which owes nothing discoverable to any particular myth, still less to any man. On the genesis of the conception, cf. Intr. pp. xxviii, xxix and xxxv. The Spirit takes the place of the 'prince of hell' in C. M., but is not for that

reason a devil. He is rather the personification of terrestrial nature on the side of that awfulness and sublimity which seem to tell of a being that is too great to sympathize with man or be comprehended by him, but is nevertheless the giver of all things that come to him. Cf. Intr. pp. xli and xlv. In truth, this being is neither cruel nor benignant, but only seems the one or the other, according to the mood of the man, or the degree of his culture. Faust longs for a sympathetic mother, but the spirit that comes at his call is the one of whom Tennyson sings:

> Thou makest thine appeal to me.
> I bring to life, I bring to death.

Later, in 3217 ff., the same Spirit is invoked by Faust as the beneficent giver of all good gifts. In Par. p. 3, Goethe characterizes the Spirit as Welt- und Thatengenius.

461. **näher.** Faust feels himself nearer to the earth than to the cosmos, to the Erdengott than to the Weltgott. Cf. Intr. p. xxviii.

463. **neuem;** equivalent to friſchem.

464–7. The magic effect of the symbol of Nature's energy is a sudden *accès* of energy, of the will to do and dare, on the part of Faust.

468–74. These lines are rhythmic prose with no trace of meter, save that ll. 468 and 469 would go together as an alexandrine. There are several such passages imbedded in the verse of *Faust* (ll. 514–7, 3183–94, 3437–58), all of them expressive of intense excitement. Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 76 ff., regarded them as remnants left standing from an original prose version; but U. gives no hint that its verse is translated prose. It is more likely that the verse which appears in U. was verse from the beginning, and that the prose passages were due to a feeling, more or less conscious, that prose was better adapted than rime to the expression of extreme emotion. This idea was a part of the Klopstockian revolt against rime. It may be added that the quasi-metrical form of the prose passages in *Faust* corresponds to that of the contemporary *Wanderer* and *Prometheus*.

473. **Schauer,** 'horror.' Faust experiences a sudden dread which seems to him to descend, like an invisible spirit, from the vaulted ceiling and lay hold of him.

475. **erflehter Geiſt.** The language implies that Faust knows about

the Spirit and has 'implored' him before. See above, the introductory note, and also G.-J., VI., 257.

477. **wie's .... reißt,** 'what a rending there is.'

479. **ſich erwühlen,** 'burst forth.' The verb means to 'burst open' as the result (er=) of an inner commotion (wühlen.) Cf. the lines from Goethe's ballad *Der untreue Knabe;*

> Und wie er tappt und wie er fühlt,
> Sich unter ihm die Erd' erwühlt.

481+. After Flamme U. has the phrase in wiederlicher Geſtalt, 'in repellent form,' though Erich Schmidt (U. p. xxv) thinks wiederlich may have been used in the sense of ſchrecklich, 'terrible.' But the sense 'repellent' is quite in harmony with Goethe's original conception. Later, when the Spirit had taken on the character of the beneficent giver of all things (ll. 3217 ff.), he erased the phrase, which he could do with good reason, since a spirit appearing 'in the flame' must needs be 'repellent.' — The 'flame' is found in all the Faust-books, where it pertains naturally to the devil. For the stage, Goethe directed that the Earth-Spirit should be 'a gigantic face emerging from behind cloud and filling the entire background.'

482. **Geſicht,** 'sight,' 'apparition,' rather than 'face.'

484. **lang;** in allusion to preceding attempts, which are left to the imagination, to get into communication with the Spirit. — **Geſogen,** 'tried to draw nourishment.'

486. **erathmend,** 'panting.'

490. **Übermenſchen,** 'superhuman being'; in sarcastic allusion to Faust's presumption. — **Der Seele Ruf,** 'thy soul's summons.' The sense is: What has become of thy grand courage?

495. **ſich drang;** common in Goethe for the now more usual ſich drängte. Cf. l. 2722 and 'Dismal Day,' l. 30.

496. **umwittert.** Cf. l. 8, note.

498. **ein .... Wurm,** 'a worm that wriggles away in fear.' Weggekrümmter is reflexive, in the sense of der ſich weggekrümmt hat; in allusion to Faust's cowering posture.

501–9. The conception is not of a spirit moving up and down, in the form in which he appears to Faust, *amid* the 'floods of life and the storm of deeds,' but the Spirit *is* the floods and the storm. The rise and fall of the waters (auf und ab), the driving hither and thither of the storm (hin und her), are manifestations of his activity. That is, the in and im of l. 501 mean 'in the form of,' 'under the aspect of,' and the nouns Geburt, Grab etc. are in apposition with ich.

509. **Kleid.** The 'garment' of the Deity consists of the visible forms of nature.

512. **Geiſt.** One would expect a more definite promise to send Mephistopheles. Cf. ll. 3241 ff. and the scene 'Dismal Day,' ll. 33–6. It is pretty clear that when he wrote these lines Goethe did not intend that this interview should be the end of all relation between Faust and the Earth-Spirit. There was to have been, in some way, a renewal of intercourse, if not a reappearance of the Spirit as *dramatis persona*. As it is, we have to imagine such a renewal in order to understand the scene 'Dismal Day' and the soliloquy in 'Forest and Cavern.' The seemingly final rebuff, however, was necessary to the early Faust-plan as rendering Faust desperate and so preparing him for an alliance with the spirit of lower order. The rebuff also fitted in well with the revised plan of 1797. See Intr. p. lxx.

518. **Famulus**; a professor's assistant; in earlier days, a student who lived in his teacher's house and performed various duties, more or less menial, in return for free tuition.

519. Instead of this incongruous line, U. has the perfectly natural

Nun werd ich tiefer tief zu nichte.

Rational grounds for the change are hard to discover. It seems most likely that Goethe, in revising, wished to get rid of the expression tiefer tief and rewrote the line without thinking of the *immediate* connection. He meant to say, that is, that any intercourse with spirits was bliss as compared to a dialogue with the commonplace Wagner, but he forgot that Faust has just 'sunk down' in mortal despair and ought not, in the next breath, to be speaking of the results of his conjuring as his 'fairest happiness.'

520. **Fülle.** The 'plenitude' must refer to the 'celestial powers' of l. 449 *and* the Earth-Spirit.

521. **Der trockne Schleicher,** 'the humdrum poke.' U. has Der trokne Schwärmer, which is fatal to the common conception of Wagner as a soulless pedant. Cf. Intr. p. lxxix. The change was made, probably, to avoid the strange collocation 'humdrum enthusiast.'

522. **declamiren.** Wagner has heard the sonorous, measured speech, or chant, of the Earth-Spirit.

525. **das**; i. e., das gute Declamiren.

528. The preacher is a comedian if he mouths over words without having his heart in what he says.

530. **Muſeum**; = Studirzimmer. At an earlier date the word was common in this sense, but it is now archaic or humorous, as is the term Muſenſohn, applied to a student. The abode of a Muſenſohn is naturally a Muſeum, or 'home of the muses.'

531. **Feiertag.** The acc. of time is here not quite natural; cf. Brandt, § 208, and 208, 1. The gen. was forbidden by the rime.

532. **von weiten,** 'from afar'; weiten being the old dat. plu., M. H. G. *wîten.*

534–5. The thought is: If you do not *feel* what you are saying, you will not gain your object by chasing after fine phrases. The 'its' are employed somewhat vaguely. Ihr werdet's nicht erjagen should be taken as apodosis to both the clauses with wenn.

536. **urkräftigem Behagen,** 'the spell of native vigor.'

538–41. The speaker who is not in earnest, who has nothing of his own to say, but depends upon art and borrowing, is held up to contempt under three distinct images: that of one pasting together scraps of quotation, that of a cook preparing a stew from the remnants of a banquet, and that of a person trying to blow a flame out of a heap of ashes. The point of the last metaphor is that, the speaker's heart being cold and having in it no fuel, he tries to produce the semblance of flame by 'blowing.'

542. **Bewundrung**; in loose apposition to what precedes.

543. **darnach . . . . ſteht,** 'inclines that way.'

546. **Allein,** 'but,' rather than 'alone.' See, however, G.-J., V., 388.

548. **Er.** Er is often used in *Faust*, as pronoun of address, where Ihr would be too formal or polite and Du too familiar. In Goethe's youth it was still freely used by parent to child, teacher to pupil, and between gossips; it being regarded as somewhat more respectful than Du. Thus Marthe and Gretchen use both Du and Sie (3d. sing.) to each other, and Faust uses, on occasion, all three pronouns in addressing Wagner. If the speaker has been using Ihr, the change to Er conveys, as here, a touch of frigidity and temper; if he has been using Er, the change to Du is familiar

and *gemüthlich* (cf. l. 2882). — **redlichen Gewinn,** 'honest gain.' Some, e. g., Schröer, suppose that Faust actually means to advise Wagner to learn a trade; but in that case why does he go on advising him about oratory? The meaning is rather: Be honest with your hearers; do not seek to gain glory (des Redners Glück) through shams.

549. **ſchellenlauter,** 'bell-tinkling'; in allusion to the bells worn by court-fools.

555. **Schnitzel kräuſelt,** 'prink up humanity's leavings,' or, perhaps, 'twist gewgaws for men'; a much discussed and still somewhat doubtful expression. Herder, whose influence is discernible all through this dialogue, makes use, in his essay *An Prediger*, of the expression gekräuſeltes Schnitzwerk for the rhetorical flourishes with which preachers hide the truth. But Schnitzwerk is not quite the same as Schnitzel, nor is Herder's metaphor clearer than Goethe's, when we try to realize the picture. Most likely there is a reference to the business of making paper 'Manschetten' for candles, or the like. The preacher's fine flourishes are made out of shreds of thought which he has taken from humanity's waste-basket (the commonplaces of the past) and crimped and twisted into ornamental forms. Cf. G.-J., VI., 309, and V. L., I., 56 and 526.

558–9. The saying 'life is short, but the art is long'—*ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή,* begins the *Aphorisms* of Hippocrates, who had reference to the healing art. The adage was a favorite one with Goethe. In a letter of Nov. 15, 1774, he writes: Die Tage ſind Kurz und die Kunſt lang. Cf. l. 1787.

560. **kritiſchem Beſtreben,** 'critical (i. e., philological) pursuits'; the study of ancient documents in order to determine questions of authorship, date, priority, etc., in theology.

561. **um,** 'in the region of,' 'in,' rather than 'concerning,' though the latter is the common meaning of um with bang.

562. **nicht**; pleonastic, as often in exclamations. Thus Goethe writes: Wie ſeid ihr nicht ſo gut, 'how good you are'; wie erſchrak ſie nicht, 'how frightened she was.' — **Mittel** means rare or expensive books, containing original sources (Quellen) of information.

564. **den halben Weg,** 'half the way' toward becoming a great scholar.

570–85. This dialogue needs to be read in the light of Herder's revolutionary pamphlet, *Auch eine Philosophie* etc., of the year 1774. Herder there pours his scorn upon the fashionable practice of looking at the past *de haut en bas* and treating it as a text for self-complacent reflections on the wonderful progress of the 'age of enlightenment.' Goethe puts Herder's views into the mouth of Faust, and makes Wagner represent the conceited *Aufklärungsphilosophen* (vaguely referred to in l. 578 as der Herren, cf. der ſaubern Herren in l. 106), whom Herder attacks. Cf. Suphan in V. L., I., 527.

576. **Buch .... Siegeln**; cf. Rev. v. I.

580. **iſt's.** The es refers to the literary work of the 'gentlemen'—their fine historical 'portraits,' that make allowance for the darkness of the past and show how '*we* in our day' have grown so much wiser and better.

581. **euch**; ethical dat.

582. **Kehrichtfaß .... Rumpelkammer,** 'refuse-tub and lumber-attic.' The historical 'portraits' with their commonplace moral reflections are likened to a household receptacle for worthless odds and ends.

583. **Haupt- und Staatsaction**; a name given to a kind of dramatic performance that became popular in the seventeenth century. The plays dealt with 'state' affairs (bloody tyranny, revolution, political intrigue, etc.), and so were called Staatsactionen. Such a play was called a Hauptaction, 'principal performance,' to distinguish it from the farce given on the same evening. The two titles were then combined. In time the plays became notorious for their spectacular extravagance, their bombast and their crude, obtrusive moralizing. It is this last quality of them which furnishes the point of the comparison in the text.

584. **pragmatiſchen,** 'didactic.' The puppet-plays were also somewhat given to moralizing comment.

588. **was .... heißt,** 'what is popularly called knowing.' The logic of the reply is: How little do they really know of the human heart who talk thus glibly of 'understanding' it! And if one does attain to some real insight, he had better be silent, lest he be put to death. Cf. Intr. pp. xxx, xxxi. Schröer cites appositely the following passage from a letter of Goethe to Sophie von Laroche, written Dec. 23, 1774: 'To-day I have got back a copy of *Werther* that I had loaned. On the fly-leaf was written: *Tais-toi, Jean-Jacques, ils ne te comprendront point.* This affected

me very strangely, since the passage in *Émile* had always seemed remarkable.'

589. **das Kind**; the truth, as discovered by men of exceptional insight.

596. **hätte .... fortgewacht**, 'should have liked to keep right on sitting up.' U. and Fgm. have the more importunate hätte gern bis morgen früh gewacht.

598. **als**, 'as being,' 'since it is.' The lines 598–601 are not found in U. or Fgm. They were evidently added to forecast the Easter walk and to give more point to the following words of Faust.

605. With this line U. and Fgm. break off abruptly. On the Second Monologue, as related to the general plan of the poem, cf. Intr. pp. lxi, lxii. While the text as we have it is clearly the work of 1797–1801, yet it contains certain peculiar thoughts and expressions which can be parallelled very closely from Goethe's pre-Weimarian writings. These may be only the result of a conscious attempt on the poet's part to return to the mental associations of his youth, or he may have elaborated the scene from an early 'concept' preserved either in memory or in writing.

607. **Geiſterfülle**. Cf. note on Fülle, l. 520.

613. **ſollte**, 'was fated,' 'could but'; almost = mußte.

614–22. Faust here describes the neue Gefühle of l. 478.

615. **dem Spiegel**. Divinity is thought of as a dazzling mirror reflecting back a celestial radiance upon the beholder. The conception may owe somewhat to the account of Moses and the Lord in Ex. xxxiii, xxxiv.

616. **Sein ſelbſt**, 'himself;' ſein the genitive with genießen.

617. **abgeſtreift den Erdenſohn**, 'had stripped off mortality.' Supply hatte.

618. **mehr als Cherub**. The cherub is a passive servant of divinity; Faust had dreamed of a free, godlike *activity* (ſchaffend, l. 620).

621. **Sich .... vermaß**, 'presumptuously dreamed.' Ahnungsvoll means 'bodeful,' usually of ill, here of good.

622. **Donnerwort**; the rebuff in ll. 512–13. — **Mich hinweggerafft**, 'swept me away,' viz., from the place of my high dreams.

631. **jenem Drang**; the impulse to seek help from the spirit-world.

632–3. Our 'deeds' interfere with the course of our life when their effects leave us no longer free to pursue a given line. Faust has evoked the Spirit, thus performing a bold and in one sense successful 'deed,' but the sequel was such that he feels debarred from trying again.

634–5. **Dem Herrlichſten . . . . an,** 'foreign and ever more foreign matter crowds itself upon the noblest conceptions of the mind'; i. e., we are not faithful to the thoughts of our supreme moments; lower ideals, compromises, doubts, anxieties crowd in. From this point Faust's soliloquy becomes a series of mournful reflections on the weakness of human nature and the *misère* of life.

635. **fremd und fremder;** probably a bold substitute for fremder und immer fremderer, which in turn = immer fremderer und fremderer. Cf. l. 238, note. In the predicate and adverbially Goethe often uses fern und ferner (*Tasso*, l. 917; cf. the fern und ſo weiter fern of *Faust*, l. 9866), werth und werther, etc.; but this case is probably unique for an attributive adj. Strehlke Wb. thinks both adjectives are positive, as one might say Gutes und Gutes thun. E. Schmidt calls fremd an adv., and cites l. 3242.

639. **Erſtarren,** 'grow torpid.'

644. **Sorge,** 'anxiety,' 'worry.' In l. 11384 die Sorge is introduced as a gray old hag who makes man a prey to morbid solicitudes. — **Gleich** = ſogleich, 'forthwith,' 'straightway.'

647–51. A man worries about his property, his wife, and children; he dreads death from fire, dagger or poison, and is thus continually trembling at the blow that *may* fall, but probably never does fall.

656. **Iſt es . . . . verenget,** 'is it not dust, that which narrows in this high wall with its hundred compartments (aus = beſtehend aus) about me?' With verenget cf. beſchränkt in l. 402.

658. **Tand,** 'frippery.'

666. **leichten.** If this is what Goethe wrote, the meaning is 'buoyant,' 'making flight easy,' in contrast with the following ſchwer. But F. M. von Waldeck, G.-J., I., 384, conjectures plausibly that Goethe wrote lichten, as in l. 672, and that leichten is the mistake of a type-setter whose mind was preoccupied with the antithesis leicht — ſchwer.

668. **freilich;** here used, apparently, in the earlier sense of 'certainly,' 'surely', as if there might be some doubt about the skull's mocking. The modern concessive meaning 'to be sure,' 'forsooth,' gives no sense here.

669. **Walz und Bügel,** 'roller and (stirrup-shaped) handle.'

671. **euer . . . . kraus,** 'your web is intricate.' The Bart of a key is

the part on which the bits and wards are cut or cast, the part that revolves in the lock; Eng. 'web.'

672. **Geheimnißvoll;** adj. with Natur. As scientific thinker, Goethe held that the 'secrets of nature' must be divined from contemplation of objects as they are; that scientific progress must come always in the form of an *aperçu*, or intuition, the mind in nature speaking directly to the mind of man. To seek help from instruments seemed to him like doing violence to nature. So he says of his early botanical studies: 'Cutting up and counting were not in my nature.' On this unscientific prejudice of Goethe and its bearing upon his scientific work, cf. Du Bois-Reymond, *Goethe und kein Ende*, p. 22 ff.

676. **Geräthe;** the Urväter Hausrath of l. 408.

678. **Rolle;** some roll of parchment. Düntzer refers it to the lamp-pulley, but that would hardly show smoke enough to attract attention.

682–3. **Was du . . . . beſitzen,** 'what thou hast, as an inheritance from thy fathers, earn it in order to possess it.' This sounds like nonsense, but the meaning depends largely on a Goethean distinction between haben and beſitzen. Haben means 'to have,' beſitzen 'to own and feel the worth of.' Thus in Goethe's *Künstlers Erdewallen* the artist apostrophizes the picture he is painting, which he loves as his very own, and says of the prospective rich purchaser: er beſitzt dich nicht, er hat dich nur, 'he will merely have thee, not possess thee.' Cf. *Tasso*, l. 114 and the editor's note. — **Erwirb es** means 'make it thy own' (by using it). The sense is then: Use thy inheritance if thou wouldst feel it to be thy very own. — **Haſt** is not an auxiliary.

685. **Nur was . . . . nützen,** 'only what the moment creates can the moment use.' The meaning of this oracular saying is that one can turn to account at any time only that which is the fresh result of one's own productive activity. The proposition hardly holds good of old furniture, but it does apply to the intellectual legacies of the past, and this is what the poet really has in mind. I can turn to account the wisdom of Solomon or Shakespeare only when I have personally traveled Solomon's or Shakespeare's ground, and so made his creation mine.

690. **Phiole,** 'phial,' in the sense of 'long-necked glass bottle.'

692. **Menſchenwitz und Kunſt.** Faust is proud of the knowledge and skill which have enabled him to make the deadly opiate.

698. **Des Geiſtes Fluthſtrom.** The 'flood-tide of the spirit' is the intense excitement under which he has been laboring. The sight of the poison suddenly brings a calmer mood.

699. **werd' ich hinausgewieſen,** 'I am beckoned out'; more accurately, 'I am shown the way,' 'directed.' — The fateful transition is conceived not as a voyage upon the 'high sea' which separates this life from the other, but as a translation through space out over it.

702. **Feuerwagen;** in allusion, no doubt, to Elijah's chariot of fire, 2 Kings ii. 11.

705. **reiner,** 'pure,' i. e., undisturbed by any galling sense of limitation.

707. **erſt noch,** 'but lately.' Cf. l. 653.

710. **vermeſſe**; *metri gratia* for vermiß. But Goethe uses the weak imperative occasionally, even when meter does not require it.

712 ff. Suicide is here thought of as an act of supreme courage, the assertion of man's independence. The very gods can not compel him to live if he will not. The moral aspect of self-destruction was a question much debated in the eighteenth century. Cf. *Werther's Leiden*, letter of Dec. 20, and E. Schmidt, *Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe*, p. 228. Hell is imagined, after the early Christian artists, as a place of horrible torment, situated underground or in a mountain and approached by a passage (Durchgang) from the mouth of which smoke and flames belch forth. Hinzuſtreben, l. 716, does not imply that Faust courts damnation, but only that he is in a mood to go boldly and confront these imagined horrors. In reality he thinks them old wives' tales (l. 369).

719. **in's Nichts.** Du Bois-Reymond, p. 16 ff., objects that Faust, who has just seen a spirit, has no right to be skeptical about the reality of the life beyond. But there are many passages in the poem in which the modern skeptic peeps out from under the legendary mask of Faust. It may be observed, too, that the existence of spirits does not of itself prove man's immortality; and also, finally, that the Faust-books, puppet-plays and Marlowe all make Faust doubt the reality of heaven and hell. Cf. Intr. p. xiii.

720. **Schale.** We have to think of a costly goblet decorated with pictures. The game alluded to below was like this: One person, filling the beaker, would pledge his neighbor, calling on him for an impromptu rime in explanation of the pictures. In case of failure, the person pledged had to drain the glass at one draught.

723. **Freudenfeſte**; the sing. *metri gratia* for the plu., since no *particular* festival seems to be referred to.

725. **zugebracht**; in the technical sense of 'pledging' a health, as in l. 736.

736+. **Chor der Engel**. The choruses in this scene are to be thought of as part of an Easter celebration taking place in a neighboring church. Singers personate the angels of the resurrection, the mourning women and the disciples. Such a service, held in the night before Easter, was once common in the Catholic church. Cf. *Euphorion*, III, 391.

737. **Chriſt iſt erſtanden**; the beginning of an old medieval Easter-song, whence the archaic Chriſt for Chriſtus.

739-41. **Den .... umwanden**, 'whom baneful, insidious, hereditary shortcomings (those of human nature) entwined.'

742. **tiefes Summen**, the bells ringing here and there in the city; **heller Ton**, the chorus close by.

747. **um Grabes Nacht**, 'about the darkness of the tomb.' Um's Grabes Nacht would be more natural; but cf. Berges-Höhle in l. 394. The line refers to the words 'he is not here, but has arisen,' spoken by the 'two men in shining garments' whom Mary Magdalene and her companion found at the sepulcher. See Luke xxiv. 1 ff. According to John xx. 1, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb very early in the morning, 'when it was yet dark.'

748. **Gewißheit .... Bunde**, '(giving) confirmation to a new covenant.' Gewißheit is best explained as a kind of 'cognate' acc. with klang. Cf. Brandt, § 202. The 'new covenant' is the διαθήκη νέα. of Hebrews xii, 24.

749-56. **Chor der Weiber.** None of the evangelists states that the body of Christ was wrapped, anointed, and laid in the tomb by women; — the office is uniformly represented as performed by Joseph, or by Joseph and Nicodemus, the women watching from a distance. Matthew makes the two Marys come on the morning of the third day, simply 'to see the sepulcher.' According to Mark and Luke, they come with spices, *intending* to anoint the body, but they do not find it. Goethe adapts the details of the gospel narrative to his own purposes.

762-3. **Was ſucht .... Staube**, 'why seek ye me in the dust, ye potent and soothing heavenly tones'? Am Staube differs from im Staube (l.

654) in that it means 'cleaving to the dust.' In some verses of the year 1766 (*Briefe*, I., 46) Goethe writes:

> Da ſah ich erſt, daß mein erhabner Flug,
> Wie er mir ſchien, nichts war als das Bemühn
> Des Wurms im Staube, der den Adler ſieht
> Zur Sonn' ſich ſchwingen und wie der hinauf
> Sich ſehnt. Er ſträubt empor und windet ſich,
> Und ängſtlich ſpannt er alle Nerven an
> Und bleibt am Staub.

So here, Faust 'cleaves to the dust,' feeling that the lofty flight of religious feeling is not for him.

764. **weiche**; not 'weak' in a contemptuous sense, but 'susceptible,' 'soft-hearted.'

766. The more common and orthodox theory is that faith is the child of miracle.

771-8. In these reminiscences of Faust we hear Goethe describing the religious experiences of his own youth. Cf. Intr. pp. xxvi, xxvii.

771. **Kuß**; here of the mystic kiss, the benediction, of divine love.

780. **Freies Glück.** This 'free happiness' of the spring festival (Easter) is described in ll. 903 ff.

785-96. **Chor der Jünger.** The general sense is: While the risen Lord is happy in heaven, we here on earth can but mourn our loss, though our loss is his gain. The first six lines are protasis and concessive, the last six apodosis, the ließ er of l. 793 simply continuing the inversion find wir in l. 792.

787. **Lebend Erhabene**; = der auf der Erde lebend Erhabene, i. e., der ſchon auf Erden ein erhabenes Leben führte.

789. **Werdeluſt,** 'joy of transition,' i. e., the joy of entering upon a new existence.

799. **Banden;** the 'bonds' of sorrow and depression.

801-5. The participles go with euch in l. 806, and denote condition. 'If you live praising him by your actions (thätig) etc., he is near you.'

Vor dem Thor.

This scene is not found in U. or Fgm., but there are several good reasons for thinking that it had an early origin. Cf. Kögel in V. L., II., 558 ff. (1) The scenery is, even down to minute details, that of Frankfurt; cf. the note to l. 807+, below. (2) The language is in general that of Goethe's youth. (3) The scene is of a kind that he was more fond of depicting in his youth than in his later years. (4) The song in ll. 949–80 is known to have been in existence as early as 1783. But the early plan seems to have had in view a holiday in May or June, rather than on Easter Sunday, which latter would have been too early for the peasant-dance under the linden, for sitting comfortably in the open air (ll. 1022–3), and for the 'green-girt huts' of l. 1071, which can hardly be anything else than vintagers' huts amid the growing vines. It seems probable, therefore, that ll. 903–40, with their explicit reference to Easter, were inserted in 1797–1801, after the decision had been reached to let Faust be recalled by the Easter music from his thoughts of suicide. This is probable, too, on other grounds; for the monologue in question, with its accurate scientific observation, its eye for the picturesque, its allusion to the sun as landscape-painter, etc., suggests Goethe's later rather than his earlier manner.

It is also very certain that the original plan did not contemplate the introduction of Mephistopheles as the casual unmotivated outcome of an afternoon walk. Instead of that, we may guess that something of this kind had been thought of: After the Earth-Spirit's rebuff, Faust was to be somehow recalled from thoughts of suicide by the appearance of Mephistopheles in poodle form, as a being of lower order whom he could 'comprehend.' (Certain passages of the text as we have it still connect Mephistopheles, in a way that is left quite mysterious, with the occasion of Faust's suicidal purpose; cf. ll. 1579–82 and ll. 3270–71.) Then a friendly relation was to spring up between the two and an interval of time to elapse before Faust's definitive abandonment of his professorship for the rôle of a 'homeless wanderer' (ll. 3348–9). During this time the devil, first as poodle, then in human shape, was to associate with Professor Faust as familiar spirit, visiting him often, accompanying him on his walks, etc. In this interval there were to be several pictures showing Faust in his professional environment. One of these pictures we have in the student scene, another was to be a holiday scene which should exhibit the brooding professor in contact with the happy, naive people. Faust, at war with himself and with the scholar's life, was to take an afternoon walk with his famulus and the tricky poodle, and come back at nightfall, refreshed and calmed by the soothing aspects of nature. Then, in due time, very likely in consequence of an express petition of Faust to the Earth-Spirit (cf. the scene 'Dismal Day,' ll. 13 ff.), the poodle was to be given human shape.

Why these features of the early plan were discarded on the final revision is not hard to discover. The poodle-devil as *dramatis persona* was quite unmanageable in a serious connection. A canine interlocutor, or the hocus-pocus incident to his anthropomorphization, would have made comedy out of the suicide scene. Seeking for something that would preserve the poetic dignity of the scene, the poet hit fortunately upon the Easter motive which not only preserves but heightens it. This brought with it the idea of changing the summer holiday into Easter-Sunday. So the monologue, ll. 903–40, with Wagner's reply, was inserted in the interest of the new chronology, but the tell-tale evidences of the earlier intention were either not noticed or deliberately ignored. Moreover, having now, in 1797–1801, decided to drop the Earth-Spirit and to introduce Mephistopheles as *the* devil, acting on his own responsibility under a *quasi* permission of the Lord in heaven, there was no better plan than to let Faust come upon the poodle seemingly by accident in the course of his Easter walk, and then, in a new scene so constructed as to bear the comedy, convert the dog, by means of the necessary hocus-pocus, into a man.

807+. **Vor dem Thor.** The scene as identified in great detail by the late Friedrich Zarncke, V. L., II., 556, is just outside the Sachsenhausen Gate (Affenthor) south of and across the Main from Frankfurt. Here in Goethe's time there was a convergence of the highways leading east to Offenbach, south to Darmstadt and southwest to Mainz. At this point, presumably, the beggar of l. 852 sits with his hand-organ. Here also the 'prentices separate. Some of them wish to go to the 'Forsthaus' (in Goethe Jägerhaus) some two miles southwest, others to the 'Gerbermühle,' lying a mile or more up the river to the east. The 'river inn' is a short distance southeast of the 'mill,' but the way to it lies through low, treeless ground (l. 812). 'Burgdorf' means the village of Oberrad, about a mile southeast, and back from the river, whence the 'up' of l. 814. The name is changed because Goethe did not wish to make his topography explicit: university students and Faust and Wagner would be out of place in Frankfurt. Faust and Wagner walk southeast up toward Oberrad and pause on a height where they can hear the tumult of the 'village' ahead (l. 937) and also have a good retrospect of the city, with the people emerging from the Affenthor, and of the boats on the river. The 'mountain' of l. 935 refers to the heights of the Taunus in the far northwest across the river.

816. **Händel,** 'rows.'

818. **zum drittenmal.** 'Prentice no. 3 has lately been in two fights at Burgdorf.

821+. **Erſte**; i. e., erſtes Dienſtmädchen, the natural gender being followed instead of the grammatical.

824. **Plan,** 'platform' for dancing; a South German usage of the word.

827+. **Schüler**; in the sense of the modern Student. **Student** is the word regularly used in U., but in Fgm. it appears uniformly changed to Schüler.

830. **beizender Toback.** Beizen is a weak factitive of **beißen** and meant originally 'to make bite,' now usually 'to macerate' or 'pickle.' But beizend often means, as here, 'pungent.' Toback is the older form, from Sp. *tobacco*, through the Eng. The now usual Tabak has the vowel of the Fr. *tabac*. Goethe uses both forms.

831+. **Bürgermädchen**; girls of the citizen class, intermediate between 'servant-girls' and 'young ladies.' But the latter will do for a translation.

841. **nehmen .... mit,** 'will take us with them too, though, after all.'

842. **Ich .... genirt,** 'I don't like to be under constraint.' The company is too high-toned for him.

844. **Samſtags**; South German for Sonnabends.

846. **Burgemeiſter**; a dialectic survival of M. H. G. *burgemeister*. Goethe seems to have preferred it both early and late to the now more usual Bürgermeiſter.

853. **backenroth,** 'with flushed cheeks'; rothbackig = 'ruddy-cheeked' (Schröer).

856. **leiern,** 'grind.' The 'lyre' is here a guitar-like instrument, the strings of which are moved by a wheel turned by a crank, the so-called Baurenleier or deutſche Leier; cf. Grimm Wb., VI., 682.

863. **hinten, weit,** 'away back.' In der Türkei alludes to the Russian-Turkish war of 1767–74.

872. **das .... Blut,** 'the handsome young creatures.' Junges Blut, for 'girl,' is a favorite expression with Goethe. Cf. ll. 2636, 2907, 3313, and Grimm, *sub voce* Blut. It is here applied to both the girls.

874. **Es iſt ſchon gut,** 'it's all right,' i. e.: *I* know what kind of thoughts are hidden under that proud coquettish air. The 'young ladies' had been last year's customers of the old fortune-teller.

876. **Agathe;** the name of one of the girls.

878. **Sanct Andreas Nacht.** On this night, Nov. 29, German girls were wont to consult the oracles and the fortune-tellers with regard to their future lovers or husbands. For the folk-lore on the subject, see Grimm, D. M., II., 936, and III., 454, 470.

880. **Kryſtall;** in allusion to the practice of Kryſtallſehen; cf. Grimm Wb., V., 2482, and D. M., III., 431. The fortune-tellers had their customers look at a crystal, a poor mirror, a sword-blade, or other object reflecting the light dimly or confusedly, and imagine that they saw there what they wanted to see. The operator professed to do his wonders by conjuring the indwelling spirit of the crystal.

883–902. **Soldaten.** A company of soldiers march by, singing a song expressive of the soldier-ideal.

892. **Werben;** supply uns as object. 'We let the trumpet woo us,' 'we follow the trumpet-call.'

895–6. The thought is: See how we go storming through the world! This is life.

905. **Hoffnungs-Glück.** Cf. Goethe's *Götz*, V., 14: Die Bäume treiben Knoſpen und alle Welt hofft.

909. **Ohnmächtige .... Eiſes,** 'impotent gusts of sleet.'

912. **Bildung und Streben,** 'formation and growth'; vegetation is everywhere starting up and taking shape.

913. **will,** 'is trying.' The sun is personified as a landscape-painter.

914. **Revier,** 'landscape'; originally, 'district along a river-bank,' It. *riviera*. The scene being on the banks of the Main, Goethe may use the word in its original sense.

929. **behend,** 'speedily'; behe'nd from M. H. G. *bi hende*, 'by hand.'

940. **Hier .... ſein.** It is not meant that the people use these words, but that their shouts are so interpreted by Faust, for whom a 'human being' is a person enjoying life in free contact with nature.

941–8. Wagner feels edified by Faust's *talk*, but not by the scene that has inspired it.

943. **mich her verlieren** = hierher kommen und mich verlieren.

945. **Kegelſchieben**, 'nine-pin bowling.' Instead of balls for bowling, it was formerly the custom to use disks which were *shoved;* hence the term Kegelſchieben.

949–80. This song is mentioned in *Meister's Lehrjahre*, II., 11, as a 'song which we can not present to our readers because they might find it absurd or even improper.' The part of *Meister* containing the allusion was finished before Nov. 12, 1783; see Goethe's *Briefe*, VI., 210.

973. **thu' mir.** Thut mir would correspond to the ſeid nicht of l. 964. The girl's dignity has melted somewhat.

984. **Hochgelahrter.** From the Middle Ages down into the 18th century, Gelahrter existed side by side with Gelehrter without appreciable difference of meaning. Since then, Gelahrter has been provincial or slightly humorous, like Eng. 'larned.'

987. **bring ihn zu.** Cf. l. 725, note.

988. **nicht nur.** The natural correlative ſondern auch is omitted.

993 ff. The legend makes Faust's father a peasant. But the father of Paracelsus was a physician, and Nostradamus (cf. l. 420, note) acquired great distinction for his services during the plague. We have here a blending of data derived from different sources. Cf. Intr. p. xxxi.

1001. **Auch damals ihr;** = auch ihr damals.

1020. **wenig . . . . beugten,** 'it lacks little of their bending.' The syntactical logic is: Sie brauchten dich nur ein wenig mehr zu verehren, ſo beugten ſie u. ſ. w.

1021. **das Venerabile**; the holy host, or sacred wafer symbolizing the body of Christ. In Catholic countries the host is borne before solemn processions, and the devout are expected to prostrate themselves before it. Cf. Schiller's *Tell*, l. 1751.

1034. **dunkler Ehrenmann,** 'obscure gentleman.'

1035. **Kreiſe**; in the sense of Kreisläufe, 'circuits,' or very nearly what we now call 'processes.' So Goethe speaks of Unſeres Daſeins Kreiſe, 'the circuits of our existence.'

1037. **mit grillenhafter Mühe,** 'with cranky zeal'; i. e., without intelligent method.

1038. **Adepten,** 'adepts,' in the earlier sense of one expert in alchemy; lit., 'one who has found' the panacea, Lat. *adipiscor*.

1039. **ſchwarze Küche,** 'laboratory.' Out of Gr. νεκρομαντεία, i. e., the art of divining by calling up the ghosts of the dead, medieval popular etymology made *nigromantia*, 'black-divining,' as a general term for the 'dark,' 'occult' arts. Whence 'black art,' and 'black kitchen' for the place where it was carried on.

1040. **Recepten,** 'recipes.'

1041. **das Widrige** seems to mean 'the incompatible,' i. e. substances chemically 'opposed' to one another.

1042–7. The technical jargon of these lines seems to be partly Goethe's invention; at least nothing just like it has been found in the books of alchemy, though much of the imagery can be pretty closely parallelled from Welling and Paracelsus. Cf. Intr. pp. xxvii, xxviii. The theory was that the panacea would be produced, in the form of a bright-colored precipitate, by mixing two substances in a tepid medium and then treating the mixture in heated retorts. But the fantastic brains of the alchemists conceived the chemical union as a marriage and the precipitation as a birth or offspring; hence they gave to the 'parents' symbolical names of living organisms. In this case the father is 'the red lion' and the mother 'the lily,' but sometimes the mother was called 'the white eagle,' and the name 'lily' was given to the offspring, i. e., the panacea itself, which is here called 'the young queen.' It is not likely that Goethe, who knew nothing of chemistry, was thinking here of any particular chemical bodies; but inasmuch as mercury was, with the alchemists, a favorite substance for these experiments, it is easy to imagine that the 'panacea' would in very fact often turn out to be a deadly poison.

1044. **mit offnem Flammenfeuer;** i. e., the retort was heated in a free flame.

1053. **den Gift;** usually das Gift, but now and then der Gift in Goethe. Schiller also makes it masc. in *Kabale u. Liebe* V., 7: Noch ſpür' ich den Gift nicht. The word is hardly, as Schröer thinks, used in the specific sense of 'dose,' though that was the original sense of the word.

1055. **lobt;** in allusion to ll. 995 ff.

1056–63. Here, as in ll. 570 ff., Wagner represents the self-complacent *Aufklärungsphilosoph*, whose watchword is 'the progress of the race.'

1064–7. The logic is: Alas for these fine hopes of yours, that by adding ignorance to ignorance through successive generations, men will ever get their heads above the waters of uncertainty, when we have no foundation of positive, *useful* knowledge on which to build.

1072. **Sie rückt und weicht,** 'it moves and recedes,' i. e., it is gradually disappearing.

1076–88. Faust dreams of flying away after the sun, and enjoying from the upper air a prolonged sunset view.

1078. **beruhigt,** 'hushed' in the evening shadows.

1079. **Silberbach in goldne Ströme.** The great rivers (Ströme) would appear 'golden' in the floods of sunlight, the brooks reflecting less light, 'silvery.'

1082. **mit erwärmten Buchten.** The heat of the spring sun would already have 'warmed' the shallow 'bays' of the sea.

1084. **Göttin**; the sun. Faust imagines his flight slackening at the sea-shore and the sun as about to sink from his view after all. Then a 'fresh impulse' comes and sends him out after it over the ocean.

1092–9. This dream of flying like a bird meets us often in Goethe's youthful writings; e. g., in *Werther* (*Werke*, H., XIV., 59): 'Oh, at those times how often have I longed for the wings of a crane that was flying over me, to soar away to the shore of the boundless sea,' etc. Again, in the *Briefe aus der Schweiz* (*Werke*, H., XVI., 226), flying is spoken of as one of those 'bodily powers which we are not permitted to develop in this life.' The floating clouds inspire him with a 'desire to plunge into infinite space,' and the soaring eagle makes him 'draw deeper and deeper breaths' in his longing to fly.

1095. **ſchmetternd,** 'shrill-warbling.'

1108. **Pergamen**; the same as Pergament, in l. 566. It comes from Gr. (χάρτη) περγαμηνή through Lat. (*charta*) *pergamena*, 'paper of Pergamos'; but the form with *t*, as if from Lat. *_pergamentum_, is the prevailing one even in M. H. G. (*permint*, *permit*, *perment*, etc.).

1114. **derber Liebesluſt,** 'gross amorous desire.'

1116. **Duſt,** 'dust'; a little-used Low German loan-word. It occurs again in l. 6758.

1117. **Gefilden hoher Ahnen,** 'abodes of high ancestors.' The Greek imagination, and not the Greek only, gave a home in the sky to the ancestral heroes of eld.

1127. **ſich überbreitet**; = ſich überall ausbreitet.

1130. **der ſcharfe Geiſterzahn.** The 'bite' of the north wind is attributed by Wagner to the sharp tooth of one class of weather-spirits.

1133. **nähren ſich .... Lungen.** In Germany the east wind is prevailingly dry, and a dry wind seems to make breathing difficult.

1134. **Wüſte,** 'desert'; the Sahara presumably.

1136. **erſt erquickt.** The 'refreshing' coolness that precedes a shower is viewed by Wagner as a malicious trick of the spirits to usher in pleasantly the subsequent disagreeable 'drenching.'

1147. **Saat und Stoppel;** Saat, the freshly starting grain; Stoppel, the 'stubble' of last year's crop.

1154. **Feuerſtrudel,** 'fiery whorl.' When this was written, Goethe probably intended nothing more by his 'fiery whorl' than to intimate (for the benefit of the reader or spectator) that the dog was no ordinary dog. We learn further on (l. 1377) that fire is the devil's own element. Later, however, the poet tried to fit the passage into an optical theory of his to the effect that dark and light are so related that when a dark or bright object comes quickly before the eyes in a dim light, there is an instantaneous after-sensation of the opposite color. He himself claims to have seen a trail of light following a poodle that ran by his window at dusk. See the *Nachträge zur Farbenlehre*, *Werke*, H., XXXVI., 517, where ll. 1147–57 are quoted and said to have been written down aus dichteriſcher Ahnung and in 'semi-consciousness' of a scientific truth which he was able in due time to verify.

1166. **hier;** = hierher, the converse of the license in l. 943.

1167. **pudelnärriſch,** 'poodle-silly'; i. e., having the characteristic silliness of poodles. So the German has pudeltreu, 'faithful as a dog,' pudelnackt, 'stark naked,' pudelnaß, 'wet as a drowned rat' (wet as a dog coming out of the water), etc.

1173. **Geiſt;** in the double sense of 'spirit'= 'supernatural being,' and 'spirit' = 'intelligence.'

1177. **der Studenten .... Scolar.** Wagner supposes that they have found the trained trick-dog of some student. — Scolar, from Lat. *scolaris*, 'scholar,' 'pupil,' is pedantic (but here also *metri gratia*) for Schüler.

Studirzimmer (1).

There is little room for doubt that this scene also combines old matter with new, though no portion of it is found in U. or Fgm. The lines that relate to Faust's flood-tide of religious emotion, to the closely following ebb and the consequent resort to written revelation, suggest the youthful Goethe and correspond to phases of his early religious feeling. They presuppose a Faust who is not yet prepared for an utterance like that in l. 765. On the other hand, the interjected remonstrances with the poodle, the conjuring, and very certainly the dialogue, are of late origin, dating probably from the year 1801. Cf. Intr. p. lvii.

The hocus-pocus of the scene is partly invented, partly based on the legend. C. M., after telling how Faust had evoked a spirit in the woods at midnight and secured the promise of a visit at his house next day, proceeds as follows (Scheible, II., 79): 'Which promise likewise the spirit kept, coming to the house at noon, after long and anxious waiting on the part of Faust, and posting himself in different positions behind the stove; until after another conjuration by Faust, he exhibited a human head and made a deep bow, refusing, however, to come further, on the ground that he was near enough already. Whereat Faust is said to have become wroth and to have threatened a stronger conjuration; which appeared to displease the accursed spirit, seeing that he at once became obedient, save that he caused him (Faust) fresh anxiety when he beheld the room full of fire and the spirit with the aforesaid human head, but with a body shaggy like that of a bear, so that Faust was constrained to ask him once more to retreat behind the stove.'

1180. **ahnungsvollem . . . . Grauen,** 'bodeful, solemn sense of awe.'

1181. **weckt.** The subject is tiefe Nacht. After bedeckt supply und — a somewhat harsh asyndeton, since the object die is not repeated.

1182. **wilde Triebe,** 'wild impulses,' e. g., the desire to fly.

1187. **ſchnoperſt.** Schnop(p)ern is the same as ſchnob(b)ern, and akin to ſchnüffeln, 'sniff,' 'snuffle.' The occasion of the poodle's snuffling at the threshold is explained further on, ll. 1395 ff.

1200–1. The language is that of strong religious feeling, and the imagery is biblical. Cf. Ps. xxxvi. 9, 'For with thee is the fountain of life'; Jer. xvii. 13, 'The Lord the fountain of living waters'; Rev. xxi. 6, 'the fountain of the water of life.' God being thus the fountain-head, the 'brooks of life' are the outflowing streams of divine peace.

1212. **der Strom;** the stream of religious peace that 'wells forth' from his own soul. Cf. ll. 568–9.

1215. **dieſer Mangel .... erſetzen,** 'this failure can be made good.' The thought is, that when the spontaneous inner spring of religious feeling begins to run low, then we turn for compensation to the supernatural, to formal written revelation.

1220. **Grundtext,** 'the fundamental text,' i. e., the Greek original.

1224–37. The question here turns upon the proper rendering of the word *λόγος* in John i. 1 (*ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος*), as that which 'was in the beginning' and 'by which all things were made.' Faust argues that a 'word' can not have been 'in the beginning,' because a word is the expression of a 'thought,' which, therefore, must have come first. But thought can not have made the world, there must have been 'power,' and yet power is nothing unless it is put forth in a 'deed.' He is thus brought around to the position of Gen. i. 1, which puts a 'deed' of creation at the beginning. Strictly he should reject this also, for a 'deed' implies a doer.

1244. **die Zelle meiden,** 'leave the room.'

1249. **Schatten,** 'phantom,' 'unreal apparition.'

1256. **Du biſt mir gewiß,** 'I'm sure of you,' 'I can manage you,' 'you're my game.'

1257. **halbe Höllenbrut,** 'semi-infernal progeny.' Faust assumes that the being before him is of a mixed order, partaking somewhat of the infernal nature, but without being a full-fledged spirit of hell. He decides therefore to try first a spell of minor potency.

1258. **Salomonis Schlüſſel.** 'Key of Solomon,' *Clavicula Salomonis*, is the name of a conjurer's book containing spells and directions for the evocation and exorcism of spirits. Saga makes the wise Solomon a magician.

1258+. **Geiſter.** A supernatural chorus of spirits, minions of Mephistopheles, who have come to help their imprisoned master, if opportunity offers.

1260. **haußen** = hie außen.

1262. **zagt,** 'lingers in dismay.'

1271. **begegnen,** 'to meet,' i. e., 'to deal with.'

1272. **Spruch der Viere,** 'formula of the four' elements, earth, air, fire, and water; i. e., a formula intended for dealing with an elemental spirit.

1273–6. Faust here reads or recites from the 'Key.' Salamanders are spirits of fire, undines, or undenes, of water, sylphs of air, and kobolds of earth. The meaning is that a salamander should manifest his true nature by glowing like fire, an undine by making a sinuous motion of swimming, like a fish or a mermaid, a sylph by vanishing in air, a kobold by making a show of being at work. (The kobolds are subterraneous busy-bodies, Eng. 'gnomes.)'

1277–82. Faust soliloquizes, congratulating himself upon his knowledge of elemental spirits.

1283–91. The first having had no effect, Faust recites a second 'formula of the four,' differing somewhat from the other and presumably more potent as being in more mandatory form.

1285. **Rauſchend,** 'with a gurgling sound,' like that of flowing water.

1289–90. If the spirit is one whose character it is to 'be busy,' he is to make the motions of helping about the house-work. The Romans gave the name *incubus*, or *incubo*, both to the nightmare and to the malicious sprite supposed to cause it by resting upon (*incumbere*) his sleeping victim. Later, the name was applied to house-spirits without regard to this malicious propensity, and in that sense came near to the German kobold, which might also be a house-spirit. Whence the substitution of Incubus for the Kobold of the first formula.

1291. **Schluß,** 'end'; viz., of the disguise.

1295. **Weh.** Since the spirit does not wish to come out of his disguise, any thing that compels him to do so may be said to 'hurt' him.

1300. **dies Zeichen**; a conjurer's diagram (cf. l. 429+, note) containing a symbol of Christ.

1306. **nie Entſproſſ'nen,** 'never-born'; i. e., eternal.

1307. **Unausgeſprochnen,** 'ineffable.'

1308. **Durch . . . . Gegoſſ'nen,** 'diffused through all space'; i. e., omnipresent.

1309. **Freventlich Durchſtochnen,** 'wantonly pierced' (John xix, 34)

1319. **Das .... Licht.** The 'trebly glowing light' is a sign of the Trinity; perhaps a triangle with divergent rays symbolizing the 'holy flame' of divine love, which will 'burn' the devil, as do the roses of divine love in ll. 11710 ff.

1321+. **fahrender Scholaſticus,** 'traveling scholar'; i. e., *scholasticus vagans,* a name given in the Middle Ages to the vagabond students who traveled from one university to another and lived by their wits.

1322. **Was ſteht .... Dienſten,** 'what does the gentleman want'? Dem Herrn is a polite circumlocution for euch, a use of Herr which was common in the 17th century, as it still is in Swedish. See Grimm, Wb., under Herr.

1326. **weidlich,** 'vigorously.' The sense is: You've made it lively for me.

1328. **Der .... verachtet;** in allusion to l. 1226.

1330. **Tiefe .... trachtet,** 'delves into the depths'; Tiefe being acc. Strehlke Wb., gives the meaning of trachtet more exactly as ſich bemüht, dort hinein zu gelangen.

1331. **Bei .... Herrn,** 'in case of you (infernal) gentlemen.' Faust knows that he has to do with a devil, since it was the holy symbols that brought him to terms.

1334. **Fliegengott, Verderber, Lügner.** The first translates Beelzebub, the name of a Philistine god worshiped at Ekron. The name means 'lord of the fly,' the god having been probably at first an averter of insect-pests, like the Greek *Ζεὺς ἀπόμυιος.* In some MSS. of the New Testament the name is given to Satan, the prince of devils. Verderber translates Apollyon (*Ἀπολλύων*). the 'Destroyer' of Rev. ix. 11, where it is Greek for the Hebrew Abaddon. Lügner is not a translation of any devil's name, but in John viii. 44, we read that 'the devil is a liar (*ψευστής*) and the father of it' (i. e., of lying).

1336. Mephistopheles means that in doing what *men* call 'the bad' (cf. ll. 1342–3) he is doing what is, in his own opinion, a good and rational work. He must by no means be understood as admitting that his mischief-making is overruled for good by a higher power.

1347. **die kleine Narrenwelt,** 'the little fool-world'; a humorous transposition of die närriſche Kleinwelt, 'the foolish little-world,' 'the silly microcosm,' i. e. man.

1349–52. Mephistopheles here speaks as Prince of Darkness, a quality which he derives from the Persian Angra-Mainyus, or Ahriman. Cf. Intr. p. lxxv.

1353–8. The argument is: Light has no original independent existence of its own, being a mere parasite of 'bodies.' (Light is manifested only in connection with bodies that emit or receive it.) But bodies are destined to dissolution. The final result must be, therefore, that light will perish, leaving primeval darkness in possession of the field.

1354. **Verhaftet klebt,** 'cleaves fast.'

1360. **im Großen,** 'on a grand scale.'

1364. **plumpe,** 'clumsy.' Mephistopheles has no eye for the world as a cosmos.

1365. **ſo viel .... unternommen,** 'much as I have already undertaken,' i. e., in spite of all my past exertions.

1366. **ihr beizukommen,** 'to affect it,' 'to do it any harm.' Ihr resumes the antecedent part of was in l. 1363, but takes the gender of Welt.

1368. **Geruhig** ; = ruhig.

1370. **dem .... anzuhaben,** 'there's no getting the better of it.'

1374. **Der Luft;** dat. of separation with ſich entwinden, 'start forth.'

1377. **Flamme.** Only in the fire does no life exist. Mephistopheles can ignore salamanders, for they are of his household.

1378. **Aparts;** adj. from Fr. *à part*, 'apart,' 'private.'

1382. **vergebens .... ballt,** 'clenches with vain malignity.'

1386. **Die nächſtenmale,** 'on future occasions.' Mephistopheles assumes already that they are to see more of each other, but 'this time,' for some unexplained reason, he wishes to be excused. Cf. the introductory note to the next scene.

1392. **Ein .... gewiß,** 'a chimney is also a sure reliance for you.'

1393. **Geſteh' ich's nur,** 'just let me confess'; imperative subjunctive. Cf. Brandt, § 284, 1.

1395. **Drudenfuß,** 'drude's foot'; a magical symbol in the shape of a five-point star (pentagram, pentalpha), designed to keep away evil spirits. The drude of German mythology was a female incubus or nightmare that injured people, especially children, in their sleep. (Later, the name became = Hexe or Unhold.) To keep her off, the magic pentagram was carved or painted on the cradle, bedstead or threshold. As the drude had swan's feet, the pentagram was called 'drude's foot,' from the resemblance to her footprints. Cf. Grimm Wb., II., 1454–5. The Pythagorean pentagram, says E. B. Tylor, is a 'magic symbol still to be seen in every country from Ireland to China.'

1404. **wärſt denn du,** 'can it be then that you are?' Dubitative subjunctive.—The efficacy of the pentagram depends on the perfect closure of the angle that is presented to the spirit.

1405. **das iſt . . . . gelungen,** 'that's a lucky accident.' The thought is the same as in l. 1403, but that refers to the imperfection in the pentagram, this to its effect in imprisoning the devil.

1413. **Rechte,** 'laws.'

1416. **rein,** 'undiminished,' 'in full.'

1417. **abgezwackt,** 'nipped off,' 'subtracted.'

1418. **das iſt . . . . zu faſſen,** 'that (i. e., such an inviolable agreement) is not to be dispatched so quickly.' For the use of faſſen, cf.: Ich werde mich kurz faſſen, 'I shall be brief'; der Brief iſt kurz zu faſſen, 'the letter is to be made short.'

1420. **bitt' ich . . . . höchſt,** 'I really do entreat you.' The adverb hoch und höchſt has the force of a superlative to ſehr in ich bitte ſehr. It is of very rare occurrence.

1423. **mir . . . . ſagen,** 'to tell me the news.' Gute Mähr', M. H. G. *guotiu mær*, lit., 'good tidings,' is a stereotyped phrase for the entertaining 'news' a visitor may have to relate.

1438. **Einerlei,** 'monotonous round.'

1441. **leeres Zauberſpiel,** 'empty trick of magic.' The meaning is that Faust will not only hear the music of the spirits, but will see the pictures they describe, smell the grapes, taste the wine, and experience a sensuous ecstasy.

1445. **voran,** 'in advance'; here = vorher.

1446+. **Geiſter;** the same spirits as in l. 1258+. The opportunity they have been waiting for (ll. 1264 ff.) has now come. Their song is an Einſchläferungslied, or 'lullaby.' They put Faust asleep with their music, and at the same time conjure before his vision a series of entrancing pictures that melt together like the visions of a dream. What they sing he sees while sinking into a dreamy trance. As the magic takes effect, the walls of the dingy study seem to vanish and he is under an open sky of supernatural loveliness. The air fills with hovering angels, and the landscape becomes a great vineyard, with pensive vintagers exchanging love-vows among the vines. From numberless wine-presses rivulets of wine fall, broaden to rivers and flow away toward the 'isles of the blest,' whence come sights and sounds suggestive of boundless happiness.

1448. **Wölbungen**; the vaulted ceiling of Faust's Gothic study (cf. l. 353+).

1449. **Reizender**; not 'more charming' than the 'arches,' for they are not charming at all (cf. ll. 6928 ff.). The comparison is between the beclouded sky, as it appears at first, and the blue ether.

1455. **Mildere**, 'milder,' i. e., shining with a softer light than the natural sun. These suns do not hide the stars.

1456. **darein**; 'in' upon the scene; not here = darin.

1459. **Beugung**; a loose appositive to Schöne. The angels, as they float past, seem to bend over the dreamer as they hover above him, exciting in him a longing to follow them.

1482. **Genügen**, 'satisfaction,' 'delight.' 'About the delight of verdant hills' = about the delightful verdant hills. So Grimm Wb., IV., 3512. Strehlke's um die genügend vorhandenen Hügel is too tame.

1483. **Geflügel**; the birds in the air. A sip of the wonderful wine sends them away in an ecstatic flight toward the source of all blessedness.

1487–8. **hellen Inſeln**, 'the bright isles'; i. e., the isles of the blest.

1490. **Gaukelnd**, 'moving up and down,' in rhythmic spell.

1505. **Huld**; gen. dependent on Ferne. As Faust's vision ends in dreamless sleep, and the figures pass from his view, they seem to be moving off, in their several ways, toward the far-away stars, which are for them sources of life, love and gracious protection.

1516–7. Folk-lore associates the devil with pestiferous, ugly and uncanny animals, especially those of nocturnal habits.

1522. **bannte**. The tense refers back to l. 1393. The 'point' really 'confines' him still, until the rat has done its work. Cf. note to l. 1404.

1525. **Fauſte**; the Lat. vocative, used, as in the puppet-plays, with a touch of humor.

1526. **abermals**, 'again'; his first disappointment was with the Earth-Spirit.

1527. **der geiſterreiche Drang** = das reiche (zahlreiche) Gedränge der

Geiſter; viz., those he has just seen in his vision. The meaning of the somewhat obscurely phrased thought in ll. 1527–9 seems to be: Was there no reality behind all this except a dream and the actual escape of a poodle-dog?

Studirzimmer (2).

This scene, taken in connection with the preceding, suggests certain dramaturgical questions. The main object of the preceding scene is of course to pave the way to the compact. Why, then, when Mephistopheles has come on purpose to find an opportunity to lead Faust 'in his way' (l. 314), should he suddenly assume (l. 1387) the rôle of reluctant prisoner and in the same breath (l. 1386) take it for granted that he and Faust are to meet frequently, when he has not yet been invited to come again? And when the subject of a compact is brought up, why should *he* be eager to postpone it (l. 1420) and beg to be excused for this time without giving any reason for his desire? Why should he resort to a trick to effect his release and then voluntarily return? And since Faust is perfectly willing that he should go (ll. 1390–3), why the elaborate hocus-pocus of the pentagram, the lullaby and the rat?

Add to this the fact that 'Study' (2) assumes all along that Faust and Mephistopheles are old acquaintances. Mephistopheles knocks like any ordinary visitor and assumes a familiar hectoring tone (l. 1531). Faust recognizes the knock and concludes that he is to be 'plagued again,' though we have heard of no plaguing before. He submits to the teasing like one accustomed to such nonsense, and is not in the least surprised to see his visitor. Nothing is said about the trick that had so strangely ended their recent interview. Mephistopheles knows that Faust is subject to the 'blues' (l. 1534), and has come, dressed as a gay young squire, to drive them away. But in the preceding dialogue Faust's characteristic Grillen, as *we* know them, do not appear; his talk is sober and sensible. Mephistopheles knows of Faust's having meditated suicide (l. 1580). Each has definite and particular knowledge of the other's character and ways. Faust knows what kind of diversions the devil will have to offer (ll. 1678 ff.). It is assumed (l. 1746) that Mephistopheles knows about the Earth-Spirit as a being of rank superior to his own. The devil is perfectly familiar (ll. 1835 ff.) with Faust's professional life.— In short, one can hardly read the scene without feeling that the author of it must have had in view a Faust and a Mephistopheles who have had much more to do with each other than is now provided for in the text.

The explanation is, no doubt, that the substance of 'Study' (2) took shape before 'Study' (1) was written. We have seen already that the early plan contemplated a number of pictures occupying the interval between the poodle's first appearance and Faust's abandonment of his professorship. 'Study' (2), but without the compact as we now have it, was conceived on the presupposition that a friendly relationship between Faust and Mephistopheles has been for some time established. It assumed that the devil has the *entrée* of Faust's house, has become familiar with his master's life, character and pursuits, and has had an opportunity to exhibit his 'arts.' Then, one day, he comes as gay young squire and persuades Faust to give up the scholar's life and 'see the world.'

Again: In the early plan Faust was thought of as constraining the reluctant devil to his service by the power of magic, and the devil was a tormentor; while in the revised plan of 1797 Mephistopheles was to come to Faust of his own accord and be a seducer. Cf. Intr. p. lx.

Now what we have in the latter part of 'Study' (1) is an attempt to blend, as well as might be, these contradictory conceptions and to provide the necessary presuppositions. The poet cuts the Gordian knot by simply letting both parties assume (ll. 1385–92), without obvious grounds on either side, that they are to be familiar friends, and then imputing to Mephistopheles a capricious desire to be 'excused for this time,' in order that an occasion may be provided for an exhibition of his 'arts.'

In making this adjustment, Goethe doubtless calculated that people would not scrutinize too closely the motives of the devil, or wonder much at his knowing things that a common mortal in his position would not know. Moreover, his sudden desire to be excused might be construed as due to a feeling on his part that Faust's religious mood was unfavorable to the tempter's purposes. Then, too, the lullaby might be taken as a diabolical lure pointing to the pleasures of time and sense.

1535. **edler Junker,** 'noble squire.' In introducing the devil as a gay cavalier, Goethe follows the popular Faust-drama. Creizenach, p. 143, conjectures that the practice began in Catholic Vienna, where the devil as monk, in accordance with the original legend, would not have been acceptable. But Junker Teufel, Junker Satan, etc., are found even in Luther and his contemporaries.

1536. **Kleide,** 'coat.'

1546–7. The thought is: I am too old to enter upon a frivolous world-tour as man of fashion, and too young to have reached the apathy of age; I have desires which I know that the 'world' can not gratify.

1549. **Entbehren ſollſt du,** 'thou shalt do without.' When Faust's 'confusion' is cleared up, he will learn to meet this 'eternal song' with a voluntary renunciation of the things one must 'do without.' Cf. ll. 11441 ff.

1559. **eigenſinnigem Krittel,** 'peevish caviling.' Grimm, Wb., V., 2338, states that the word occurs here for the first time in German literature. Schröer thinks that Goethe may have got the term from Fräulein von Klettenberg, who is known to have used it in the form Krüttel.

1561. **Lebensfratzen,** 'goblins of life'; the petty cares and annoyances of daily existence, that disturb and irritate one, destroying the serenity of the mind, and rendering productive work impossible. These trials are conceived as tormenting goblins. That this is the meaning of the word appears from Eckermann, III., 162: 'On the Second Part of my *Faust* I can work only in the early hours of the day .... when the goblins of daily life (die Fratzen des täglichen Lebens) have not yet confused me.'

1562–5. Seemingly a reminiscence of Job vii. 13–14.

1569. **nach außen,** 'outwardly,' 'in the outer world.'

1573–8. The theme is: Happy he who dies in some moment of supreme excitement.

1583. **Gewühle,** 'frenzy.'

1584. **ſüß bekannter Ton;** the Easter music.

1588. **Lock- und Gaukelwerk,** 'alluring jugglery.' The ideals that men pursue appear to Faust in his bitterness like pleasing phantasms that 'confine' the soul in this 'cave of gloom' because, were it not for them, we should voluntarily leave it.

1591. **hohe Meinung;** man's high opinion of his own worth and destiny.

1595. **was .... heuchelt,** 'what cheats us in dreams.'

1604. **jener;** in the sense of Lat. *ille*, 'that well known.'

1607–26. A difficult and much disputed passage, the question being whether the spirits are good or bad. If they are bad, why do they 'mourn over lost beauty'? If good, why does Mephistopheles claim them in l. 1628? Probably the dilemma is best met in this way: Goethe imagines an order of spirits whose function it is, when there is an act of destruction, to bear the remains of that which was over into the realm of that which is not. As attendants upon the work of destruction, they are in one sense minions of the destroyer; at the same time they are not in sympathy with destruction, but are rather nature's pall-bearers and mourners at the funeral of beauty. They do their work while deploring the occasion of it. So Faust's curse, involving as it does a complete break with the moral order, is construed as a destruction of the world of beauty. The little sprites bewail the act and pray him to make good the damage by rebuilding the beautiful world in his own breast. This he can do by recovering his faith in life and in ideals of life.

1612. **Halbgott,** 'demigod.' To the 'little ones' the deed of Faust is like that of a Hercules with his club.

1614. **Trümmern;** usually Trümmer as *plurale tantum* from das Trum. But the fem. sing., die Trümmer, is very common, and the weak plu. Trümmern not rare.

1619. **Prächtiger;** factitive predicate with ſie. 'Mighty son of earth, rebuild it more splendid.'

1625. **Lieder;** i. e., songs of congratulation on the part of the spirits.

1629–34. Mephistopheles deliberately perverts the counsel of the spirits in ll. 1622–3. The 'new course of life' they would have Faust 'begin' is a change of heart, of moral attitude. But Mephistopheles distorts their meaning into: Give up the professor's life and try the world.

1633. **Wo .... ſtocken,** 'where senses and juices stagnate'; i. e., where the senses and the blood become torpid.

1640. **Pack,** 'rabble.'

1641. **keiner von den Großen,** 'none of the great ones,' i. e., only a subordinate. Such was in fact Goethe's early conception of Mephistopheles.

1647. **mach' ich dir's recht,** 'if I suit you.'

1652. **um Gotteswillen,** 'gratuitously.'

1661. **Schlägſt du . . . . Trümmern,** 'when you first demolish this world,' i e., the present earthly life. The end of life is conceived as an act of world-demolition; cf. ll. 1608 ff.

1665. **Kann.** The verb has a strange sound, since it seems to imply that Faust is anxious to end his earthly life, joys, sorrows and all (for ihnen can not well refer to Leiden exclusively), whereas the connection requires the line to mean simply: 'When I have done with this world.' Unless we resort to Düntzer's too easy solution, that kann is a misprint for muß, ſoll or werd', we shall have to regard kann ich erſt as used loosely for bin ich im Stande, 'when I am in a position,' 'when the time comes.'

1667–70. Logically Faust's indifference to the life beyond is out of place in a dialogue with the devil. What we really hear in these lines, however, is the youthful Goethe arguing in the tone of his time against the religious *Jenseitigkeit*, which busies itself with curious speculations about the life to come. It is noteworthy, however, that the Faust of the legend is at the same time intensely curious about hell and its denizens, and a skeptic with regard to the existence of hell. Cf. Intr. pp. xiii, xiv.

1678. **Doch haſt du,** 'but you have, haven't you?' With the question-mark after l. 1685, ll. 1678–85 must be read with a sarcastic rising inflection. Faust rehearses ironically the stock-in-trade of jugglers' tricks with which he assumes that Mephistopheles will try to amuse him: sham food, illusory liquid gold, sleight-of-hand gambling games, and phantasms of love and glory. It is worth noting that Mephistopheles does actually purvey the most of these pleasures. Thus we have sham wine in l. 2291, sham gold in ll. 5711 ff.; while Faust as husband of Helena and transient king of Arcadia gives us the phantasms of love and honor.

1686–7. **Zeig'.** The mood is sarcastic: 'Come now, show me your wonderful trees,' etc. In C. M. (Scheible, II., 84) we read that 'Faust's pleasure-garden was almost like paradise; for the foliage and grass, mingled with all sorts of trees, kept green the whole year long. The trees too would suddenly, in a moment, put forth fruit different from their natural fruit.'

1691. **was Guts,** 'something good'; i. e., something really satisfying and not a mere sham or phantasm.

1692. **Faulbett,** 'bed of ease,' 'lazy couch'; 'Laying one's self upon a bed of ease' is a symbol of perfect satisfaction with the egoistic pleasure of the moment.

1694. **mich . . . . belügen,** 'beguile me with blandishments.'

1698. **Top,** 'agreed'; usually Topp. — **Schlag auf Schlag** means 'shake again.' Faust offers his hand twice.

1700. **Verweile doch,** 'pray tarry.' Faust uses these words in l. 11582, but not to the *passing* moment and not while stretched upon a 'bed of ease.' — On the compact, cf. Intr. pp. lxxi, lxxii.

1705. **der Zeiger fallen.** Some of the early water-clocks were so constructed that the hour-pointer would rise steadily along a bar for twenty-four hours and then drop back. The 'falling of the hand' thus marked the end of a fixed period.

1710. **Wie ich beharre,** = ſobald ich beharre, 'as soon as I stagnate' — I am a slave anyway, i. e., no longer a free, self-determining man.

1712. **Doctorſchmaus**; the supper given by a student on taking his doctor's degree. As the text stands, we are left to imagine the scene; but in Par. p. 11 ff. we find a sketch of a doctoral disputation, which would naturally have been followed by a Schmaus. This was one of the professional scenes at one time contemplated by Goethe and then dropped; for the reason, probably, that a third episodical picture of university life (in addition to the Wagner dialogue and the student scene) appeared unnecessary. Or perhaps he found that the scene did not work out well.

1714. **Um . . . . willen**; a formula used in asking for a written agreement, and meaning, according to Grimm Wb., VI., 417, für alle Fälle, i. e., 'to provide for all contingencies,' 'to guard against accidents.'

1716–30. The logic of this difficult passage seems to be this: The word of a *man* is as good as his bond. It is indeed strange that we should be held to our course, in the tempestuous flood of this life, by so slight a thing as a promise, but so it is. This curious notion of honor is implanted in us, and I have no desire to be rid of it. It pays to follow it at any cost. But most men reverence a formal document; very well, then, how will you have it? — The formal written agreement is made much of in the Faust-books, in Marlowe, and in the puppet-plays. So also Faust's honesty is emphasized. An Erfurt legend (Scheible, V., 488) makes a certain monk named Klinge endeavor to convert him at the last, promising to say mass for him. Faust replies: 'Mass begone! . . . . The devil has honestly kept his word with me, and so I will also keep my word and written agreement with him.' Whereat Scherer, *Faust-Buch*, p. XII, is reminded of the saying of Tacitus: 'So great even in a bad cause is German tenacity. They themselves call it fidelity.'

1719. **ſchalten (mit),** 'govern,' 'be a law unto.'

1722. **dieſer Wahn,** 'this strange conceit'; i. e., this sense of honor, of Treue.

1728. **Das Wort . . . . Feder,** 'the word dies in the very act of writing.' The somewhat fanciful thought is, that when an agreement is 'reduced to writing,' the seat of potency is at once transferred in the minds of men from the impalpable word of honor, where it ought to be, to the parchment on which it is written and the wax with which the document is sealed.

1737. **Tröpfchen Blut.** So in the legend and the puppet-plays; but the custom of confirming solemn agreements with blood is much older than the Faust-legend. Loeper says that its use in compacts with the devil is a parody of the blood in the Christian sacrament.

1739. **Fratze,** 'mummery.' The thought is: Let the farce be carried out.

1741-59. Faust would in a sense 'break the agreement,' if he were to hold back and give the devil no chance to satisfy him. So he gives his assurance that he will do his best to carry out his part of the program; i. e., that he will cut loose from his present existence and engage with all possible fervor in the business of 'seeing what life is.'

1748. The sense is: As thinker I have reached the end of my course.

1752–3. The thought is: Produce your marvels; I'll take them as they come and not play the rationalist with you.

1759. **Nur . . . . Mann,** 'without any cessation the (true) man keeps doing.' Der Mann here = der echte, tüchtige Mann, as in Da rühre ſich der Mann. Cf. the numerous examples in Grimm Wb., VI., 1562. The general thought is well illustrated in a saying of *Dicht. u. Wahr.*, *Werke*, XXVII., 12: Er hätte mir nur ſagen dürfen, daß es im Leben bloß auf's Thun ankomme, das Genießen und Leiden finde ſich von ſelbſt. — **Nur** limits raſtlos; 'not otherwise than restlessly,' i. e., without any cessation whatever.

1763. The thought is: May the program which so pleases you now in anticipation suit you when you come to carry it out.

1765–75. Faust hastens to correct the impression, very natural from what he has just been saying, that he hopes for enjoyment from the new career. It is to be a wild 'reel' through the world in quest of experience, the painful as well as the pleasant. He expects to be bored and to suffer, but he will accept that as a part of his destiny, for his desire is to feel in his own being all that men have ever felt anywhere. Cf. Intr. p. l.

1766–7. **ſchmerzlichſtem . . . . Verdruß.** The triple oxymoron contains this sense: I will play the rôle of pleasure-seeking sensualist and suffer pain and hate myself in so doing. Soulless sensuality indulged in, as a matter of experience, by a man capable of deep feeling, becomes 'enamored hate' rather than love, and 'exhilarating disgust' rather than true enjoyment.

1770. With this line Fgm. begins abruptly, though a large part of what precedes must also have been in existence in 1790. As to Goethe's probable reasons for publishing the lines 1770–1867, while suppressing what goes before, see Intr. p. l.

1774. **erweitern.** This idea of infinite self-expansion was a favorite conception with the youthful Goethe. Cf. the lines, addressed to Nature, from his poem *Künstlers Abendlied*, written in 1774:

> Wirſt alle meine Kräfte mir
> In meinem Sinn erheitern,
> Und dieſes enge Daſein hier
> Zur Ewigkeit erweitern.

So also in *Prometheus*, I., the hero says: Vermögt ihr mich auszudehnen, zu erweitern zu einer Welt? Cf., again, *Faust*, ll. 641, 3285, and 3289.

1775. **Zerſcheitern.** On the meaning of this word in relation to the compact, cf. Intr. p. lix.

1776–84. To Faust's grandiose talk of a world-embracing experience, Mephistopheles replies humorously that he has been acquainted with the world a long time and has discovered that only God can know it as a whole. Other beings must be content with limitations. The hopeless task of knowing the world as a whole he conceives under the image of attempting to digest a mass of indigestible leaven ('sour dough').

1784. **Und euch . . . . Nacht,** 'and for you only day and night (i. e., the alternation of day and night) is suited.' Düntzer quotes from *Meister*, *Werke*, H., XVII., 372: Wo iſt vor ihm (Gott) etwas Hohes oder Tiefes, etwas Helles oder Dunkles? Wir nur haben ein Oben und Unten, einen Tag und eine Nacht.

1785. **Das läßt ſich hören,** 'that sounds plausible.'

1789–1800. The thought is: The only way to be all-things-in-one is to become the theme of a poet.

1792. **Ehren-Scheitel,** 'honorable pate'; *vertex honoratus*, says Grimm, Wb.

1804. **Menſchheit . . . . erringen.** To 'win the crown of humanity' is evidently from the context, only a new phrase for Faust's dream of partaking personally in the experience of all mankind.

1816–7. **ihr ſeht . . . . ſieht,** 'you see things as people just *see* them'; i. e., you see things as they *appear*, you take a superficial view. The logic of what follows is: Out upon your repinings over human limitations! To be sure, you have the bodily organs of a man, and you can not be anything but a man. But, after all, that is *yours* which serves your pleasure, and pleasure, not speculation, is what life is for.

1825. **die meine;** for the rime's sake instead of die meinen.

1830. **Kerl der ſpeculirt.** Cf. Scherer *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 69, who quotes from Herder: Speculation als Hauptgeſchäfte des Lebens — welch elendes Geſchäfte!

1832. **böſen Geiſt.** It is familiar Germanic folk-lore that animals may be bewitched by elves and dwarfs. See Grimm, D. M., I., 381

1837. **Die Jungens.** The Low German plu. in *-s* (see Brandt, § 60) occurs several times in *Faust*. Cf. Fräuleins in l. 3020, and Mädels in l. 3525.

1838. **Nachbar Wanſt,** 'neighbor Paunch'; Mephisto's name for a commonplace, fat and self-complacent pedagogue.

1840–41. Because he would be driven from his position for heterodoxy. There is evidence that Goethe at one time thought of representing Faust as suffering in that way. Cf. ll. 590–3 6230–8, and Intr. p. xxxi.

1842. **Gleich,** 'this moment.'

1844. **wartet lange.** Apparently the boy has but just arrived. We are to imagine, probably, that he had called earlier and been asked to wait outside until Professor Faust should be at leisure.

1851–67. On this soliloquy cf. Intr. p. li. It has underlying it the early conception of Mephistopheles, and was written before the compact had taken shape. The devil that speaks here is a tormentor who is quite sure of his victim and not at all concerned to *win* Faust by satisfying him. His program is not to satisfy, but to stupefy. In retaining the soliloquy, Goethe of course counted upon the interpretation that Mephistopheles here speaks his true character, having been playing the hypocrite hitherto. The fact is, however, that we shall hear very little henceforth of the devil who speaks here, or of the program that he lays down for himself.

1852. **allerhöchſte Kraft.** The devil of the Prologue (l. 284) thinks, or professes to think, that man's 'reason' is a delusion.

1861. **Unbedeutenheit,** 'insignificance'; for Unbedeutendheit, after the analogy of Anweſenheit, Beklommenheit, etc.

1862. **zappeln, ſtarren, kleben,** 'struggle, relax effort, stick fast.' The verbs denote three stages in the progress of a man becoming gradually accustomed to contact with something vile or dangerous.

1863. **Unerſättlichkeit.** The dat. means 'for' in the sense of 'for the delusion of,' 'as a decoy for.'

1866. **übergeben.** The Faust of the early plan was to 'give himself over' to the devil, but the Faust of the compact simply makes a wager with the devil.

1867. The meaning is: A man of such insatiable and ungovernable desires must have gone to ruin morally, even without a formal surrender to the devil.

1868–2050. On the early version of this scene and the revision for Fgm., cf. Intr pp. xxxix and li; also p. l, footnote. Otto Pniower, in V. L., IV., 317, makes it appear probable that the original scene, as it appears in U., consists of two parts separated in their composition by a considerable interval, the juncture being at what is now ll. 1903–4. The first part was comparatively vulgar and *burschikos*, while the second dealt more with the intellectual side of student life and contained satire of a higher order. On the revision, this first part was in the main omitted and the second considerably expanded. These changes have left traces upon the text as it now stands. For the original text of U. see Appendix II.

1868. **allhier** = hier. The word was archaic even in Goethe's youth. The student tries to talk like a book.

1874. **Habt ihr . . . . umgethan,** 'have you been about elsewhere,' i.e., have you called on any other professors? U. has hier, i. e., in this city, instead of ſonſt.

1875. The student, full of his momentous errand, does not answer the question put to him.

1879. **was Rechts.** Cf. l. 371, note. — **hieraußen**, 'out here.' The student comes from another 'land' (kingdom, duchy, principality) than that in which the university is situated.

1896–7. In U. this question comes much later (after a dialogue about the besetting dangers and trials of student life), and the boy in reply announces that he is going to study medicine. Here he replies more vaguely so as to give an opportunity for a satirical review of all four faculties.

1901. **Wiſſenſchaft und Natur**, 'science and nature,' correspond roughly to what we should now call the historical and the natural sciences. But the student does not himself know just what he means.

1903. The thought is: You must not waste your time.

1904. **dabei**, 'in for it.'

1908. **der Zeit.** The gen. with gebrauchen, common in the classics, is now well-nigh obsolete.

1909. **Ordnung**, 'system.' As Leipzig freshman writing to his friend Riese (*Briefe*, I., 14), Goethe prefaces a list of his dissipations with the remark: Ich brauche Kunſt um fleißig zu ſein.

1911. **Collegium Logicum**, 'course in logic.' Mephistopheles here gives the 'correct' professorial advice. Logic was at this time regarded as a drill study of especial value as a general propædeutic. In U. this whole speech comes right after the student's announcement that he is to study medicine.

1913. **ſpaniſche Stiefeln.** The plu. is now usually strong. The 'Spanish boot' was an instrument of torture that found favor with the Inquisition (hence the name 'Spanish'). It consisted of an iron case which enclosed the leg and compressed it, wedges being driven between the leg and the boot.

1914. **bedächtiger**, 'more deliberately.'

1916. **die Kreuz und Quer**, 'hither and thither'; a fem. substantive made by taking the adverbs kreuz and quer together as one word and forming from them a noun upon the analogy of die Quere. The construction is acc. of the way, with hinſchleiche.

1918–41. The point of the satire is that logic, while parading itself as the science of thought, does not teach one to think new thoughts, but only to unravel the thoughts one already has. ‘In logic it struck me as odd,’ writes Goethe in speaking of his Leipzig experiences, ‘that I was expected thus to pull to pieces, simplify and, as it were, destroy those mental operations which I had performed from youth on with the greatest ease, and to do this in order that I might understand the right use of them’; *Werke*, XXVII., 53.

1919. **auf einen Schlag,** ‘at a stroke,’ i. e., all at once, without any analytic process.

1934. **aller Orten,** ‘everywhere’; adv. gen. of place, Orten being the old weak plu.

1935. The thought is: Logic makes unravelers, not weavers.

1940. **Encheiresin naturae,** ‘encheiresis (manipulation) of nature.’ The Gr. *ἐγχείρησις*, ‘taking in hand,’ was used as a medical term = ‘treatment.’ In early modern chemical treatises it was much employed (but not in connection with *naturae*) in the sense of ‘operation.’ Cf. Kopp, *Aurea Catena*, p. 6, who translates it cleverly by Handgreiflichmachung. From some such book Goethe took the word, adding *naturae* (as objective gen.) to give the meaning ‘tactual investigation of nature,’ ‘art of getting at nature's secrets by manipulation.’ The idea is that the chemists, like the logic-choppers, fancy that they are getting at the secrets of nature, are explaining the organic process by which she produces a living thing, when they take the thing to pieces and thus destroy at the outset that which is the real object of interest, namely, the ‘life,’ the mysterious ‘vital bond’ which gives the thing unity and distinguishes it from the sum total of its inanimate parts. By cherishing this notion and calling their folly by a high-sounding name, they make themselves ridiculous. This idea was a favorite one with Goethe, who looked at things from an artistic or aesthetic point of view. ‘Spare me,’ he writes in a letter of July 14, 1770, ‘the joy-deadening empiricism which kills butterflies and anatomizes flowers.’ Cf. also the note to ll. 672–5.

1941. **ſpottet ihrer ſelbſt,** U. has bohrt ſich ſelbſt einen Eſel, ‘makes a fool of itself.’

1950–53. The thought is that metaphysic is a matter of high-sounding names for ideas so very profound that the human brain can not understand them.

1955. **Nehmt wahr,** ‘take note of’, ‘give heed to’; Ordnung gen.

1956. **habt ihr**; not 'you have,' but 'take,' i. e., I advise you to take. U. has nehmt.

1959. **Paragraphos**; the sections or paragraphs into which the text-book is divided. The form is a Lat. acc. plu., to be pronounced Para'=graphos.

1961. **er**; the lecturer. We have to think of academic lectures consisting of comment upon a printed text-book.

1962–3. It was one of Goethe's grievances at Leipzig that he was expected to listen to and write down what he already knew.

1963. **der Heilig' Geiſt**; an archaic phrase preserving the old uninflected adj. There is really no elision.

1972–79. These lines upon the study of the law are not found in U. Cf. Intr. p. li. The charge is that jurisprudence is the study of precedents rather than of justice or natural right. The student must occupy his mind with laws that originated far away in time and space (German jurisprudence is based upon the Roman law) and have survived the conditions that gave them birth; so that legislation which was once reasonable and beneficial may be absurd or even harmful. The nature of the study here described appears clear from a passage of *Dicht. u. Wahr.* (*Werke*, XXVII., 235), in which Goethe speaks of the contrast between the universities of Leipzig and Strassburg. At the latter his mentor said to him: 'It is not asked (here in France) how and where a law originated and what was the inner or outward occasion of it; we do not inquire how it has been modified by time and custom, or how far it may have been actually perverted by false interpretation or wrong judicial usage. In such investigations the learned quite properly spend their lives; but we concern ourselves with that which is at present.'

1972. **Geſetz' und Rechte**, 'statutes and laws' (*leges et jura*).

1986. **verborgnes Gift**, 'hidden poison'; heterodox views which the student is in danger of absorbing into his system unawares.

1998. **bereiten**, 'prepare,' 'devise.'

2000. **Jota**; a dissyllable.

2008. **Läßt . . . . fühlen**, 'one can the sooner feel his own way further.'

2012. **groß' und kleine Welt**; here simply a phrase for 'all the universe.' In l. 2052 it is used more definitely.

2019. **noch**, 'moreover.'

2024–6. The meaning is that woman's ills all have their seat in her sexual nature. — It is here that Mephistopheles begins to 'play the genuine devil' (l. 2010).

2029. **Ein Titel;** i. e., you must first become an M. D.

2031. **Zum Willkomm' .... Siebenſachen,** 'then by way of welcome (i. e., at the very outset) you have only to reach out your hand for all sorts of favors.' Goethe conceived Willkomm' as an abbreviated Willkommen.

2039. **Grün, goldner.** The colors seem contradictory, but Goethe is fond of using golden in the sense of 'lovely,' 'precious.' Thus Frau von Stein is addressed as goldne Frau. Grün is, of course, the color of the living tree, as grau is that of ashes and death.

2048. **Eritis .... malum,** 'ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil'; part of the serpent's promise in Gen. iii. 5, where, however, the Vulgate has *dii*, 'gods,' instead of Goethe's *Deus*. Schröer supposes the change due to Luther's translation, which has: Ihr werdet ſein wie Gott.

2049–50. The meaning is: Let yourself be beguiled by the devil (as Adam and Eve were) into forming fine hopes of the wonderful knowledge you are to acquire, and you will be disappointed as they were. The lines can be scanned after a fashion as hexameters, but the rime indicates that they were not consciously intended for hexameters. Bartsch, G.-J., I., 133, is probably right in calling them defective alexandrines.

2051–72. These lines, not found in U., were inserted in Fgm. to furnish the needed introduction to 'Auerbach's Cellar.'

2052. **Die kleine .... die große Welt.** The 'little world' is the world of common life, the 'great world' the Emperor's court.

2055. **bei,** 'with.' Fgm. has mit.

2056. **leichte Lebensart,** 'easy way-of-the-world,' *savoir vivre.*

2069. **Feuerluft,** 'hydrogen'; the 'inflammable air' of Cavendish's early experiments. The first hydrogen balloon was sent up at Paris Aug. 27, 1783, in which year Goethe's letters several times allude to his interest in the new art.

Auerbachs Keller.

For the original form of this scene, see Appendix II.; respecting the revision of 1790, see Intr. pp. xxxix, li. On the strength of a letter (*Briefe*, II., 292), in which Goethe speaks of having just 'made' a scene of *Faust*, and in the same connection compares himself to a poisoned rat, it has been supposed that 'Auerbach's Cellar' was written Sept. 17, 1775, the date of the letter referred to. But the prose of the scene as it appears in U., its crude art, its vivid Leipzig reminiscences, above all its undeveloped Faust, who is simply the self-complacent magician of the legend, all point to a much earlier date for the composition of the scene. The letter just spoken of may mean only that a part of the scene, say the rat-song itself, was written at this time, or that the poet now first committed to paper what he had long been carrying in his mind. Or it may refer to an entirely different scene.

Auerbach's Hof as known to Goethe was a large, old building (it was begun in 1530) designed especially for the accommodation of traders who came to the great Leipzig fair. The 'Keller,' which still thrives under the old name, was a wine-room in the basement. Just how old the tradition is which connects Faust with this place, can not be stated. The Spies book of 1587 does not mention Leipzig among the places visited by Faust. In Widman, however, who is copied by C. M., we find (Scheible, V., 499) a story of Faust's visiting the Leipzig fair with several companions. They pass a wine-cellar (name not given), where some workmen are trying to get up a cask of wine. Faust's party laugh at their efforts, whereat the men become angry and abusive. Then the host promises the cask to any one who will bring it up alone. At this Faust seats himself on the cask, rides it up out of the cellar, and then taps it for the benefit of his friends. This exploit was soon localized by the saga at Auerbach's Keller, where in Goethe's time, as still to-day, various mementos of the famous ride are preserved. Chief among these are two pictures, one showing Faust astride the cask in presence of his wondering friends, the other representing the subsequent drinking-bout.

Widman (Scheible, II., 511) also tells the story of the wine conjured from four gimlet-holes bored in the edge of a table, but describes the occurrence as taking place at the house of a friend of Faust at Erfurt. The trick of the grapes is not reported by Widman, but is found in the *Centuriae* of Philip Camerarius, which appeared in 1602. From this Latin work it found its way into various books, some one of which must have been known to Goethe. The substance of the story in Camerarius is that Faust, being once in a company of revelers, who ask to see a specimen of his powers, promises to make a vine full of ripe grapes grow out of the table. After charging them to remain quiet until he shall permit them to cut off the grapes, he produces his illusion. They all draw their knives and wait for the word. Then Faust breaks the spell, and they find they have prepared to cut off each others' noses.

2072+. **Zeche luſtiger Geſellen.** That the 'jolly fellows' are students is not expressly stated, but so we must doubtless regard them. In U. Altmayer is called Alten, and Siebel is referred to as a married man.

2074. **lehren Geſichter machen.** The thought is: Out upon those solemn faces of yours! Ich will dich lehren is a formula of reproach. Thus Goethe writes to his sister, *Briefe*, I., 32: Ich will dich lehren ſo unfleißig zu ſein, i. e., 'fie upon your laziness!' So in Eng. an angry parent says: 'I'll teach you to disobey me,' meaning, 'I'll teach you not to.'

2076. **lichterloh**, 'with bright flame'; from lichter Lohe taken as gen. of manner.

2079. **doppelt Schwein**, 'doubly hog'; viz., once for the 'stupidity' of the trick and once for its 'nastiness.' U. has Eſel! Schwein! To which Frosch replies: Muß man mit euch nicht beydes ſeyn.

2082. **Runda.** The word is a musical summons to 'join in' a song (Rundgeſang). Several old German songs have the refrain 'runda, runda, runda, dinella.'

2088. **A tara lara da**; a sort of preliminary do-mi-sol-do.

2091. The lack of unity and cohesion in the Holy Roman Empire was a favorite theme for satire in Goethe's day.

2099. **Qualität**; an obscene allusion to the legend of Pope Joanna and the precautions taken in the college of cardinals after her time to prevent the election of a woman to the papal chair. Cf. V. L., II., 596.

2101–2. An old folk-song begins with the exact words of l. 2101, and another runs:

Nachtigall, ich hör' dich ſingen,
Grüß' mein Schätzchen tauſendmal.

2105–7. These lines seem to be Goethe's own. The waiting lover entreats admittance to the room of his sweetheart, who is to bolt the door after his departure in the morning.

2112. **auf einem Kreuzweg.** A cross-road is, in German folk-lore, an uncanny place. Cf. Schiller, *Jungfrau*, l. 112:

> .... tritt auf den Kreuzweg hin und pflegt
> Geheime Zweiſprach mit der Luft des Berges.

2113. **Blocksberg**; the Brocken, to which on Walpurgis-Night (cf. note to the scene of that name) witches ride on the backs of devils (Buhlteufel) in the form of rams, he-goats, etc.

2120. **ich weiß zu leben**, 'I know what's what.'

2122. **nach Standsgebühr**, 'according to the requirements of (their) position.' The song is to be a love-song for lovers.

2123. **Zur guten Nacht**, 'as hoping for a jolly night.' Brander does not intend a good-night song thus early. The zu is used as in trinken wir eins zur glücklichen Reiſe.—On **zum Beſten geben**, cf. l. 119, note.

2138. **thät**; indicative. The form is a dialectic survival of M. H. G. *tete* > *tet* (1. and 3. sing. pret. ind.). The a of the modern that belonged originally only to the plu. For other examples of thät as ind., cf. ll. 2145, 2869–70, 3578.

2139. **genung.** Goethe often uses genung, instead of genug, not only in verse where the rime requires it, but in his letters; e. g., *Briefe*, I., 231, 253.

2147. **pfeift .... Loch.** Auf or aus dem letzten Loch pfeifen is a figure derived from blowing a flute, and means 'to be at the end of one's wind,' 'to be at the last gasp.'

2172. **ein klein Paris.** In Goethe's time the Leipzig people plumed themselves on their refinement and *savoir vivre*. The city is called ein klein Paris in a book on Leipzig published in 1768 by a theological student who styled himself Baron von Ehrenhausen. See *Leipzig und seine Universität vor hundert Jahren* (Leipz.: Breitkopf u. Haertel, 1879), p. IX.

2174. **Bei einem vollen Glaſe**; not a form of asseveration. Frosch means that one glass will loose the tongues of the two strangers and enable him to 'pump' them, i. e., find out where they come from and what their business is.

2184. **hinkt.** The devil has one human foot and one horse's foot (cf. ll. 2490 and 2502), which makes him limp. Or, his lameness is due to his fall from the sky. Hinkebein, Lame-leg, is one of his names; cf. Grimm, D. M., II., 829. So Goethe's Satyros is a hinkender Waldteufel. Hephaestus-Vulcan was also lame.

2189. **Rippach**; a village a few miles southwest of Leipzig. In Goethe's day its name was used like our American 'Wayback.' Hans, or Hans Arsch von Rippach is John Lubber of Lubberton. The jest is at least as old as 1710; cf. G.-J., I., 435.

2192. **das letztemal,** i. e., on occasion of our last preceding visit.

2214. **Sohn**; to be pronounced Soh, thus riming with Floh. The dropping of the n is South German dialect. Cf. mei Soh, for mein Sohn, quoted in Zelter's letter to Goethe of Oct. 11, 1827.

2237. **wir**; i. e., we common people, who are not bound by court forms, or subject to the tyranny of parvenu court-favorites, — we can get rid of the fleas that trouble us.

2243. **fein,** 'deftly.'

2255. **auch recht** = ſchon recht; ſchon recht voll, 'right well filled.'

2256. Altmayer takes the strangers for wine-dealers from the Rhine.

2293–4. To be taken, seemingly, as the beginning of a catch familiar to the company. — **Kannibaliſch wohl,** 'savagely, inordinately, happy.'

2304. **Er**; cf. note to l. 548.

2305. The sense is: I should think we'd better quietly get rid of him.

2323. **hab' ich.** In view of war in l. 2322 one might expect hatte. But we must suppose that Brander and Siebel hold each other's noses a second longer than the other pair, and that these words are spoken *during* the Auseinanderfahren of l. 2321+.

2332. **Mein,** 'well now'; a common exclamation of wonder. Grimm Wb., VI., 1919, supposes it to come from mein Geſelle. But other phrases, like mein lieber Freund, or mein Gott, may also have had to do with its origin.

2336. **eins**; = jemand. So again in l. 7196.

Hexenküche.

THE relation of this scene to the general plan of the poem is discussed in Intr. p. xlvii. The only occasion for the scene, from a dramaturgic point of view, was to explain the astonishing change that was to take place in the character of Faust. It is easy to see, however, that the love-philtre did not necessitate a long and elaborate scene like the one we have. Mephistopheles might have been made to furnish the magic potion himself, as is hinted in ll. 2367 ff. But, since the brewing of love-potions was looked upon by popular superstition as peculiarly the business of witches, and witches are servants of the devil, it seemed plausible to take Faust to a witch for the needed elixir. This idea once adopted, the poet gave the rein to his fancy and worked out a very simple dramatic motive into an elaborate genre-picture. It suited his humor to abstract himself from the associations of classical art in Italy and let his imagination disport for a time among the grotesque superstitions of the North.

The details owe nothing whatever to the Faust-legend, but are the work of Goethe's imagination aided only by the general literature of witchcraft, and also, as commentators think, by certain paintings of the Flemish artists Teniers and Breughel. The 'baboons' of Teniers were famous, and in one of his pictures some of these animals are depicted as rolling a huge world-ball. There is no considerable amount of genuine folk-lore connecting apes with witches; but since the devil caricatures the works of God, and the ape is a caricature of man, it seemed logical to regard the ape as belonging to the devil's kingdom. So Goethe's apes imitate men, and, naturally enough, their talk and actions contain here and there a touch of satire. But we are not called upon to ponder very deeply over this satirical mimicry, or the glass ball, or the witch's multiplication-table. Goethe had from youth on a propensity for humorous mystification. He was fond of dressing up nonsense, or mingling sense and nonsense, in such a way as to convey a suggestion of portentous wisdom. The reader of *Faust* needs often to be on his guard against finding too much 'meaning' in the play of its author's poetic humor.

2338. **geneſen,** 'recover.' Imagine Mephistopheles to have been saying that Faust's brooding reserve is a malady that requires a magic cure.

2342. **dreißig Jahre.** See Intr. p. xlvii.

2347. **klug**, 'sensibly'; because at the last (ll. 2345–6) Faust seems disposed to take the question of rejuvenation more seriously.

2349. **andern**; 'other' than that of magic.

2351–61. This somewhat irrelevant banter means that 'nature' (cf. l. 2345) provides no way of making a man young except to make him and keep him a child in experience. One who leads a simple, eventless life under primitive conditions remains 'young' until he is ready to die.

2358. **acht es .... Raub**, 'do not feel above.' Für Raub achten means 'to regard as a robbery, i. e., derogation, from one's dignity.' In Luther's Bible it translates the Gk. *ἁρπαγμὸν ἡγεῖσθαι* of Phil. ii. 6. Goethe writes to Schiller, Apr. 29, 1798: Freund Meyer wird es auch für keinen Raub achten, zu dieſer barbariſchen Production (Fauſt) Zeichnungen zu verfertigen.

2361. **Auf achtzig .... verjüngen**, 'to (make and) keep you young to your eightieth year.'

2369. **Brücken.** The devil of Germanic folk-lore builds bridges, sometimes that he may reach some object of his lust, sometimes at the request of men, in which case his reward is the soul of the first, or of every thirteenth, person that crosses the bridge. Cf. Grimm, D. M., II., 853.

2392. **Bettelſuppen**, 'soup for beggars.' The point of the satire appears from a passage in a letter of Goethe to Schiller, written July 26, 1797, in which he speaks of a then popular play as 'genuine beggars' soup, such as the German public loves.' Whence we see that **breite** means 'thin,' 'watery.'

2397. **ſchlecht iſt's beſtellt**, 'it (i. e., the distribution of wealth) is badly ordered.'

2398–9. The ape means that he only needs money to give him a reputation for 'sense.'

2401. **in's Lotto ſetzen**, 'take a risk in the lottery.'

2410. **Ich bin lebendig**, 'I am alive,' i. e., lively, spry. The ape jumps out of the way of the ball and advises his son to do likewise, lest it burst and kill him.

2417–8. These lines allude to the art of coscinomancy or divination by means of a sieve. It was employed commonly in Germany in the 16th and 17th centuries for the detection of thieves. A witch or other expert would take the sieve between the two middle fingers, speak an incantation, and pronounce the names of suspected persons. At the mention of the right name the sieve would begin to turn. There were also other methods. Cf. Grimm, D. M., II., 927.

2428. **in Seſſel**; for in'n, i. e. in den Seſſel. The contraction does not occur elsewhere in *Faust*, but is found in *Götz* repeatedly; e. g.: Ihr warſt ſie dem Feind an Kopf; ſollſt du nicht in Streit — both from the first act.

2429–40. **himmliſch Bild.** Mephistopheles seeks to excite Faust's sensuality by showing him a vision of female beauty. There is no occasion to think of Helena, much less of Gretchen.

2442. **bravo**; in allusion to Gen. i. 31.

2452. **leimen.** The crown is as yet only cracked. The apes want the play-monarch to mend it, just as real monarchs mend their broken crowns, with sweat and blood — those of their subjects.

2464. **aufrichtige.** The ape-poets are called 'honest' because of their frank admission that ideas are with them a secondary consideration, a matter of luck. They chatter and rime, and may *happen*, now and then, to express a thought. The lines are aimed at jingling rimesters who have nothing to say.

2483. **Was hält .... zu**; = was hält mich davon ab, daß ich zuſchlage. Cf. l. 1020.

2491. **Raben.** The Norse god Odin had two ravens, Huginn and Muninn (Thought and Memory), who brought him tidings of what was going on. Mephisto's ravens actually appear further on, in l. 10664.

2504. **Junker Satan.** Cf. l. 1535, note.

2507–9. A side thrust at the Age of Enlightenment. Men look on Satan as a myth; they have got rid of the Evil One, but not of the evil ones.

2518. **ſchafft**; the weak verb ſchaffen, in the sense of befehlen, is South German dialect.

2540–52. From behind her ape-pulpit, with ape-candelabra on either side, the witch, as priest, declaims from her big Bible — unctuous nonsense.

2543. **gleich**, 'even' i. e. an even number.

2556. **manche Zeit**; an unusual expression for viel Zeit.

2561–2. The devil refers here to the doctrine of the Trinity. Said Goethe to Eckermann, Jan. 4, 1824, in speaking of the world's reception of his ideas: 'I believed in God and nature, and in the victory of the noble over the bad. But that was not enough for the pious souls; I was also to believe that three are one and one three. But this was opposed to my instinctive feeling for truth.'

2563–6. The logic is: So they babble on, and no one interferes with them, because it is the nature of man to assume, when he hears words spoken, that they must have some meaning, though he does not understand it.

2567–72. The witch, still parodying the priestly tone, insists that her wisdom is not the wisdom of the world, but transcends reason. No use to *think* about it, it must be received by faith.

2581. **Graden**; not academic, but something like masonic, 'degrees.' The thought is simply: He is no novice.

2591. **Lied.** The witch gives Faust an incantation which will intensify the effect of the potion. Schröer sees an allusion to the distributors of religious tracts.

2601. **Muſter aller Frauen**; the Helena of the legend. But of course *Goethe* was thinking of Gretchen.

2604. **Helenen.** Goethe makes the name He'lene, as here, or Hele'ne, according to the exigency of the meter.

Straße.

WITH regard to the Gretchen scenes in general, their earliest form and sequence, the names 'Margarete' and 'Gretchen,' the omissions of Fgm., and the revisions and additions of the final version, see Intr. pp. xxv, xl, xlii–iv, lii–iv, lxii–vii, and lxxx–ii. The scenes are nowhere distinctly localized, but we may suppose that Goethe had in mind his native city.

2606. **Meinen Arm und Geleit.** Present approved usage would require Meinen Arm und mein Geleit. U. has Mein, i. e. Mein'n. — Respecting Ihr as pronoun of address, cf. note to l. 548.

2607. **Fräulein.** For Gretchen the word means 'fine young lady.' It was formerly applied only to persons of noble rank or high station. When its use was extended, gnädiges was prefixed to give the implication formerly given by Fräulein alone. — **Weder . . . . weder,** for weder noch, is colloquial.

2611. **ſitt= und tugendreich,** 'modest and virtuous'; a very dubious compound = ſittſam und tugendreich. There is no such word as ſittreich, while ſittenreich would not give the required meaning.

2614. **die Tage der Welt,** 'while the world lasts'; acc. of duration.

2617. **kurz angebunden,** 'snappish'; an expression derived, according to Grimm Wb., from the practice of giving savage animals a short tether. 'To be tied short' thus came to mean 'to be cross and unapproachable.' It is thus much the same as ſchnippiſch above.

2623. **vorbei.** U. has herbei, giving the sense of 'crept up by,' instead of 'crept past.' The first seems better since he would hardly hear so much in merely creeping past.

2628. **Hans Liederlich,** 'Jack Profligate.' The adj. occurs in various phrases as the name of a dissolute person, i. e., Bruder Liederlich, Frau Liederlich, Monſieur Liederlich.

2630. **dünkelt ihm,** 'he fancies conceitedly'; a denominative verb from Dünkel, 'conceit.'

2633. **Magiſter Lobeſan,** 'Master Worshipful.' Lobeſan, changed from Lobeſam, 'laudable,' was appended to a title at first as a serious, or mock serious, title of respect. Thus, Herr Ritter Lobeſan (Wieland), Kaiſer Rothbart Lobeſan (Uhland), ein junges Weibchen Lobeſan (Bürger). Magiſter Lobeſan early became stereotyped as a sarcastic form of address to an academic graduate who showed himself inclined to dogmatize and 'lay down the law' (cf. Geſetz in l. 2634).

2639. **was . . . . mag,** 'what is possible.'

2642. **ſieben Stunden.** U. has ſieben Tage. The ground of the change and the nature of Faust's pressing business are not apparent.

2650. **Brimborium,** 'fol-de-rol'; a Latinization of Fr. *brimborions*, 'trifles,' 'knick-knacks.'

2652. **wälſche Geſchicht'**; in allusion to lubricious French novels, or perhaps to Italian tales in the manner of the Decamerone of Boccaccio.

2654. **ohne Schimpf . . . . Spaß,** 'joking and jesting aside'; an old alliterative phrase preserving the original meaning of Schimpf, i. e., 'jest,' 'pleasantry.'

2659. **Engelsſchatz,** 'heavenly creature'; one fit to be the sweetheart of an angel.

2674. **reüſſiren,** 'succeed'; Fr. *réussir.*

2677. **revidiren,** 'reconnoitre'; Lat. *revidere.*

Abend.

2699. **heil'gen Chriſt,** 'Christmas gift.' The German fiction is that the gift comes from the Christ-child, so that the gift itself is called a heiliger Chriſt, or Chriſtkindchen; so we sometimes speak of a child's Christmas-gift as his Santa Claus.

2706. **den Sand kräuſeln**; in allusion to the practice of sprinkling sand on the floor after scrubbing. Dainty house-keepers make ornamental patterns of the sand, — hence kräuſelt.

2709. **Wonnegraus,** 'rapturous awe.'

2711–2. **Hier bildeteſt (du) . . . . aus,** 'here (i. e., in the bed) thou didst bring to perfection the angel born here'; eingeboren in the sense of *innatus*, 'native' to a particular place.

2716. **entwirkte ſich,** 'wrought itself out.' The preceding Weben designates the silent, mysterious formative process by which the work was accomplished. It is doubtful whether a metaphor of weaving a tapestry-figure is intended.

2727. **Der große Hans,** 'the grand gentleman.' The phrase was much used in the 16th and 17th centuries in the sense of 'rich man,' 'gentleman,' in contrast with kleiner Hans or Kleinhans, 'common man.' Now it usually means a 'tall fellow.'

2732. **wo anders,** 'in another place.' Mephistopheles makes a mystery of the source of his treasures.

2736. The sense is clear from U., which has

Um eine Fürſtin zu gewinnen.

2737. **Zwar.** The logic seems to be: With such costly trinkets you might win a high-born 'child' (all women being children in their love of finery), instead of a humble, ignorant girl. To be sure, though, one is as good as another for our game.

2748. **ſeht drein**; not, 'you look on,' but simply, 'you look.' The verb is often so used by Goethe, e. g., in l. 2797. Cf. Grimm Wb., II., 773.

2759–82. In *Dicht. u. Wahr.*, *Werke*, XXVIII., 287, Goethe says that he recited 'The King of Thule' to Jacobi in the summer of 1774 as one of his 'latest ballads.' The poem was published, with music by Seckendorff, in 1782, the text agreeing in the main, but not exactly, with that now found in U., in which the first two stanzas run:

Es war ein König in Tule
Einen goldnen Becher er hett
Empfangen von ſeiner Bule
Auf ihrem Todtesbett.

Der Becher war ihm lieber
Trank draus bey jedem Schmaus.
Die Augen gingen ihm über
So offt er trank daraus.

These two stanzas, it will be seen, underwent a radical revision for Fgm., the others remained substantially unchanged.

2759. **Thule**; the *ultima Thule* of the Romans, best identified with Mainland of the Shetland Isles.

2763. **Es ging . . . . darüber,** 'he prized nothing more highly.'

2790. **Schau'**; South German dialect for ſieh.

2791. **mein' Tage,** 'in my life'; acc. of duration.

2800. **man läßt's auch ſein,** 'people pass it all by just the same.'

Spaziergang.

In U. the scene is headed Allee.

2806. **daß ich's fluchen könnte;** not 'curse it,' but 'use it to swear by.'

2808. **So kein Geſicht** = kein ſolches Geſicht.

2817. **gar einen feinen** = einen gar feinen.

2824. **Befängt,** 'makes befangen,' i. e., 'perturbs,' 'deprives of peace.' — **Zehrt auf,** 'consumes,' is to be taken literally. The mother believes that the possession of ill-gotten gains causes the body to wither.

2828. **halt**; a South German expletive having such meanings as freilich, doch, eben, wohl, gewiß, or, in Eng., 'indeed,' 'to be sure,' 'you know,' 'don't you see?' — **Geſchenkter Gaul.** The German adage of the 'gift-horse' runs: Einem geſchenkten Gaul ſieht man nicht in's Maul.

2835. An allusion to Rev. ii., where blessings are promised 'to him that overcometh.'

2838. **übergeſſen.** Geſſen, for geeſſen, is the earlier pple. of eſſen, gegeſſen having come into use as late as the 17th century. The form used here presupposes a separable ſich übereſſen, pres. **ich** eſſe **mich über**; but ich übereſſe **mich** is usual.

2843. **Strich ein**; from einſtreichen, 'to bag.'

2857. **mach'**, 'hurry!' So in Lessing's *Nathan:* mach', erzähl', erzähle.

2858. **Häng' dich an**; like our colloquial 'get in with.'

2859. **Brei.** Porridge is thick and moves slowly.

Der Nachbarin Haus.

2868. **auf dem Stroh**, 'on the straw'; i. e., bed of straw.

2880. **Thät's**; here subjunctive.

2382. **du.** Cf. note to l. 548.

2890. **Leuten ſehen läßt.** The dat. is a Gallicism, Fr. *faire voir à quelqu'un.*

2892. **man macht . . . . vor**, 'we can also invent some story for her.'

2894. **Es geht . . . . Dingen**, 'there's something wrong about it'; more literally: 'It does not happen with things that are right.' Cf. *Clavigo*, act v.: Es müßte mit dem Teufel zugehen, 'the devil would have to be in it.'

2895+. **Vorhängel**; the curtain before the peep-hole in the door.

2906. **Fräulein**; cf. l. 2607, note.

2926. **Antonius.** The finest of the Paduan churches is the famous basilica of St. Anthony, where the bones of the saint rest in a splendidly decorated chapel. Hence the humor of giving the drunken vagabond Schwerdtlein a resting-place close to St. Anthony.

2933. **Schauſtück**; = Schaumünze, 'medal.'

2936. **bettelt.** Supply als es weggibt.

2954. **daß er .... hätte**, ‘that he would deserve a worse fate still.’ Etwas auf der Zeche haben is ‘to have something on the score’ against one. Hätte is potential subj. The sense is: He found that if he were to have his deserts he would be ‘booked’ for a worse fate than dying on a bed of filth.

2970. **euch**; ethical dat. U. has instead recht herzlich.

2981. **ein ſchönes Fräulein**; i. e., a courtesan. The following lines are a gross allusion to the ‘Neapolitan evil’ as the cause of Schwerdtlein's death.

2982. **Napel,** from Italian Napoli, is used by Goethe also in *Tasso*, l. 3137, and in the *Römische Elegien*. The usual form is Neapel, from Νεάπολις.

2991. **Viſirte** = ausſpähen, ‘I should look around.’

3020. **Fräuleins.** Cf. l. 1837, note.

Straße.

3025. **Will's fördern,** ‘is it going to work?’

3028. **Nachbar' Marthen**; i. e., Nachbars Marthen, which is the reading of Fgm. This manner of designating a neighbor's wife (or daughter) is common in popular speech. Thus Freytag writes: Haſt du heut vielleicht Nachbars Röschen geſprochen? And Matthison: Den Hag, wo Nachbars Lotte zur Veilchenleſe kam. U. has Nachbaar Marthen.

3030. **Zum .... Zigeunerweſen,** ‘for the business of a gypsy go-between’ (hendiadys). The gypsy fortune-tellers were consulted especially in love-affairs.

3037. **Sancta Simplicitas,** ‘sacred simplicity’; the words spoken by the martyr Huss when, at the stake, he saw an old woman throwing a fagot into the flames.

3040. **Da wärt ihr's nun,** ‘in that case you would be one indeed,’ i. e., if you were to insist on going to Padua.

3050. **Sophiſte.** Mephisto's sophistry consists in his implication that the honest mistakes of the theological professor are on a par with deliberate falsehood.

3056. **Wird**; supply die Rede ſein.

3069. **Recht behalten,** 'to maintain that one is right,' 'to have the last word' in an argument.

3072. **weil ich muß.** In saying that he 'must' consent to the falsehood, Faust means that he is so under the domination of his passion for Gretchen that he can not help himself. He *must* have her, can not live without her; and as the proposed deceit promises to accomplish his desire, he can not allow himself to be balked by scruples of conscience.

Garten.

3081. **Incommodirt . . . . nicht,** 'don't put yourself out' by condescending to kiss such a hand.

3089. **raſchen,** 'active.'

3098. **der Freunde häufig,** 'many friends.' The construction is rare, if not unparallelled, and seems due to a blending of die Freunde (acc.) häufig (i. e., haufenweiſe, 'in large numbers') haben, and der Freunde viele haben.

3114. **accurat,** 'economical.'

3116. **regen,** 'make a stir.'

3118. **vor der Stadt,** 'in the suburbs'; but Gretchen and her mother *live* in the city.

3122. **meine liebe Noth,** 'my blessed trials.' Lieb is used with a touch of irony in various phrases, like die liebe Gewohnheit, 'blessed habit,' das liebe Einerlei, 'the blessed routine.' So Goethe writes, *Briefe*, I., 233 (he has been speaking of his past illness and the trouble it gave to his friends: Doch ich verdiente Mitleiden; ich hatte auch meine liebe Laſt.

3173. **Es ſchien . . . . anzuwandeln,** 'it just seemed to come over him all at once.'

3174. **g'rade hin zu handeln,** 'to act his pleasure,' 'do as he pleased.'

3176. **begonnte.** In Goethe's youth this was the preterit form of beginnen that came most naturally to him; in the latter part of his life, begann. Cf. Grimm Wb., I., 1297.

3188–94. On the prose cf. note to ll. 468–74.

3198. **niemand nichts.** The double negation is colloquial, but is sometimes used by Goethe in dignified prose; e.g., in the *Campagne in Frankreich*, *Werke*, II., XXV., 60: In dieſen Augenblicken, wo Niemand nichts zu eſſen hatte u. ſ. w.

Ein Gartenhäuschen.

This scene is really a part of the preceding one, the summer-house being in Martha's garden. Escaping, half in frolic, half in maidenly alarm, from Faust's passionate declaration (ll. 3188–94), Gretchen runs into the summer-house, and is at once followed by Faust. There is no change of time, place or actors. That the scene has a separate heading (which it has in U. also) is probably due to the fact that it took shape as a dramatic picture by itself. There are also two other indications that, when it was composed, the garden scene was not vividly present to Goethe's consciousness. (1) In l. 3206, instead of von Herzen lieb' ich dich, Gretchen is made to say, in U., ſchon lange lieb ich dich. (2) At the end of the scene, ll. 3213-4, Gretchen chides herself for standing 'abashed' before Faust and saying 'yes' to all his wise talk. In fact, however, Faust has not talked 'wisely' at all (as he does later in the following scene), and *she* has been loquacious. It is Faust who has said 'yes' to her. One is hardly satisfied to call this a touch of nature and say that Gretchen only imagines that she has appeared stupid. As to the textual change, Goethe would hardly have put the comparatively neutral and tame von Herzen in place of the more significant ſchon lange, had he not felt the latter as an incongruity, in view of the close sequence of the two scenes.

Wald und Höhle.

The idea and genesis of this scene, its original position after the scene 'At the Well,' its later transposition to where we now find it, and the difficulties thus created, are discussed at some length in Intr. liii–iv and lxii-iii.

3217. **Du gabſt.** This 'giving' can not of course refer to the occasion of the Spirit's appearance in ll. 482–513, where nothing is given or promised. Nor is it likely that Goethe, so late as when these lines were written (1788–9), was planning a second citation of the Spirit by Faust. The right understanding of the matter is rather this: The Earth-Spirit is a symbol of nature, who gives to man all things that come to him. For this 'giving,' no appearance in personal form is necessary — just as Goethe thought that the best worship of Nature was a spiritual communion for which no visible symbol was needed. Cf. Intr. p. liii.

3222. **kalt ſtaunenden Beſuch**; the perfunctory visit of the gazing tourist.

3226. **meine Brüder.** The sense of man's kinship with all living things was with Goethe at first a mere poetic sentiment — a part of his youthful nature-worship. Cf. Werther's second letter: 'When I lie down in the tall grass by the falling brook, and, closer to earth, ... feel nearer to my heart the thronging multitude of the little world, the countless, inscrutable forms of worms and gnats, and feel the presence of the Almighty who created us in his image, etc.' — Later, the sentiment became a serious scientific opinion. Cf. the letter to Knebel, of Nov. 17, 1784: 'Man is most closely related to the lower animals,' etc.

3231. **ihrem Fall,** 'at its fall'; a kind of responsive dative.

3238. **ſilberne Geſtalten.** The 'silvery forms of the earlier world' are the oreads (von Felſenwänden) and dryads (aus dem feuchten Buſch) of the Greeks.

3249. **Genuß.** Cf. Intr. p. lxiii, foot-note.

3254. **Neuen**; *metri gratia* for Neuem.

3256. **am guten Tag**; = an einem guten Tag, 'on one of my good days.'

3265. **daß er mich ennuyirt,** 'for boring me'; Fr. *ennuyer*.

3268. **Kribskrabs,** 'hodge-podge,' 'confused medley.'

3270–1. The meaning is: If I had not called you away from your life of solitary brooding and morbid introspection, you would have committed suicide ere now. But see also the introductory note to the scene 'Before the Gate.'

3272–3. **Was haſt . . . . verſitzen,** 'what is the matter with you to be sitting out your days like an owl'?

3277. **Doctor.** A 'doctor' might be spending his time thus in the interest of science.

3285–90. On the imagery, cf. ll. 614 ff.

3286. **mit . . . . durchwühlen,** 'permeate with bodeful impetuosity.'

3287. **Alle ſechs Tagewerk'**; i. e. 'all creation.'

3290. **der Erdenſohn**; nominative absolute.

3294. **geſittet**; to be taken as adj. with pfui. The sense is: It's all very well for you to pronounce your high-moral 'shame!'

3298. **Gelegentlich . . . . vorzulügen,** 'to delude yourself a little now and then'; namely, with these grand self-communings in the woods.

3300. **abgetrieben,** 'exhausted.' The word is sometimes applied to a horse tired from over-driving, or a wild beast exhausted by the chase. The idea is that human wit can not endure very long a life of solitary brooding and Faust is already 'again' (i. e., as in ll. 1544–1606) at the point of exhaustion.

3301. **aufgerieben,** 'used up.' The meaning is: You will be reduced to sheer insanity.

3312. **ließ' es,** 'it would become.'

3313. **affenjunge;** quoted in Grimm Wb. only for this passage and defined blutjung, i. e. 'very young.' It would seem as if das affenjunge Blut were a comical transposition of der blutjunge Affe, 'the young ninny.' In l. 3521, Gretchen is called a Grasaffe.

3318. **Wenn ich . . . . wär'**; the beginning of a well-known folk-song which continues:

> Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
> Flög' ich zu dir.

3325. **Gelt,** 'indeed!' 'right you are!'

3334. **Leib des Herrn;** the holy wafer of the sacrament.

3337. **Zwillingspaar;** in allusion to Song of Solomon iv. 5.

3345–69. These lines occur in U. in another connection, being spoken by Faust when on his way to visit Gretchen at night — the visit which was to result in Valentin's death.

3346. **Laß;** conditional imperative.

3352. **dumpfen** 'dim,' 'vague.'

3360. **mußte.** On the original implication of the tense cf. Intr. pp. liv, lxiii.

3357. **Geh ein.** When it was first written this meant 'go into Gretchen's house'; now it means 'go into the city.'

3369. **er**; i. e., Kopf, implied in Köpfchen. U. has es

3371. **eingeteufelt**, 'diabolized.'

Gretchens Stube.

These stanzas are probably to be taken as a lyric monologue rather than a song. They seem to have been written originally as one in a *crescendo* of such monologues picturing Gretchen alone with her shame and sorrow; for the lines read naturally only on the presupposition that Gretchen has already fallen and been, at least temporarily, deserted by her lover. This desertion is now sufficiently provided for by 'Forest and Cavern,' and this may have been one of the reasons for inserting that scene where we now have it. On the other hand the scene stands in U., as in the final version, just before the 'catechization'; which requires it to be read under the presupposition of Gretchen's innocence. It appears possible that the scene was given its position originally in order to break the succession of three scenes in Martha's garden.

Marthens Garten.

In writing this scene the poet evidently presupposed a longer acquaintance between Faust and Gretchen than is implied in what precedes. Gretchen has had opportunity to find out that her lover does not go to church and is not devout in her way. She has 'long' been troubled (l. 3469) at seeing him in the company of Mephistopheles, etc.

In what Faust here says of religion we of course hear the youthful Goethe. In Kestner's *Goethe und Werther*, p. 35 ff., there is a description of Goethe as he appeared to Kestner after a short acquaintance at Wetzlar in the summer of 1772 — a description which, so far as it concerns religion, coincides remarkably with Faust's utterances. For example, Kestner writes: 'He doesn't go to church nor to communion (cf. ll. 3423–5); he is not what is called orthodox, but not from pride or caprice . . . . he does not like to disturb others in their settled ideas (cf. l. 3420); he honors the Christian religion (cf. l. 3424), but not in the form in which our theologians present it (cf. ll. 3428–9); he is eager for the truth, but cares more for the feeling than the demonstration of it' (cf. ll. 3451–8). All this suggests (one can hardly say proves) that the catechization may be a poetic rendition of religious conversations at Wetzlar, with the imaginary triad Faust-Gretchen-Mephistopheles replacing the real one Goethe-Lotte-Merck. Cf. Mertens in G.-J., IX., 237.

3414. **Heinrich.** In the legend Faust's name is Johann, but this name had been made vulgar and ridiculous by the associations of the popular Faust-drama and the puppet-plays. See Intr. p. xx. Hence the change of the name. The choice of 'Heinrich' is either purely arbitrary or, perhaps, a compliment to Goethe's friend Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi. Cf. Minor in G.-J., VIII., 232.

3415. **wie haſt du's mit,** 'how do you feel about'?

3422. **Wenn ich . . . . könnte,** 'if I could influence you a little'; = wenn ich etwas über dich vermöchte.

3428–30. The meaning is that the 'priest' or 'sage' will answer with formal statements, propositions, names etc., which are all ridiculously inadequate to express the infinite content of *feeling* that ought to be implied in the word 'God.' This and the following speech of Faust need to be read in the light of Goethe's first letter to Auguste Stolberg, written Jan. 26, 1775. It begins: Meine Teure — ich will Ihnen keinen Nahmen geben, denn was ſind die Nahmen Freundinn, Schweſter, Geliebte, Braut, Gattin, oder ein Wort das einen Complex von all denen Nahmen begriffe, gegen das unmittelbare Gefühl? . . . . Ich fühle Sie können ihn tragen, dieſen zerſtückten, ſtammelnden Ausdruck, wenn das Bild des Unendlichen in uns wühlt. Und was iſt das als Liebe!

3434. **glaub' ihn**; = glaub' an ihn. Thus also in *Meister* Goethe writes: So glauben Sie kein Schickſal?

3438–58. The thought may be paraphrased in plain prose thus: The Infinite is all about us and within us, — in sky and earth and star and in the mysterious thronging emotions of our hearts. If we but *feel* the greatness of this omnipresent Divinity, that is enough. Names and formulae are are of no importance. On this passage cf. G.-J., I. 201.

3451. **ſo groß es iſt,** i. e., your whole heart.

3460–1. The priest says also that God is omnipresent and that religion is a matter of the heart.

3488. **nichts keinen.** Cf. l. 3198, note.

3511. **Fläſchchen.** The only natural presumption is that Faust has brought the opiate in order to be prepared for this very contingency.

3512. **in ihren Trank**; supply gegoſſen.

3521. **Grasaff'.** Cf. l. 3313, note. The lexicographers do not explain the word, but it seems to have been suggested by monkeys frolicking in the grass. Heyne Wb., quoting this passage calls, it a Schimpfwort, but, Goethe sometimes uses it as a term of jocose endearment, applying it e. g., to Lili as married woman and to the children of Frau von Stein. Translate 'kitten.'

3523. **wurden**; 'plu. of majesty,' with a title. Cf. Brandt § 311, 2.

3524. **Ihnen.** Mephistopheles addresses Faust with du, Er, or ihr, but never elsewhere with Sie. The latter is used here only on account of the preceding Herr Doctor wurden.

3525. **Mädels.** Cf. l. 1837, note.

3532. **heilig**; to be taken in the dialectic sense of ſehr, ganz beſonders — like Eng. 'awfully.'

3536. **Spottgeburt**; = Spott erregende Geburt, 'monstrous progeny.'

Am Brunnen.

The final revision of *Faust* requires us to presuppose for this scene that on the night mentioned in l. 3541, Gretchen carelessly gave her mother too much of the opiate (l. 3511) and so caused her death. This scene takes place after a lapse of some time, during which Gretchen has led a quiet life (l. 3545) alone with her shame and remorse. When the scene was first written, however, the presupposition was somewhat different. See the introductory note to the scene 'Cathedral.'

3546. **Sibylle**; probably the name of some girl friend.

3556. **Curteſirt,** 'courted.'

3560. **Geſchleck'**; vulgar for Geküſſe.

3561. **Blümchen**; the flower of maidenhood, Lat. *flos.*

3569. **Sünderhemdchen,** 'sinner's smock'; an allusion to the practice of requiring public penance, *deprecatio publica in templo*, in a garb symbolical of humiliation.

3575. **reißen**; in the sense of zerreißen.

3576. **Häckerling**, 'chopped straw' instead of the flowers which a chaste bride would receive.

3581. **ſchwärzt's noch gar.** 'I actually even made it black.'

3584. **der Sünde bloß**, 'given over to sin'; bloß in the sense of bloßgeſtellt, preisgegeben. See Grimm, Wb. II., 146.

Zwinger.

The term 'Zwinger,' applied first to the space between the main wall of a castle or city and the encompassing moat, means here the unoccupied space between the wall and the nearest buildings within. In the wall is a shrine containing an image of the Sorrowing Mother gazing at her Son upon the cross, her heart pierced by a sword (Luke ii, 35). At this shrine Gretchen is wont to worship.

With reference to the final revision of *Faust* we may suppose this scene either to follow very closely upon the preceding or to be separated from it by an interval of weeks. Originally, however, there can be little doubt that it was meant to be taken as expressing Gretchen's first agony of remorse on finding that she had caused the death of her mother. Cf. the introductory note to the scene 'Cathedral.'

Writing Oct. 11, 1775, to Frau La Roche, who was just then anxious about her son, Goethe uses the expression: 'Alas that fate thrusts such swords at the hearts of mothers!' This has led to the conjecture that the scene 'Zwinger' may have been of contemporary origin with the letter. Cf. D. Jacoby in G.-J., I., 187.

3599. Was: cognate acc. with the intransitive bangen. The meaning is: Thou only knowest my poor heart's distress, its trembling, its longing.

Nacht.

On this scene cf. Intr. pp. lii and lxiii. Only the opening ll. 3620–45 and the ll. 3650–9 are found in U., but the greater part of the scene is quite certainly of early origin. (1) The general style in its vivid, popular realism is that of Goethe's pre-Weimarian period; (2) specific phrases point to an early date of composition (cf. the notes to ll. 3706, 3760); (3) Faust is here an uneasy libertine on his way for one of his habitual visits to his paramour (ll. 3674–5). On the other hand the reference to Walpurgis-Night, in l. 3661, is undoubtedly a late intercalation.

3620. **ſo,** 'you know,' 'as I often did.'

3622. **Flor,** 'blooming beauty.'

3623. **laut geprieſen vor.** Construe: Wenn .... die Geſellen .... laut vorgeprieſen hatten.

3624. **verſchwemmt,** 'washed down'; the construction like that of geprieſen.

3633. **Waſſer reicht;** like our idiom 'hold a candle to.'

3634. **Top!** is an expression of approval = 'right you are.' **Kling! Klang!** describes the clinking of glasses in token of assent.

3638–9. The sense is: It's enough to make one tear out one's hair and (try to) rush up the walls, as a caged beast does in his impotent rage.

3644. **zuſammenſchmeißen,** 'smash their heads together.'

3650. **Sacriſtei.** The dialogue is to be thought of as taking place while the speakers walk along the streets of the city on their way to Gretchen's house. Sacriſtei, usually 'vestry-room,' but here apparently a chapel pertaining to some church, probably the 'cathedral' of the next scene.

3651. **ew'gen Lämpchens;** an altar-lamp burning night and day.

3655. **ſchmächtig,** not 'lean' but 'languishing,' in a coarse sense. M. H. G. *smahtec* meant 'hungry.'

3656. **Feuerleitern,** 'fire-escapes.'

3659. **Rammelei,** 'lustfulness.'

3661. **Walpurgisnacht.** Since the Walpurgis-Night comes on the eve of May-day, the date of this scene, in view of übermorgen in l. 3662, is April 29; and since the action of *Faust* begins at Easter all the preceding scenes must be thought of as taking place in the month of April. But see the introductory note to the next scene.

3664. **Schatz.** German folk-lore taught that a phosphorescent light near the ground betokens a subterraneous treasure just below; or, as Goethe here conceives the superstition, that a treasure is trying to make its way up to the surface.

3669. **Löwenthaler,** ‘lion-dollars’; in allusion to the ‘dollars’ first coined in Bohemia, in the 15th century. They were called Joachimsthaler from the Joachimsthal where they were first made, and Löwenthaler because stamped with the royal lion of Bohemia.

3678. **voller.** See Brandt § 219, 1.

3682-97. The song is adapted from Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*, IV., 5. Of this innocent theft Goethe said to Eckermann, Jan. 18, 1825: ‘Thus my Mephistopheles sings a song of Shakespeare, and why shouldn't he? Why should I take the trouble to invent one of my own, when Shakespeare's was just the thing and said what was needed’?

3698. **bei'm Element**; a very common imprecation which no lexicographer has explained.

3699. **Rattenfänger**; possibly suggested by Shakespeare's ‘Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?” in *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 1.

3702. **an der . . . . halten**; = darauf iſt nichts zu halten, ‘that's of no use.’

3706. **Flederwiſch,** ‘duster’, a cant term for ‘sword.’ In Goethe's *Claudine*, as finished in April–June, 1775, are introduced ‘three vagabonds standing at a table and playing dice.’ One of these, Crugantino, with sword at his side and cithera in hand, sings a song in which occur the words:

'Raus, feurig, friſch
Den Flederwiſch!

This points to an early origin for the Faust-Valentin encounter. Cf. Jacoby in G.-J., I., 197.

3714–5. The meaning is, according to Loeper, that Mephistopheles can trick the police, they being a purely human institution; but the criminal court (Blutbann), having jurisdiction in capital crimes and deriving its authority from God, is harder for the devil to manage.

3760. **Jammerecken**; the old weak acc., M. H. G. *ecken.*

3769. **Vergebung reiche Maß.** Maß is the obsolete fem., die Maß ‘measure,’ and the construction a sort of appositional acc.; as one might say in Eng. ‘forgiveness plenty,’ for ‘abundant pardon.’ But reiche Maß really performs the function of the adverb reicher Maßen.

Dom.

On this scene cf. Intr. pp. lii and lxiii ff. As is there noted, the scene has in U. the heading 'Obsequies of Gretchen's Mother,' which fact, taken with ll. 3790–3, shows that the swoon in the cathedral can not have been thought of at first as occurring soon after the time referred to in l. 3542. The chronology was rather conceived in this way: Gretchen's first trial of the opiate was to leave the mother uninjured, and then the experiment was to be repeated at subsequent visits. There would then be an interval during which Gretchen, conscious of her shame, would 'go but little among people' (l. 3545), and here would come the scene 'At the Well.' After a lapse of months there was to be a visit of Faust, in anticipation of which Gretchen, now perhaps grown careless, should give too much of the poison and so cause her mother's death. On the morning of the next day but one would come the scene 'Zwinger' with Gretchen's agonized prayer to be saved from 'shame *and death*,' and then, on the day of the funeral, the scene 'Cathedral.' This was then to be followed by the visit which should result in Valentin's death (for in U. the Valentin scene comes after 'Cathedral') and give occasion for Faust's flight and long absence. The 'dismal day' of the prose scene would then be a day of the ensuing year.

On the final revision, however, this chronology was hopelessly confused, so that it is not now possible to make the love-tragedy read naturally on any supposition whatever. The confusion seems to have had two sources: first, the introduction of the fixed dates, Easter and Walpurgis-Night; and, secondly, a purpose never thoroughly carried out, to ennoble the character of Gretchen by letting it appear that she had sinned but once. Cf. Intr. p. lxiii. Goethe's final intention seems to have been to have it understood that the opiate proved fatal on the first night. Then, since the scene 'Cathedral' presupposed a considerable lapse of time, he omitted the heading which told that the occasion was the funeral of the mother. Moreover, since the Valentin scene was to prepare the way for the Walpurgis-Night, it had to come before instead of after 'Cathedral'; and this adjustment being made, l. 3789, with its allusion to Valentin's death, was intercalated in the final draft.

But now these presuppositions require us to assume that Gretchen in the scene 'At the Well' is already burdened with the guilt of her mother's death; which makes her gossipy conversation with Lieschen appear unthinkable. Again, 'Cathedral' can not on account of ll. 3790–3, come naturally before Walpurgis-Night; unless indeed it were to be the Night of the ensuing year, a supposition which is made impossible by the übermorgen of l. 3662.

3775+. **Gretchen unter vielem Volke.** U. has, instead, Gretgen alle Verwandte. The Böſer Geiſt is a personification of Gretchen's tormenting conscience.

3779. **vergriffnen,** 'well-worn' from handling. U. has verblätterten.

3780. **Gebete lallteſt,** 'prattled prayers.' U. has deinen Gebeten nachlallteſt.

3791. **Regt ſichs . . . ſchon,** 'is there not already a quickening stir?'

3792. **ſich.** The child is assumed to share and to increase the mother's agitation.

3796. **mir,** 'for me,' i. e., 'in my mind': a loose dat. of interest.

3797. **Wider mich,** 'accusing me.'

3798–9. **Dies irae . . . favilla.** 'Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world in ashes'; the opening lines of the famous 'sequence' *Dies Irae*, composed by Thomas Celano in the 13th century.

3800–7. The Evil Spirit here voices Gretchen's dread of the resurrection.

3806. **Wieder aufgeſchaffen,** 'brought forth anew.'

3810. **den Athem verſetzte,** 'were choking me.'

3813–5. **Judex . . . remanebit.** 'When therefore the Judge shall be seated, whatever is hidden shall appear, nothing shall remain unpunished.'

3821. **Verbirg dich**; ironical, 'Wouldst hide thyself?'

3825–7. **Quid sum . . . securus.** 'What then shall I say in my wretchedness? What protector shall I invoke when scarcely the just man shall be secure?'

3833. As Düntzer observes, it is not obvious why the chorus should repeat the preceding stanza instead of beginning the next one. Probably a mere inadvertence on Goethe's part.

3834. **Fläſchchen,** 'smelling-bottle.'

Walpurgisnacht.

A dated manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin indicates that this scene was begun in Nov., 1800, and finished in Feb., 1801. Its dramaturgical aspects are discussed at length in Intr. pp. lxiv ff.

Walpurgis, or Walpurga, was an English nun who died Feb. 25, 779 as abbess of a Benedictine convent in Bavaria. Her day in the calendar falls on May 1, a day connected among the ancient Germans with various political and religious observances. Cf. Grimm D. M., II., 878. As the old heathen conceptions lingered on under new forms, Walpurga's Day, or rather the night preceding it, came to be associated with various superstitions pertaining to the 1st of May, but especially with that of a great annual conclave of witches. The tradition of such a conclave on the Brocken, the highest point of the Harz Mts., goes back at least as far as the 15th century, and is famous in German folk-lore. The Brocken, Lat. *mons Bructerus*, rises some 3600 ft. above the sea. Its summit is treeless and covered with granite blocks (whence, presumably, the favorite popular name of 'Blocksberg,') among which the modern tourist is still shown a *Hexenkanzel or -altar*, a *Hexentanzplatz* and a *Hexenwaschbecken*. For the literary sources of Goethe's witch- and devil-lore see Witkowski, p. 18 ff.

The Faust-legend does not connect its hero in any way with the May carnival; but a poem on the Walpurgis-Night, published in 1756 by J. F. Löwen, introduces Dr. Faust upon the Brocken and gives him a seat at the left hand of Beelzebub. As Goethe refers to Löwen s poem in the 6th book of *Dicht. u. Wahr.*, it is fair to presume that he may have got from that source the suggestion of taking his own Faust to the Blocksberg festival. In Dec., 1777, Goethe paid a visit to the Brocken which gave him familiarity with the place, but Schröer's conjecture that he was thinking of *Faust* at this time is unsupported by any positive evidence.

3834+. **Schierke und Elend.** These are two neighboring villages lying southward from the Brocken. From Schierke, the higher of the two, it is an easy walk of about two hours to the summit.

3851–2. On Feb. 26, 1824, Goethe said to Eckermann, that while he had been able to portray Faust's world-weariness and Gretchen's love by 'anticipation,' it required some observation of nature to write these two lines.

3855. **Irrlicht.** The *ignis fatuus*, Eng. Jack-o'-Lantern or Will-o'-the-Wisp, is regarded in Germanic folk-lore as an evil spirit that delights in luring travelers from their way and leading them to destruction. It is thus, naturally, a minion of the devil.

3863. Mephistopheles means that Will-o'-the-Wisp's zigzag is patterned after the devious course of men through life.

3871–3911. The distribution of the solos was not indicated by Goethe, and has been matter of much discussion. The third clearly belongs to Faust and the fourth to Mephistopheles. The fifth, on account of the allusion to the irren Lichter, which would hardly be so noteworthy to Irrlicht himself, seems also best assigned to Faust. As to the first, the ſcheint es of l. 3872 seems to indicate a mental uncertainty, which would not be expected of Mephistopheles, who must be supposed to know the locality perfectly. On the other hand, the mandatory führ' uns of l. 3873 suggests Mephistopheles rather than Faust. In any case, the second strophe must be assigned to Will-o'-the-Wisp. The songs represent a swift transition by magic, just as in ll. 9078 ff.

3876. **Seh'**; i. e., ich ſehe.

3880. **ſchnarchen.** Two granite rocks near Schierke have long borne the name of die Schnarcher, 'the Snorers.'

3885–6. Faust sings in elegiac tone, as if 'those heavenly days' of youthful hope and love were far away, as they actually were for the poet who penned the lines. The words, like the whole scene, were written with little concern for the inner requirements of the Gretchen-tragedy. Cf. Intr. p. lxv.

3889. **Uhu! Schuhu!** here an imitation of the night-owl's hoot. The words are also onomatopoetic names of the owl.

3892. **Molche.** We may think either of actual salamanders abroad, as minions of the devil, on the uncanny mountain, or only of something that *looks* like salamanders. The idea of the song is, in part at least, to voice the weird fancies one has in going through a wild region in the night. Thus the mice of l. 3900 may be the moonbeams glancing here and there upon the ground. But bright-colored mice belong to the devil's kingdom. Cf. l. 4179.

3898. **belebten derben Maſern,** 'from massive living tree-warts.' Belebt means that they *seem* like living things.

3906–11. The trio have been moving swiftly by magic; as they 'slow down,' Faust is giddy and confused.

3913. **ſo ein Mittelgipfel**, 'one of these mid-way peaks.' They are not yet at the top.

3916–31. Cf. the note to l. 3664 for the idea of subterraneous gold manifesting its presence by a light above ground. So Mammon, conceived on account of the familiar personification in the New Testament (Matt. vi. 24), as a devilish Lord of Wealth, is represented as lighting up his mountain-palace for the great festival.

3919. **wittert er hinein**, 'penetrates with its gleam.'

3936. **Windsbraut**; a very ancient (O. H. G. *wintes brût*) and not fully explained name for 'tempest,' 'whirlwind.' See Grimm, D. M., I., 525.

3950. **übertrümmerten**; bridged over with the débris of fallen trees.

3959. **Urian**; a name for the devil. It is the same as **Urhans**, 'Old Jack.'

3962. **Baubo**; a nurse of Demeter, who tried to divert the goddess from her sorrow by obscene antics. The story can be found in Arnobius. In *Werke*, II., XVI., 328, Goethe applies the name to an immodest merry-maker in the Roman carnival. As a type of bestial shamelessness, Baubo is an appropriate leader of the ribald witches.

3968. **Ilſenſtein**; a high rock a few miles northeast of the Brocken.

3977. So great is the crowd that the unborn child is squeezed to death and the mother to bursting.

3987–9. In these witches that wash and wash but remain sterile and so can not mount into the air, we have a bit of nonsensical mystification, which it is hardly worth while to try to interpret seriously. Cf. introductory note to 'Witch's Kitchen.'

4003. **Halbhexe.** A 'half-witch' seems to be a person who would like to be a witch, but cannot.

4023. **Voland**; a name of the devil; M. H. G. *vālant*. The word is thought by Grimm to be a pres. pple. of a verb meaning 'to seduce.'

4033. **beliebig**, 'at will,' i. e., 'capriciously.'

4076–91. These gentlemen, who have withdrawn from the crowd, are different types of the old fogy, the *laudator temporis acti*, who can see no good in the new generation.

4095+. **Trödelhexe**; a witch who deals in **Trödel**, i. e., old curiosities. Taylor has 'huckster-witch.'

4119. **Adams erſte Frau.** According to a rabbinic tradition, Adam's first wife, the 'female' of Gen. i. 27, was named Lilith. Being superseded by Eve, she became a ghost-like being that delights in seducing men and doing harm to children. The word occurs in the Hebrew Bible in Isaiah xxxiv. 14, where it is rendered, in the King James version, 'screech-owl,' with the alternative 'night-monster.'

4121. **einzig**; as if an adj. with Schmuck.

4143+. **Proktophantasmiſt,** 'rump-visionary.' The name and the following lines to l. 4175 allude to Friedrich Nicolai, who, though at one time the friend and co-laborer of Lessing, afterwards made himself somewhat ridiculous as an apostle of common sense in literature. Goethe and Schiller looked upon him as the type and embodiment of tedious dictatorial mediocrity. In 1799 Nicolai read to the Berlin Academy a paper entitled 'Example of the Appearance of Several Phantasms.' In this paper he reported how he had been troubled with visions, and had been cured by the application of leeches to that portion of his person called by the Greeks *πρωκτός*.

4159. **aufgeklärt.** The Age of Reason, i. e., the age of Voltaire and Friedrich the Great, is called in German das Zeitalter der Aufklärung.

4161. **Tegel**; a place near Berlin, the home, in Goethe's time, of the brothers Humboldt. In the above-mentioned paper of Nicolai he discussed a ghostly apparition reported to have been seen at Tegel in 1797.

4169. **Reiſe.** Among Nicolai's tedious commonplace writings was a long-winded book of travels entitled *Beschreibung einer Reise durch Deutschland und die Schweiz.*

4173. **ſoulagirt,** 'gets relief'; Fr. *se soulager.*

4179. **rothes Mäuschen.** According to Grimm, D. M., II., 905, there is folk-lore to the effect that red mice sometimes run out of the mouths of sleeping witches.

4181. **doch nicht grau**; i. e., it was not an ordinary mouse.

4182. **Schäferſtunde,** 'amorous hour.'

4186. **geſchloſſ'nen,** 'fettered.'

4190. **Idol,** 'phantom'; Gr. *εἴδωλον.*

4194. **Meduſe**; the Gorgon whose serpent hair changed all who looked at it to stone.

4211. **Prater**; the name of a famous park at Vienna.

4214. **Servibilis**; a servant, or 'super,' employed about the stage.

4220. **Mich dilettirt's**; patterned comically after It. *mi diletta*, 'it delights me.'

Walpurgisnachtstraum.

INTERMEZZO.

The 'Walpurgis-Night's Dream' is the 'new piece' mentioned in l. 4215 as just about to be performed at the dilettante theatre — which is the sum total of its connection with *Faust*. The title was suggested by Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Oberon and Titania, the king and queen of the fairies, after having quarreled about the possession of an Indian boy and become alienated from each other by jealousy, are at last reconciled. Goethe introduces them as celebrating their golden wedding, which is conceived, at the same time, as a festival of reconciliation. The orchestra consists of buzzing insects, frogs, crickets, etc. As guests or spectators and critics we have a multitude of persons and personifications who give vent to their feelings in the form of comment upon what they see and hear. Goethe's diary, *Tagebücher*, II., 72, shows that he was working on the 'Golden Wedding' June 5, 1797. But it was not then connected in his mind with *Faust*. In the summer of 1796 Goethe and Schiller began together the composition of a collection of epigrams to which they gave the ancient name of *Xenia*, or 'gifts of hospitality.' Some four hundred were published at once in Schiller's *Almanach*. The next summer Goethe sent in a fresh collection of similar character under the title of *Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding*. Schiller saw reasons for not publishing them (see his letter of Oct. 2, 1797), whereupon Goethe, having now doubled the original number of verses, decided to make a place for them in *Faust* (letter of Dec. 20, 1797).

This decision is to be regretted, first, because no intermezzo was needed after the Walpurgis-Night; and, secondly, because the scene has nothing to do with the legend, and does not, for the most part, embody genuine folk-lore. Finally, the stanzas are not very interesting in themselves.

4224. **Miedings**. Mieding was a highly esteemed stage-decorator who died at Weimar in 1782.

4227–30. The thought is that it is the reconciliation rather than the lapse of fifty years which makes the festival 'golden.'

4239. **Ariel**; the Ariel of Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

4247. **grillt,** 'is freaky.'

4257. **Schneckeſchnickeſchnack**; a word coined to describe the music made by the soap-bubble bag-pipe.

4259–62. Whether these lines are to be understood as spoken by the inchoate 'Geist' himself or by some one of the performers about him, is uncertain. So is the 'point' of the nonsense, if it has any.

4273. **Götter Griechenlands.** In 1788 F. L. Stolberg published a narrow-minded attack upon Schiller's poem *Die Götter Griechenlands*, charging the author with blasphemy, etc.

4274+. **Nordiſcher Künſtler.** Here one thinks of Goethe himself who was actually planning a journey to Italy, when the lines were written.

4279–82. The 'purist' as we see is a typical stickler for propriety.

4294+. **Windfahne.** The 'weather-vane,' that first praises and then condemns, is evidently a symbol of turn-coats. That anybody in particular is alluded to is at least not clear.

4302+. **Xenien.** Goethe several times refers to the *Xenia* under the image of annoying insects.

4306+. **Hennings.** Hennings was the editor of the journal *Genius der Zeit*, in which he attacked the *Xenia* violently. This journal, called by Loeper a Tummelplatz unreifer Dichterlinge, was especially disliked by Goethe.

4310+. **Muſaget,** 'Leader of the Muses.' Under this name Hennings published, in 1798-9, some numbers of a poetic journal intended to rival Schiller's *Almanach*.

4314+. **Ci-devant**; 'quondam.' The *Genius der Zeit* was discontinued in 1803.

4318+. **Neugieriger Reiſender;** Nicolai again. See l. 4143, note.

4322. Nicolai was famous for his opposition to the Jesuits. The line is to be taken as a comment by the crowd in explanation of the 'traveller's' continual snuffling.

4322+. **Kranich.** The 'crane' is Goethe's old friend Lavater, of whom he said to Eckermann Feb. 17, 1829: 'Lavater was a genuinely kind man, but subject to powerful illusions, and the strict, exact truth was not his affair; he deceived himself and others, whence there came a complete rupture of our relations. His gait was that of a crane, for which reason he appears as 'crane' on the Blocksberg.'

4326+. **Weltkind.** In the summer of 1774 Goethe dined with Lavater and Basedow at Coblenz. In a poem suggested by the occurrence are found the lines:

> Prophete rechts, Prophete links
> Das Weltkind in der Mitten.

So Goethe himself is probably the Weltkind here on the Blocksberg.

4328. **Vehikel;** 'vehicle of profit,' 'means of grace.'

4334. **Dommeln,** 'herons'; usually Rohrdommeln. The droning herons are the philosophers who appear below.

4335–8. A dancing master on the stage comments on the approaching crowd of dancing herons.

4338+. **Fideler;** a puzzling word. Düntzer takes it to be Fidéler, from the adj. fidel, Lat. *fidelis*, used in student-dialect for 'jolly.' The word was certainly familiar to Goethe, but there seems to be no point in introducing a 'jolly good fellow' here. The connection rather requires a 'fiddler' to go with the 'dance-master.' There is, as Loeper shows, good and abundant authority for the spelling fideln, Fidel, Fidler, but as a matter of fact Goethe usually wrote Fiedel fiedeln, etc. Schröer thinks Fideler a printer's mistake for Fiedler. Cf. G.-J., I. 435, and II. 439.

4340. **das Reſtchen geben,** 'do to death,' 'settle.'

4342+. **Dogmatiker;** 'dogmatist,' in the sense of a philosopher who bases his doctrine on received dogmas. This 'dogmatist,' however, falls out of his role in the last two lines, since instead of accepting the devil's existence on faith and trust, he proceeds to argue it on the ground that there are 'devils' among men.

4349. **Wenn ich . . . bin.** 'Idealist' is used here in the technical Fichtean sense of one who holds that the Not-Me is the creation of the Me. Thus he is compelled to believe that all he sees on the Brocken is 'Me.'

4359. **Sie gehen**; i. e., the supernaturalists, who are likened to credulous persons seeking for treasure from the light it emits. Cf. l. 3664, note.

4366+. **Gewandten**; the 'clever ones' are the lucky dogs who 'get along' by hook or by crook. They call their army 'sanssouci,' i. e., 'free from care', because no scruples trouble them. They are pococurantists.

4370†. **Unbehülflichen** ; the 'ne'er do weels' whom help never helps.

4382‡. **Die Maſſiven,** 'the coarse crew.' Ein maſſiver Kerl is the same as ein grober Burſche.

4384. True spirits would not crush the grass (Loeper).

Trüber Tag.

Among the Paralipomena and dating presumably from the period 1797–1801, are found various fragments of a scene that was to come after the Intermezzo and represent the court of Satan on the summit of the Brocken. Cf. ll. 3959, 4037–9, and 4116. Satan was to make a speech from the throne, give audiences, confer fiefs and receive the homage of his subjects. A chorus was to sing his praise. At the end there was to be a symbolical decapitation of the 'eidolon' (l. 4190) with comments by spectators from which Faust was to learn of Gretchen's fate. For some reason Goethe failed to carry out this plan, so we are left to imagine how Faust gets his knowledge and to make the return as best we can from the phantasms of the Blocksberg to the intense realism of the love-tragedy.

The scene 'Dismal Day' is found in U. substantially as it appears here. Its wild extravagance of diction, the work of a youthful writer who has not yet mastered his art, points to an early origin, probably the year 1772. Cf. Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 81. The more important dramaturgical questions suggested by the scene are discussed in Intr. p. lxiii ff. Cf. also the introductory note to the scene 'Study,' (1).

6. **ingrimmend** ; = ingrimmig. There is no verb ingrimmen and this form is probably unique.

9. **der richtenden gefühlloſen** ; = der gefühllos richtenden.

10. **Zerſtreuungen.** It is quite doubtful what 'diversions' Goethe had in mind when these words were written.

13. **Wandle ihn.** When this was written the presupposition was that the devil had associated with Faust for a time in poodle form before being given human shape. Accompanying Faust on his evening walks, the poodle would divert his master by rolling in the path in front of pedestrians so that they might fall over him. Scherer, *Goethe's Frühzeit*, p. 81, re-

gards this passage, strangely enough, as evidence that the devil was not to appear first in poodle form.

16. **kollern,** 'roll in a heap,' or 'turn somersaults.'

28. **überſchnappt,** 'snaps from over-tension.'

30. **Drangen wir . . . uns?** When the scene was written the presupposition was that Faust had taken the initiative toward an alliance with the devil. So in l. 1414 the first suggestion of a compact comes from Faust, though he says in l. 1426: Ich habe dir nicht nachgeſtellt. But the Prologue gives us to understand that the devil seeks out Faust.

49–50. **des Erſchlagenen**; evidence that the murder of Valentin and Faust's flight in consequence were a part of Goethe's earliest plan.

57. **mit Menſchenhand.** The assumption is that Mephistopheles can not spirit Gretchen out of her prison-cell by magic. He can take Faust to the spot speedily and can befool the guard, but the removal must be effected by the 'hand of mortal.' **Zauberpferde.** The magic horses, as a means of locomotion, are found only in this early scene. In the later ones the pair usually travel by means of a magic mantle (cf. l. 2065, and l. 6983).

Nacht.

This short scene in rhythmical prose, found in U. precisely as here, falls of course on the night following the preceding 'Dismal Day.' As Faust and Mephistopheles sweep through the air on their black horses, they pass a 'raven-stone,' or place of execution (Rabenſtein is properly the 'block' of masonry built under a gallows), at which a bevy of witches are engaged in their characteristic employments of 'cooking,' 'strewing' and 'devoting' to the powers of evil. The scene was conceived as an uncanny picture that should serve to adumbrate the fate of Gretchen. But this is now done sufficiently by the 'eidolon' on the Brocken (ll. 4203–5).

Kerker.

In U. this scene is in prose, (for the text see Appendix II), the substance differing but slightly from what is found here. It was probably written in 1772 or 1773 and put into verse in 1798. See Intr. p. lvi.

4405. **längſt entwohnter Schauer.** The presupposition is, or was, that Faust has been away from Gretchen several months and during that time has been a stranger to deep, sincere emotion. Schauer = 'feeling of awe.' Later Goethe preferred entwöhnen to entwohnen. Cf. l. 25.

4406. **Der Menſchheit . . . . Jammer.** Cf. ll. 1770–3, and Intr. p. lxxiii.

4411. **zögert . . . heran,** 'lingers death more near' (Taylor); an intransitive verb used transitively, as in l. 389.

4412–20. Gretchen in her distraction sings a coarse song as does Ophelia in *Hamlet.* The song itself is based on the Low German legend of the juniper-tree, which is found in Grimm's *Märchen.* The story runs thus: A bad stepmother serves up her step-son as a meal for her husband. A little sister gathers up the bones and buries them under a juniper-tree. The bones become a little bird that sings the song: *Min Moder de mi slacht't, Min Vader de mi att,* etc.

4413. **Die**; demonstrative.

4417. **Bein'** = **Knochen.**

4449–50. The meaning is: They mock me by singing an old ballad of a mother that killed her child; who bids them apply it to me?

4489. **überdrang,** 'came over me.'

4501. **auch**; unaccented, in the sense of 'really,' 'indeed.'

4512. **feucht**; in allusion to the killing of Valentin.

4520. **übrig bleiben,** 'continue to live'; the preceding 'you'll kill me,' being taken literally.

4532. The thought is: I can no longer bring back the old feeling.

4567. **Es faßt . . . . Schopfe,** 'it's as if a cold hand seized me by the hair.'

4569. **wackelt**; in recollection of her mother's fatal drowsiness.

4584. **Es iſt eben geſchehen,** 'it is e'en a thing of the past.'

4590. It was once the custom at public executions to toll the church bell while the culprit was on the way to the block, and also to break a white wand over the condemned person's head in token that his life was forfeit to the law.

4593–4. **Zucken und zücken** are variants of the same word and both mean 'to move with a flash,' 'to dart swiftly.' The on-looker is supposed to shrink from the fatal blow as if it were meant for his own neck.

4611. Mephistopheles means: She is beyond the reach of judge and executioner; her 'doom' has already come. It was apparently to forestall the possible interpretation 'she is doomed to perdition,' that Goethe added the supernatural 'voice from above' declaring that 'she is saved.'

APPENDIXES.

APPENDIX I.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A complete Faust-bibliography would treble the size of this volume. For a work fairly complete down to 1884 the student is referred to Engel's *Zusammenstellung;* for the time since then the successive volumes of the *Goethe-Jahrbuch* are the best source of information. The following list comprises the more important works used in the making of this edition. A few that do not belong strictly to Faust-literature, are included either because they are referred to in the preceding pages or because they contain matter of exceptional value for the study of *Faust*. In general, however, the histories of German literature and the biographies of Goethe are omitted. So also are the great mass of literary essays, magazine articles, translations and popular expositions.

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APPENDIX II.

THE TEXT.

THE critical student of the text of *Faust* is referred to Goethe's *Werke*, XIV., 247 ff., where can be found a full account of the manuscripts and prints compared in the recension of the Weimar text, together with a full list of variant readings. The Weimar text is followed in this edition, but it is not thought necessary to reproduce here its entire critical apparatus. The fundamental principle is to follow the *Ausgabe letzter Hand* except where there is clear and cogent reason for departing from it. The purpose of the following notes is twofold: first, to comment briefly on those textual questions that have an important bearing on the sense, and secondly to give in full those passages of U which differ radically from the final version. U means 'Urfaust'; S, the Fragment of 1790; A, the *editio princeps* of the completed First Part (1808); C, the *Ausgabe letzter Hand* (1829).

21. Leid. So AC. The Lied of many later editions is probably a mistaken correction, — trivialiſirende Schlimmbeſſerung as it is called by Schmidt, the Weimar editor — of Riemer, who noted in the back of Goethe's diary for 1809 that Leid was a misprint for Lied. By oversight, seemingly, the reading Lied crept into a few copies of a Cotta print of 1825 and was then adopted in the Riemer-Eckermann quarto edition of 1836–7. The reading Leid in C indicates that Riemer's note was without Goethe's authorization.

379. Würde. U has werde. Cf. introductory note to scene 'Night,'

390. Büchern. US have Bücher. Cf. note.

481+. After Flamme U has in wiederlicher Geſtallt. Cf. note.

503. Wehe. USA have webe; C wehe. Changed apparently on account of the ensuing Weben and Webſtuhl, and also for the sake of the parallelism Lebensfluthen: Wall' = Thatenſturm: Wehe.

519. U has Nun werd ich tiefer tief zu nichte. Cf. note

521. Schleicher. U has Schwärmer. Cf. note.

532–3. Instead of these lines U has:

Man weis nicht eigentlich wie ſie zu guten Dingen
Durch Ueberredung hinzubringen.

546–7. In U Wagner's speech consists of the single line:

Allein der Vortrag nüzt dem Redner viel.

to which Faust's reply runs in U:

548–51. Was Vortrag! der iſt gut im Puppenſpiel
Mein Herr Magiſter hab er Krafft!
Sey er kein Schellenlauter Thor!
Und Freundſchafft, Liebe, Brüderſchafft,
Trägt die ſich nicht von ſelber vor.

596. nur immer fort. US have bis morgen früh.

1867+. In U the heading (cf. Intr. p. l, foot-note) is: Mephiſtopheles im Schlafrock eine groſe Perrücke auf. Student.

1882–95. These lines are lacking in U, the following being found instead:

Sieht all ſo trocken ringsum aus
Als ſäs Heishunger in iedem Haus.
Meph: Bitt euch! dran euch nicht weiter kehrt,
Hier alles ſich vom Studenten nährt.
Doch erſt, wo werdet ihr logiren?
Das iſt ein Hauptſtück!
Student. Wolltet mich führen
Bin warrlich ganz ein irres Lamm.
Mögt gern das gute ſo allzuſamm,
Mögt gern das böſe mir all vom Leib,
Und Freyheit, auch wohl Zeitvertreib,
Mögt auch dabei ſtudiren tief,
Daſſ mirs über Kopf und Ohren lief!
O Herr helft daſſ meiner Seel
Am guten Weſen nimmer fehl.
Mephis: krazt ſich. Kein Logie habt ihr? wie ihr ſagt.
Student. Hab noch nicht 'mal darnach gefragt.
Mein Wirthshaus nährt mich leidlich gut,
Feines Mägdlein drinn aufwarten thut.

Meph: Behüte Gott das führt euch weit!
Caffee und Billard! Weh dem Spiel!
Die Mägdlein ach ſie geilen viel!
Vertrippliſtreichelt eure Zeit.
Dagegen ſehn wirs leidlich gern,
Daſſ alle Studioſi nah und fern
Uns wenigſtens einmal die Wochen
Kommen untern Abſaz gekrochen.
Will einer an unſerm Speichel ſich lezzen
Den thun wir zu unſrer Rechten ſezzen.
Student. Mir wird ganz greulich vorm Geſicht!
Meph: Das ſchadt der guten Sache nicht.
Dann forderſamſt mit dem Logie
Wüßt ich euch wohl nichts beſſers hie,
Als geht zu Frau Sprizbierlein morgen
Weis Studioſos zu verſorgen.
Hats Haus von oben bis unten voll,
Und verſteht weidlich was ſie ſoll.
Zwar Noes Arche war ſaubrer gefacht,
Doch iſts einmal ſo hergebracht.
Ihr zahlt was andre vor euch zahlten
Die ihren Nahm aufs — Haus mahlten.
Student. Wird mir faſt ſo eng ums Herz herum
Als zu Haus im Colegium.
Meph: Euer Logie wär nun beſtellt.
Nun euren Tiſch für leidlich Geld!
Student. Mich dünkt das gäb ſich alle nach,
Wer erſt von Geiſts Erweitrung ſprach!
Meph: Mein Schatz! das wird euch wohl verziehn,
Kennt nicht den Geiſt der Akademien.
Der Mutter Tiſch müßt ihr vergeſſen,
Klar Waſſer geſchiedne Butter freſſen.
Statt Hopfen Keim und iung Gemüs,
Genieſſen mit Dank Brenneſſeln ſüs,
Sie thun einen Gänſe ſtuhlgang treiben,
Aber eben drum nicht baſſ bekleiben,
Hammel und Kalb kühren ohne End,

Als wie unſers Herr Gotts Firmament.
Doch zahlend wird von euch ergänzt
Was Schwärmerian vor euch geſchwänzt.
Müſſt euren Beutel wohl verſorgen,
Beſonders keinem Freunde borgen
Aber redlich zu allen Maalen
Wirth, Schneider und Profeſſor zahlen.
Student. Hochwürdger Herr das findet ſich.
Aber nun bitt ich leitet mich!
Mir ſteht das Feld der Weisheit offen,
Wäre gern ſo grade zu geloffen,
Aber ſieht drinn ſo bunt und kraus
Auch ſeitwärts wüſt und trocken aus.
Fern thät ſich's mir vor die Sinnen ſtellen,
Als wie ein Tempe voll friſcher Quellen.

1898-1901. In U the Student's reply runs:

Soll zwar ein Mediziner werden
Doch wünſcht ich rings von aller Erden,
Von allem Himmel und all Natur,
So viel mein Geiſt vermögt zu faſſen.

1941. U has: Bohrt ſich einen Eſel und weis nicht wie,

2079. From this point on the scene reads in U:

Brander Eſel! Schwein!

Froſch Muß man mit euch nicht beydes ſeyn.

Siebel. Drey Teufel! ruht! und ſingt runda! und drein geſoffen drein gekriſchen. Holla he! Auf! He da!

Alten. Baumwolle her; der ſprengt uns die Ohren.

Siebel Kann ich davor daſſ das verflucht niedrige Gewölbe ſo wiederſchallt. Sing.

Froſch. A! Tara! Tara! lara! di! — Geſtimmt iſt! Und was nun? [Here ll. 2090–91].

Brander. Pfuy ein garſtig Lied! Ein politiſch Lied, ein leidig Lied. Dankt Gott daſſ euch das heilige römiſche Reich nichts angeht. Wir wollen einen Papſt wählen.

Froſch [ll. 2101–2].

Siebel Wetter und Todt. Grüs mein Liebgen! — Eine Hammelmauspaſtete mit geſtopften dürren Eichenblättern vom Blocksberg, durch einen geſchundnen Haaſen mit dem Hahnenkopf überſchickt, und keinen Grus von der Nachtigall. Hatt ſie mich nicht Meinen Stuzbart und alle Appartinenzien hinter die Thüre geworfen wie einen ſtumpfen Beſen, und das um — Drey Teufel! Keinen Grus ſag ich als die Fenſter eingeſchmiſſen!

Froſch (den Krug auf den Tiſch ſtoſſend) Ruh iezt! — Ein neu Lied Kammeraden, ein alt Lied wenn ihr wollt! — Aufgemerkt und den Rundreim mit geſungen. Friſch und hoch auf! [Here ll. 2126–49, but with dashes in place of Doctor Luther, l. 2129].

Siebel. Und eine hinlängliche Portion Rattenpulver der Köchin in die Suppe. Ich bin nit mitleidig, aber ſo eine Ratte könnte einen Stein erbarmen.

Brander. Selbſt Ratte! Ich mögte den Schmeerbauch ſo am Heerde ſein Seelgen ausblaſen ſehn!

Fauſt, Mephiſtopheles.

Meph: Nun ſchau wie ſie's hier treiben! Wenn dirs gefällt, dergleichen Sozietät ſchaff ich dir Nacht nächtlich.

Fauſt Guten Abend ihr Herren.

Alle Groſen Dank!

Siebel Wer iſt der Storcher da!

Brander. Still! das iſt was vornehmes inkognito, ſie haben ſo was unzufriednes böſes im Geſicht.

Siebel Pah! Commödianten wenns hoch kommt.

Meph: (leiſe) Merks! den Teufel vermuthen die Kerls nie ſo nah er ihnen immer iſt.

Froſch. Ich will 'en die Würme ſchon aus der Naſe ziehn, wo ſie herkommen! — Iſt der Weeg von Rippach herüber ſo ſchlimm, daſſ ihr ſo tief in die Nacht habt reiſen müſſen.

Fauſt Wir kommen den Weeg nit

Froſch. Ich meinte etwa ihr hättet bey dem berühmten Hans drüben zu Mittag geſpeißt.

Fauſt. Ich kenn ihn nicht. (die andern lachen).

Froſch. O er iſt von altem Geſchlecht. Hat eine weitläufige Familie.

Meph: Ihr ſeyd wohl ſeiner Vettern einer.

Brander (leiſe zu Froſch). Stecks ein! der verſteht den Rummel.

Froſch. Bey Wurzen iſts fatal, da muß man ſo lang auf die Fähre manchmal warthen.

Fauſt. So!

Siebel (leiſe). Sie kommen aus dem Reiche man ſiehts ’en an. Laſſt ſie nur erſt fidel werden. — Seyd ihr Freunde von einem herzhaften Schluck! Herbey mit euch.

Meph: Immer zu. (ſie ſtoßen an und trinken).

Froſch. Nun Herrn ein Liedgen. Für einen Krug ein Liedgen, das iſt billig.

Fauſt Ich habe keine Stimme.

Meph: Ich ſing eins für mich, zwey für meinen Cammeraden, hundert wenn ihr wollt, wir kommen aus Spanien wo Nachts ſo viel Lieder geſungen werden als Sterne am Himmel ſtehn.

Brander Das verbät ich mir, ich haſſe das Geklimpere, auſſer wenn ich einen Rauſch habe, und ſchlafe daß die Welt untergehen dürfte. — Für kleine Mädgen iſts ſo was die nit ſchlafen können, und am Fenſter ſtehen Monden Kühlung einzuſuckeln.

Meph: [ll. 2207–8].

Siebel Stille! Horch! Schöne Rarität! ſchöne Liebhaberey!

Froſch. Noch ein mahl.

Meph: [ll. 2211–18].

Siebel Wohl gemeßen! Wohl! (ſie ſchlagen in ein Gelächter aus) Daß ſie nur keine Falten werfen!

Meph: [ll. 2223–40.]

Alle durcheinander. Bravo! Bravo! Schön und trefflich! Noch eins! Noch ein paar Krüge! Noch ein paar Lieder.

Fauſt. Meine Herren! Der Wein geht an! Geht an wie in Leipzig die Weine alle angehn müſſen. Doch dünckt mich ihr würdet erlauben daß man euch aus einem andern Faſſe zapfte.

Siebel Habt ihr einen eignen Keller? Handelt ihr mit Weinen? Seid ihr vielleicht von denen Schelmen aus ’m Reich? —

Alten. Wart ein biſſgen (er ſteht auf) Ich hab ſo eine Probe, ob ich weiter trinken darf. (Er macht die Augen zu und ſteht eine Weile) Nun! nun! das Köpfgen ſchwanckt ſchon!

Siebel Pah! eine Flaſche! Ich wills vor Gott verantworten und vor deiner Frauen. Euren Wein!

Fauſt. Schafft mir einen Bohrer.

Froſch. Der Wirth hat ſo ein Körbel mit Werckzeug in der Ecke ſtehn.

Fauſt. (nimmt den Bohrer) Gut! Was verlangt ihr für Wein?

Froſch He!

Fauſt Was für ein Gläsgen mögtet ihr trinken? Ich ſchaffs euch!

Froſch. He! He! So ein Glas Reinwein ächten Nierenſteiner.

Fauſt Gut! (er bohrt in den Tiſch an Froſchens Seite) Nun ſchafft Wachs!

Alten Da ein Kerzen ſtümpfgen.

Fauſt So! (er ſtopft das Loch) Halt iezzo! — und ihr?

Siebel Muskaten Wein! Spaniſchen Wein ſonſt keinen Tropfen. Ich will nur ſehn wo das hinaus läufft.

Fauſt (bohrt und verſtopft) Was beliebt euch?

Alten Rothen Wein! Einen Franzöſchen! — Die Franzoſen kann ich nicht leiden, ſo groſen Reſpeckt ich vor ihren Wein hab.

Fauſt (wie oben) Nun was ſchafft ihr?

Brander Hält er uns für'n Narren?

Fauſt Schnell Herr nennt einen Wein!

Brander Tockayer dann! — Soll er doch nicht aus dem Tiſche laufen.

Fauſt Stille iunger Herr! -- Nun aufgeſchaut! Die Gläſer untergehalten. Jeder ziehe den Wachspropfen heraus! Daſſ aber kein Tropfen an die Erde fällt, ſonſt giebts ein Unglück!

Alten Mir wirds unheimlich. Der hat den Teufel.

Fauſt Ausgezogen!

(Sie ziehn die Pfropfen, jedem läufft der verlangte Wein in's Glas.)

Fauſt Zugeſtopft! Und nun verſucht!

Siebel Wohl! trefflich wohl!

Alle Wohl! Majeſtätiſch wohl! — Willkommner Gaſt

(ſie trinken wiederholt.)

Meph: Sie ſind nun eingeſchifft.

Fauſt Gehn wir!

Meph: Noch ein Moment.

Alle ſingen [ll. 2293-4.] (Sie trinken wiederholt, Siebel läſſt den Pfropf fallen, es fliest auf die Steine und wird zur Flamme die an Siebeln hinauf lodert.)

Siebel. Hölle und Teufel!

Brander Zauberey! Zauberey!

Fauſt Sagt ichs euch nicht. (er verſtopft die Oeffnung und ſpricht einige Worte, die Flamme flieht.)

Siebel. Herr und Satan! — Meynt er, er dürft in ehrliche Geſellſchaft ſich machen und ſein Hölliſches Hokuspokus treiben.

Fauſt Stille Maſtſchwein!

Siebel. Mir Schwein! Du Beſenſtiel! Brüder! Schlagt ihn zuſammen, Stost ihn nieder! (ſie ziehn die Meſſer) Ein Zauberer iſt Vogelfrey! Nach den Reichsgeſetzen Vogelfrey.

(Sie wollen über Fauſten her, er winckt, ſie ſtehn in frohem Erſtaunen auf einmal und ſehen einander an.)

Siebel Was ſeh ich! Weinberge!

Brander Trauben um dieſe Jahrs zeit.

Alten Wie reif! wie ſchön!

Froſch Halt das iſt die ſchönſte! (ſie greifen zu, kriegen einander bey den Naſen, und heben die Meſſer)

Fauſt Halt! — Geht und ſchlaft euren Rauſch aus!

(Fauſt und Meph: ab. Es gehen ihnen die Augen auf, ſie fahren mit Geſchrey aus einander.)

Siebel Meine Naſe! War das deine Naſe? Waren das die Trauben? Wo iſt er?

Brander Fort! Es war der Teufel ſelbſt.

Froſch Ich hab ihn auf einem Faſſe hinaus reiten ſehn.

Alten Haſt du! Da iſt gewiß auf dem Marckt nit ſicher — Wie kommen wir nach Hauſe.

Brander Siebel geh zu erſt!

Siebel Kein Narr.

Froſch. Kommt wir wecken die Häſcher unterm Rathaus, für ein Trinckgeld thun die wohl ihre Schuldigkeit. Fort!

Siebel Sollte wohl der Wein noch laufen. (er viſitirt die Pfropfen.)

Alten Bildt dirs nicht ein! Trocken wie Holz!

Froſch Fort ihr Burſche! Fort! (alle ab.)

2609–10. U has:

Das iſt ein herrlich ſchönes Kind
Die hat was in mir angezündt.

2674–77. U has:

Er thut als wär er ein Fürſten Sohn
Hätt Luzifer ſo ein Duzzend Prinzen
Die ſollten ihm ſchon was vermünzen
Am Ende kriegt' er eine Commiſſion.

2735–6. U has:

Ich ſag euch es ſind Sachen drein
Um eine Fürſtin zu gewinnen.

2760–64. Cf. note.

2785. U has: Was Guckguck mag dadrinne ſein?

2814. Between this and l. 2815 U. has:

Hätt einer auch Engelsblut im Leibe,
Er würde da zum Heerings Weibe.

3031–2. U has:
Fauſt. Sie iſt mir lieb.
Meph: Doch gehts nicht ganz umſunſt,
Eine Gunſt iſt werth der andern Gunſt.

3346–7. U has:
Das durch erſchüttern durcherwarmen?
Verdrängt es dieſe Seelen Noth.

3483. U has:
Es iſt ein Kauz wie's mehr noch geben.

3775+. The heading is in U: Dom. Exequien der Mutter Gretgens. Gretgen alle Verwandte. Amt, Orgel und Geſang Böſer Geiſt hinter Gretgen.

3780. U has: Deinen Gebeten nachlallteſt.

3791–2. U. has:
Schlägt da nicht quillend ſchon,
Brandſchande Maalgeburt!

4405–612. The text of this scene reads in U:

Kerker.

Fauſt mit einem Bund Schlüſſel und einer Lampe an einem eiſernen Türgen.

Es faſſt mich längſt verwohnter Schauer. Inneres Grauen der Menſchheit. Hier! Hier! — Auf! — Dein Zagen zögert den Todt heran.

(er faſſt das Schloſſ es ſingt inwendig.) [ll. 4412–20.]

Fauſt (zittert wankt ermannt ſich und ſchließt auf, er hört die Ketten klirren und das Stroh rauſchen.)

Margarethe (ſich verbergend auf ihrem Lager.) Weh! Weh! ſie kommen. Bittrer Todt!

Fauſt (leiſe) Still! Ich komme dich zu befreyn. (erfaſſt ihre Ketten ſie aufzuſchlieſſen)

Marg: (wehrend) Weg! Um Mitternacht! Hencker iſt dir's morgen frühe nicht zeitig gnug.

Fauſt Laſſ!

Marg: (wälzt ſich vor ihn hin) Erbarme dich mein und laß mich leben! Ich bin ſo iung, ſo iung, und zwar ſchön und bin ein armes iunges Mädgen. Sieh nur einmal die Blumen an, ſieh nur einmal die Kron. Erbarme dich mein! Was hab ich dir gethan? Hab dich mein Tage nicht geſehn.

Fauſt. Sie verirrt und ich vermags nicht.

Marg: Sieh das Kind! Muſſ ich's doch tränken. Da hatt ich's eben! Da! Ich habs getränckt! Sie nahmen mirs, und ſagen ich hab es umgebracht, und ſingen Liedger auf mich! — Es iſt nicht wahr — es iſt ein Märgen das ſich ſo endigt, es iſt nicht auf mich daß Sie's ſingen.

Fauſt (der ſich zu ihr hinwirft) Gretgen!

Margr: (die ſich aufreist) Wo iſt er! Ich hab ihn rufen hören! er rief Gretgen! Er rief mir! Wo iſt er! Ach durch all das Heulen und Zähnklappen erkenn ich ihn, er ruft mir: Gretgen! (Sich vor ihm niederwerfend) Mann! Mann! Gieb mir ihn ſchaff mir ihn! Wo iſt er!

Fauſt (erfaſſt ſie wütend um den Hals) Meine Liebe! Meine Liebe!

Margr: (ſinckt ihr Haupt in ſeinen Schoos verbergend)

Fauſt Auf meine Liebe! Dein Mörder wird dein Befreyer. Auf! — (Er ſchlieſſt über ihrer Betäubung die Arm Kette auf) Komm, wir entgehen dem ſchröcklichen Schickſaal.

Margr (angelehnt) Küſſe mich! Küſſe mich!

Fauſt Tauſendmal! Nur eile Gretgen eile!

Margr: Küſſe mich! Kannſt du nicht mehr küſſen? Wie! Was! Biſt mein Heinrich und haſt's Küſſen verlernt! Wie ſonſt ein ganzer Himmel mit deiner Umarmung gewaltig über mich eindrang. Wie du küſſteſt als wollteſt du mich in wollüſtigem Tod erſticken. Heinrich küſſe mich, ſonſt küſſ ich dich (ſie fällt ihn an) Weh! deine Lippen ſind kalt! Todt! Antworten nicht!

Fauſt Folge mir, ich herze dich mit tauſendfacher Glut. Nur folge mir.

Margr: (Sie ſetzt ſich und bleibt eine Zeitlang ſtille) Heinrich biſt du's?

Fauſt Ich bin's. Komm mit.

Marg: Ich begreiffs nicht! Du? Die Feſſeln los! Befreyſt mich. Wen befreyſt du? Weiſt du's?

Fauſt. Komm! Komm!

Margr: Meine Mutter hab ich umgebracht! Mein Kind hab ich ertränckt. Dein Kind! Heinrich! — Groſer Gott im Himmel ſoll das kein Traum ſeyn! deine Hand Heinrich! — Sie iſt feucht — Wiſche ſie ab ich bitte dich! Es iſt Blut dran — Stecke den Degen ein! Mein Kopf iſt verrückt.

Fauſt. Du bringſt mich um.

Margr: Nein du ſollſt überbleiben, überbleiben von allen. Wer ſorgte für die Gräber! So in eine Reihe ich bitte dich, neben die Mutter den Bruder da! Mich dahin und mein Kleines an die rechte Bruſt. Gieb mir die Hand drauf du biſt mein Heinrich.

Fauſt (will ſie weg ziehen) Fühlſt du mich! Hörſt du mich! komm ich bins ich befreye dich.

Margr: Da hinaus.

Fauſt Freyheit!

Margr: Da hinaus! Nicht um die Welt. Iſt das Grab draus, komm! Lauert der Todt! komm. Von hier in's ewige Ruhe Bett weiter nicht einen Schritt. Ach Heinrich könnt ich mit dir in alle Welt.

Fauſt. Der Kerker iſt offen ſäume nicht.

Margr: Sie lauren auf mich an der Straſe am Wald.

Fauſt. Hinaus! Hinaus!

Margr: Ums Leben nicht — Siehſt du's zappeln! Rette den armen Wurm er zappelt noch! — Fort! geſchwind! Nur übern Steg, gerad in Wald hinein links am Teich wo die Planke ſteht. Fort! rette! rette!

Fauſt Rette! Rette dich!

Margr: Wären wir nur den Berg vorbey, da ſizzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein und wackelt mit dem Kopf! Sie winckt nicht ſie nickt nicht, ihr Kopf iſt ihr ſchweer. Sie ſollt ſchlafen daß wir könnten wachen und uns freuen beyſammen.

Fauſt (ergreift ſie und will ſie wegtragen)

Margr: Ich ſchreye laut, laut daſſ alles erwacht.

Fauſt Der Tag graut. O Liebgen! Liebgen!

Margr: Tag! Es wird Tag! Der lezte Tag! Der Hochzeit Tag! — Sags niemand daſſ du die Nacht vorher bey Gretgen warſt. — Mein Kränzgen! — Wir ſehn uns wieder! — Hörſt du die Bürger ſchlürpfen nur über die Gaſſen! Hörſt du! Kein lautes Wort. Die Glocke ruft! — Krack das Stäbgen bricht! — Es zuckt in iedem Nacken die Schärfe die nach meinem zuckt! — Die Glocke hör.

Meph: erſcheint. Auf oder ihr ſeyd verlohren, meine Pferde ſchaudern, der Morgen dämmert auf.

Marg: Der! der! Laſſ ihn ſchick ihn fort! Der will mich! Nein! Nein! Gericht Gottes komm über mich, dein bin ich! rette mich! Nimmer nimmermehr! Auf ewig lebe wohl. Leb wohl Heinrich.

Fauſt ſie umfaſſend. Ich laſſe dich nicht!

Margr. Ihr heiligen Engel bewahret meine Seele — mir graunts vor dir Heinrich.

Meph: Sie iſt gerichtet! (er verſchwindet mit Fauſt, die Thüre raſſelt zu man hört verhallend) Heinrich! Heinrich!

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